

hiromi suzuki

apricot soufflé from the past



I.

sleepy moment

at dawn or dusk

floating on the ocean

in apricot color

ghosts singing

bossa nova

at feet of the sun



II.

officials sunbathing

    during the day

        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