

Winter's evening falls
under the full moon walking
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
— a little boy afar

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

The melting stream
carries faraway echos
— I soak my sleeves

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