

Summer

The fields were still full of young
sesames, cotton, potatoes and mulberries that day
which, however, didn't appear full or mature
in the shadow of his far-away body.

The early summer sun that he carried on him
rolled away like a role of soft cloth
wiping gently what's called destiny
that we were not aware of until much later.

After many years I still see
the young friend, a tree moving forward
with his own fallen leaves on his head,
a way of life, unrepairable.

I know
that there is something
we can't do any more to each other's body.

Wild boar

Wild boars lead us up to a mountain in the city.

We leave the houses behind and come to another world,
almost as quickly as turning around. Silence in the mountain,
autumn is shedding its own light.

Trees have stood there for a long time
forming a forest, becoming the view for windows.

If there is a center, a heart, in the forest,
it must have been waiting for the boars to jump up suddenly,
pushing, biting, and smashing each other in their own territory.

It will see the fear and become a real forest.

We walk on a path with our ideals,
sometimes juvenile, sometimes aged,
sometimes in the forest, sometimes outside the forest.

Wild boars have not appeared yet.

We walk on our feet, legs, arms and shoulders.

We have not walked out of ourselves yet.