

When I look at mountains, I am a MOUNTAIN.
When I look at mist and haze, I am a CLOUD.
After the rain has fallen, I am GRASS, and
When sparrows start to sing, I am the MORNING.

I am not human.

When stars flare up, I am the DARKNESS
When girls shed their clothes, I am the SPRING
When I smell the desire of everyone in this world,
I realise how my quiet heart is like a FISH.

I am not human.

I was dreaming of this boundary,
this boundary was all around me, unreachable and invincible.
All my life, I've been crawling towards this boundary.
Luckily, I've found it.

Now, I can be not sad.
Now, I can be not crying.
No eruption and no flare up.
No worrying about so many things.

But I am left only with bringing peace to my stubborn little heart.

Recalling, with a smile,
how the soft, pink, fragrant little flower,
which I kept in
my tired eyes,
was trembling in the wind.

The First Verse of Spring

From the disturbing wind,
that lifted up the skirt of my dress hanging on the line
and went into hiding in someone's breast,
I smelled the spring smell of the leaves and the grasses.
It must have been the messenger of my youth,
arriving from yesterday!

The swallows are flying, skimming the April trees in the sunshine,
tempting me to dash up after them...
Girls flap like birds just landed...
Have I really cast thirty springs, thirty springs like a cloth into the wind?

The storm petrels, coming down out of the blue sky,
Brought everywhere a flash of spring weather.
When did the three flowers blossom,
under the skirt of my dress hanging on the line?
Oh, when did they wither?

A Secret Whispered to God

What do you like, God asked me in a whisper.
The sound of the church bells,
The lit candle melting down,
The snow, shining in the darkness,
And my Bombuulei's smile.

What don't you like, God asked me in a whisper.
The sound of the church bells,
The lit candle melting down,
The snow, shining in the darkness,
And my son's smile.

These cities, streets, shops inside of me,
These roads inside me leading to nowhere,
These people alive and dead wandering along these roads -
Why do they hide inside me?

Driving their iron nails into my heart,
They erect cold and straight fences.
They install dim lanterns somewhere in my chest,
And suddenly smash them.

The people inside me, the dead who never die,
I bear them on my shoulders with all their sorrow and passion,
Although, I step and crawl and run,
The sound of the hammer, oh, this sound of the jackhammer never stops.

The doors, windows, walls inside me,
The theatres, churches, prisons inside me,
From my body with prayers of believers and the shouting of killers, my God.
Remove the towering memories and the people, crawling.

An Impression

As the autumn comes to an end, it is as if the spring comes
Snow, like leaves, comes down to fill the streets
Oh, the snow white days scattered through the streets!
Three girls under two umbrellas.

I am sitting behind a curtain, looking down
At the pink light of morning.
Oh, this leaf hurt by a single snowflake,
Flapping a little and falling down to earth.

The autumn has gone, now the spring is coming!
The umbrellas of the three girls fluttered in the calling of geese.

The Green Wall

These green days of mine.
How do I make my mother understand?
How do I make my husband feel?

From this deep green pool,
How do I touch my spoiled daughter's hand?
How do I step into this life?

My whole body brings forth withered grass.
I cover my eyes from sight.
People's tears, animals' tears -
The vision comes from what is unbearable.

Now, I will not look for anyone.
Now, no-one will come to me.
Although I am among and next to them,
I am undercover and nobody will find me.

I will not see people, all of them different,
Not today, tomorrow or the day after tomorrow
I am left, raising higher and higher
The green wall I have erected with my pain.

I sewed silver fish with golden threads,
And put a pair of linked Ulzii patterns on the front and the back.
I was loved by someone other than my parents, so
I wrapped my heart in tissue and put in his pocket

Although crafted with silk thread,
And decorated with bright braid,
There are many girls who will make him forget me,
There are many places to lose my heart.
 What does it matter?

I sewed with threads of tears, whispering my hidden love,
And I added a pair of silver fish from the lake.
I was more commonplace than soil and water, so
I folded my scent into it and put the tissue in his pocket

Although sewed day and night,
And decorated with silk and brocade,
There are many girls who will make him forget my words,
There are many ways to lose my scent.
 What does it matter?

* an Ulzii pattern is an endless knot, sewed with thread, denoting good fortune

It's Snowing at Midnight
(from a poem by Joseph Brodsky)

Bright white stars drop from the dark black sky.
Someone is crying in the dark.
How light and soft it is!
How cool and soundless it is!

In my transparent, thin nightgown,
I am standing barefoot on the balcony of my house.
It's snowing at midnight,
As though it has always been winter.

Objects of light blow in endless flurries trough the world.
Someone is sighing quietly.
Somehow, it is so sad.
In the light of the snow in the dark,
There is someone standing sleepless, like me,

Dear lives are dropping silently from my heart,
Dear and close people leaving my mind one by one.
It is sad, too sad,
It is sad that I can't live without sadness.

Hot milk is dropping from my breast,
Dear and close people were part of my body.
I am stepping forward, losing myself.
It hurts, it hurts too much.

Being the bluest of blue
and a point, a point and a point
more cloud than the cloud, more water than the water
and untouchable
the body of the wind, the flight of a bird
the chill of the winter
being the limitless fulfillment of love
bearing the whole world in my body
having eyes full of skies
and alone knowing where time rests
being able to name every snow drop
not frightened by a life of depth and mystery
and, putting my hand into a fire,
why do I glance up and shade my light in front of you
and bow like a rose in your hand?

I don't like the song of time.
From the song of time,
I hear my mother's steps, growing distant.
I don't like how the watch ticks.

A tireless, eternal, dull signal...
The slim hour hand,
How it strives forward pointlessly,
And returns to its starting point.
I am looking at, in reconciliation.

Like me, it doesn't know what it is rushing for,
Maybe, it will never learn.
My little heart beats quietly,
Within my unblinking eyes

In Your Absence

In my eyes there are butterflies, a felt hat, mirror and a candle.
In my eyes there are women, an apple, trees and a bird.
In my eyes there are clocks, a key, cloud and the sky.
In my eyes there is everything, except for you.

Even the wings of the butterfly and the nice felt hat cause me sadness.
Because you are not here, the sun is not yellow and the tree is not green.
If I can't see you and I can't hear you,
I don't need ears and eyes, I don't need anything.

In the dark, in the dark alone, you appear,
There, where the whole world, time and existence, grow dim.
I will close my eyes, therefore.
Oh, this burdening light, this burdening sun...