

Trees in Fog

When you kissed me, the sky did not fall down.

When you placed your square hand onto my fragile shoulder, the rain did not rise from the ground.

So,

If you even wander onto my burning physique,

The trees with all of their long branches will not start dancing in a white fog.

Instead,

A thrush may begin singing in the midst of a winter night to celebrate our lives.

Apple trees may open their white petals on a foggy autumn morning to bless you with good luck.

I exist here and now;

Only now can you hug me tight.

Because no one can tell what will happen tomorrow;

The midsummer snow might freeze everything white.

It is now, the eternal present

That you can sing your passion.

Come to me!