Karumi
Flee reality
Pick up your bags, then drop them
Float into the air

Kireji
Pens marking paper,
Outside, clouds marking the sky –
Which is poetry?

Spring’s uncertainties –
Warm skin during days of sun
Change with night, cold, wind.

Wabi-Sabi
The night air settles –
No wind, no distant voices
Only me, and the dust.

Leaves pile against
A dark stone wall – collected
By the senseless wind.

Muga
My heart is heavy
Wind screeches over mountains
Joins its voice with mine

ALL
Seek to understand
Face down on the ground, open!
Spine to sky – A book.