

Natsuko Hirata

**The Shot**

Every daybreak,  
the sole  
you who are  
hitting the targets.

The celestial sphere  
of brittle cells,  
frost fell in  
the well-spent wilderness.

Lustrous solitude.

The diamond conviction  
flows into the Grand Canal.

I am  
within the splash.

## FACELESS STATUE'S VOICE

A plaintive voice  
to revive me changed to vapor  
through the velar.

It'll penetrate into paramagnet.

But where is the tone?

The face is always hidden.  
Or is it a face?

Enumerated  
inorganic words.

Illusion of words  
is eroding sensorium  
to be an unfinished dream.

Symmetrical gardens,  
statue,

then a living woman's face.

The voice was the statue's.  
The tone was the woman's.

The woman? You.