

Whispering Forest, Winterbird

Through the falling snow
she gracefully flies.
A sight not to be seen
by awoken eyes.

Every time when asleep,
I chase her through landscapes.
I still can hear her wings clap
and keep running even if awake.

There is no telling how I yearn
to fly with this wintery bird.
She would sit next to me
and eat from my hand.
Together we would glide
through the desert land.

The arrival of spring I've always hated,
you still live in my dreams.
Where the flowers are forever faded,
and winter never leaves.