

Apple Tree in Bloom

Apple tree in bloom
By the bombed-out house. A shoe
Lies in the rubble



Lonely country lane:
By the hawthorn hedge, a bull
Menacingly stares

**Dining with Masae:
The shakuhachi plays; laughing,
We discuss our lives**



**Bouncing on the waves,
Sparkling sun, sail filled with wind;
Salt spray on my face**

Drums beating, colors
Flying, bayonets fixed, we march,
Filled with martial pride



Dark forest in Spring:
Hidden among the tall pines
A shakuhachi plays

Dining alone. Nearby,
Pretty girls, their happy talk
Like birdsong in spring



Hiking through the forest:
Dappled light among the trees:
How green the spring leaves!

In the echoing forest
Cooing of a wood pigeon
Hidden among the trees



A tiny ant crawls
Across the page, fiercely intent
On his wanderings

Blackbird's evening song
In the silver birch. Inside,
Mother plays Chopin



On the mountain trail:
Silently observing us,
Look! A mountain lion

My father's body,
Face still stern in death. Ah, how
I could have loved him



Early spring morning:
Dew drops on the spider's web
Sparkle in the sun

**Rusty helmet lying,
Bullet-holed, among the dunes.
Nearby, children play**



**Deep-toned resonance
Echoing through the misty trees:
Buddhist temple bell**

**Golden Buddha, smiling
Serenely at endless rounds
Of existence. Why?**



**Sunlight through the trees:
Pools of luminescent green
Glow with heavenly light**