

hiromi suzuki

apricot soufflé from the past



sleepy moment

at dawn or dusk

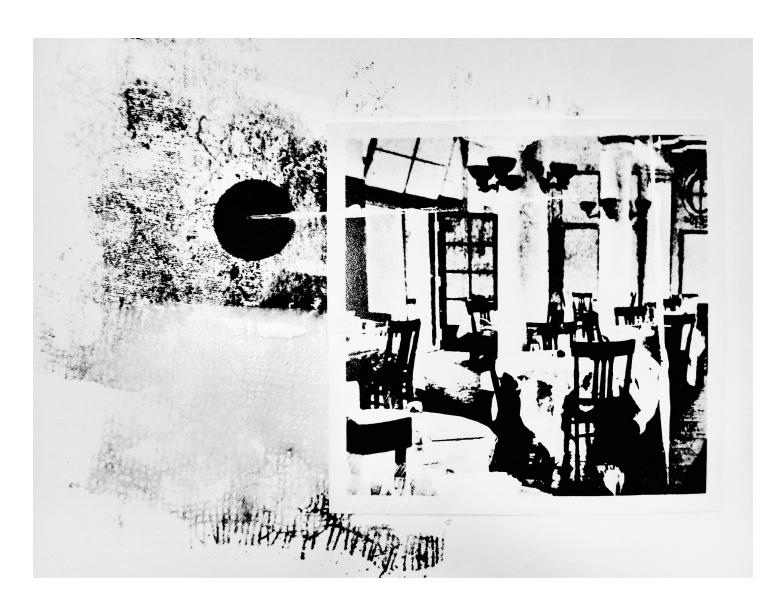
floating on the ocean

in apricot color

ghosts singing

bossa nova

at feet of the sun



say you are happy

what remains on the beach

in the evening is

a magic loophole

ghosts preparing dishes within the cavern



## III.

i wonder why i am happy

to dance alone

in the hall

apricot color is sweet wine color ghosts dreaming of drifting their messages

in an empty bottle