

Green Path

I walk to your gate through the grass field
With seeds clinging onto my skirt.
Ducklings are swimming in the pond nearby
With their parents dozing in the shade of a tree.

Under the tiny green propellers of maple seeds hanging here and there
Among the swallows swiftly flying
I proceed to your brown wooden door.

If you are not there,
I will leave one kiss
On the round brass knob you hold.



In return,
You will come to me.

You will march the path between the lined acorn trees shaking their hand-like leaves,
Then beside a weeping willow swinging their branches in a fresh wind.

You will nip some white flowers for me
From the bush of a thorny wild rose
Tainting your white shirt with the droplet of blood from your fingertips.

You will come
To see me smile.