A New and Familiar Spring Day

The road along the river is crowded

The air I breathe through a mask is not fresh but better than the air in the dorm room

Warm sunlight shines the earth, gentle breeze

Dandelions are blooming here and there

Blowing in the wind, swaying from side to side

The small purple flowers I see are familiar, but I don’t know their name

I often saw them when I was a child

Dandelions and the small purple flowers are blooming vaguely in my memory

I used to pick flowers and make corolla with my friend

Now I’m just looking from a distance

When I walk further, a big black insect suddenly appears in front of me

With long legs, the size is neither big nor small

It flies neither high nor low

An insect not in my memory, an insect I’ve never seen

An insect different from any insect I’ve caught when I was a child

I don’t want to catch it anymore

Children are cruel, they kill insects easily

They never think the lives of insects

You will realize the cruelness of children when you grow up

I climb a little and find a winding road

On the left side I see a residential area

On the right side I see the path along the river I walked earlier

A tree that planted in front of a house fascinates me

It is not big but has a lot of flowers

I thought it is a cherry tree

When the wind blows, the petals fly softly

Reminding me of spring in Japan

Yearning suddenly rising up in my chest

The season is changing, but there is no same view even once

The scenery I saw a second ago is different a second later

Now, this moment, the view I see from this place will etch it in my memory

One spring day