

# 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.