

The Diplomats

"Kasumi"

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I was crying, a candied apple in one hand...
Into the darkness of dead time.
"Mama, where are you Mama?" imprint your details in
my eyes,
And hold you.
Gion Hill in August when the bugs chirp noisily
And the store that sells folding paper fans.
The smiling Month of May this child wished for never
comes.*

I let the paper balloon fly high into the sky,
At that point the tears well up,
The red candy melts away with my memories until
there's nothing.

I awake around 4 in the morning, to her tiny cries
echoing,
I put her to bed with a reading of her favorite picture
book.
In the darkness... goodbye.

I let the paper balloon fly high into the sky,
At that point the tears well up,
The red candy melts away with my memories until
there's nothing.
How many more years will it be before these tears end?
The sun sank to the dead bottom and there lies the
truth and...

At one o'clock in the afternoon on a windless day,
There now she lies silently, still underneath the tatami

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