

# 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-shriveled 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