

On the eastern plain  
before sunrise

I almost passed  
a blue aster  
in a field of weeds

a star fallen  
with last night's rain

Awakening through  
the lifting mist  
the magnificent flower  
seeks earthly warmth  
in the northern breeze

Otherworldly blue sapphire  
under sky unborn  
oh picking you up  
to my beating heart!

If only the cold wind  
had not stolen my hands  
under skies clearer  
and rising sun

revealing puddles  
with my reflection

amid the dew