

Kan Mikami, Lesson 2 Stamp

The flickering, fluttering sound of the hot spring
Wraps itself around our flesh
But the naked bathers take no notice

A long cable stretches to the waterfall massage
Satellite waves fly
From here to mainland

The emotions of naked, flushed souls
The sweetness of aged-shrivalled breasts
Even were the silver ring to tarnish
Who would notice such a thing?

And perhaps three lines of white smoke
Pluming straight and true

The final one, slipping free of my body
And reaching all the way to your country