

Anathallo, Hanasakajijii (Two: Floating World)

I lay still in the fire.
Oh, the grass. Burn in bed.
Blackened ash.

A cold sound rustled in the trees
Pulling limbs.

The smoke rose. The smoke rose.
It'd come to make a mess of things
And throw a storm of burnt flakes,

Lifting to the air the floating world,
To let them go silent into the ground
Where all things make work of coming back.

I lay in the ground, wait, lonely for you.
My hair grows, nails grow out
And I count them as they go
One, two, three, four, five, six

Break into air.
Set themselves between the blades of grass,
So let your bare feet bleed.