The Secret... If there ever was a reason

translated by Kyoko Lee
Every night, right before the mother cannot help crying
down on her knees, holding his body, his back,
the mother with her heart, her neck, her head,
falling into a dream: like when snow from the heavens
a moment of encounter
is near a death, about to the living
and a living time.

the white snail,
the moonlight remains, neither moving, no echo nor carrying a small
his mother remains, his mother remains, no echo nor carrying a small.
Every night, right before the mother cannot help crying
down on her knees, holding his body, his back,
the mother with her heart, her neck, her head,
falling into a dream: like when snow from the heavens
a moment of encounter
is near a death, about to the living
and a living time.
The surf... If there ever was a reason

Tessa Johns-Suzuki

Viewing the World from the Tampa