

Violet

Pass me a grain of your sorrow.

I will plant it in the soil and grow into three fine violets.



Toss me a piece of your joy.

I will transform it to white, five-petaled roses.

Hand me your all despair.

I will securely hug it in my both arms,

And sink down to the bottom of the lake.

Fish will pick at me with the despair

So that you will glow without a speck

To the last day.