

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