**The Summer Story of Mine**

Seasons have no sign for me.

But whenever

I smelt the hot smell of cicada calls,

The mixed sensory impact of wormwood

And the plant ash flavor in corridor

I knew it was my summer

The first teeth dropped in summer

Gramma said, for dropped teeth,

Upper teeth should be thrown down the bed,

Lower teeth should be thrown onto the roof.

The amazing feature of tradition

Is that it attracts you

Even without rationality.

A bunglow in the countryside,

Go out, lock the door, turn the key.

Every time at that moment,

I smelt a good scent.

The remaining seasons won't share this smell

For they lack a memory to make it stand out.

That's the only scent of summer.

Always remember,

Catching the butterflies from behind,

Catching the loquats right from above,

Catching the little fish just from the front.

When the crickets chirping

The scent of pipes told me summer was gone.

For the rebellious child

There is no way to admit

That the beauty of summer is its limit.

For her

There's endless summer to squander.

The smell of wormwood appeared

I knew that's another

Unique summer of mine.

It ends

As it is trying to begin.

**Roaming**

Reform was happening under the rainstorm

Over two thousand years near this ancient ocean.

Asking the people in the skyscrapers

Men are always good at forgetting what their ancestors made.

Ignoring the sanguinary wars' image,

Now resting on the benches at noon,

Getting cozy with the music from guitar.

Roaming, another thing as a routine.

Oft asked I for this comfort obscure,

Amazing sunset over the ocean and around

Mixed with sweet smell of the armeria maritima.

Inside the bay, people are like horse in inn

No one will ever notice,

Great armies were once shedding blood on this ground.

**The Feather of Betrayal**

In the smelling of sweet heather,

The feather

So lightly

Left again.

The nest once gave her warmness,

The leaf once protected her from rains,

The sunshine still praised her beauty,

The wind still loved her shape.

All these

For the feather

Meant nothing heavily

Than a little glimsp in time.

They blamed

Blamed for feather's disloyalty of her leaving.

But the feather

Has gone too far to hear.

**Not Found Yet**

I pushed the window

And it fell down.

If you saw a lonely and anxious person

It must be me

Seeking for the lost pieceso once in my eyes.

**No Title**

Fashion in this season,

Unbidden epistle without draughts,

Nothing intermeddling.