

Cocoon

When your memory overflows my eyes and palms,
I will choose a wood of bright yellow maples to enter,
Firmly hug my knees on the soil with patches of sunlight,
And spin my sorrows into silvery threads
To create a cocoon around me.

When your smiles echo in the shell
Until the rippling finally cracks it,
I will straight sprout out
To bloom a dazzling salmon pink flower.
On that day till sunset
You will feel the happiest ever.

With the descent of darkness
An enigma will drop onto you.
Who is it?
Who?

An empty cocoon,
What is it?

