

Calling the deer with a whistle --  
breaking not a single leaf,  
they come.

Shrill wind undressing the trees  
at the window,  
the cold undresses me.

Cutting a mushroom,  
the flesh is my own  
and will be eaten by me.

Today there is a taste  
of Spring, not forgotten,  
not remembering.

The perpetual human cry  
– don't leave me! – is answered:  
....“I Am You....”