

Natsuko Hirata

The Late Summer

Though this
powerful season isn't over
and she's still snuggling up to me,
she brings

a cryptic bulletin
with ragged ice.

To experience aspect of
"that time" and "that sense" enough,

quiet tables bearing fugitives
shall spend time under sunshine.

The more sunshine,
the more shadow covers

this burned heart.

Gallery called study

Agalloch aroma

arouses recollections of
decked sun shower.

A geographer

was measuring lapped sunset glow
for a map.

Kamejima river

(Edo era)

outside the glass.

Holy bridge.

Leanhaun Shee

is hemming to
the chamber
with faint bells.

Do not wake me up
if I can be there.

Masker in the Dusk

Significant musk
brilliant dusk.
Dangerous task
Venetian mask.

A cafe of strong magnetic field.
Cameriere always can't read
exactly her expectation.
He brings a bit different coffee,

Bitterer,
Sweeter,
Hotter,
Colder,

Always a bit off the point.

Because the magnetic field is mad?
Or is the Cameriere slow?
Or should she slide the mask?

Conjurer

He casts magic
on my words.

Golden dust.

This invisible wand
is a familiar cane,

This mystery dust
is burning brightly
in my step.