

The thief in the night
left a window wide open
and dreams of autumn

I called out your name
and the mountain brought you back
— was it you or me?

Winter night dreaming
the glow of faraway storms
— wet wood in the hearth

Winter's evening falls
under the full moon walking
on the plane's tight rope

Hundreds of swallows
sing their hearts out on the staff
of electric wires

Tired I keep searching
lost footprints under the snow
— little boy afar

Full moon of summer
resting on the mountain's top
— breath taken away

Streaming meltwater
carries faraway echos
where I soak my sleeves

Sitting motionless
within the deep reflection
— a carp swims upstream

The wind of July
blows a canopy of clouds
— train of wedding dress

Parasol for ants
but it dreams of the big blue
the little snowdrop