

Feathers Across the Seasons

Falling flakes of powder snow cover the mountain ridge in white.

In a rundown house in a ghostly village,  
We lean in close through the winter nights.

- "The day we meet, it snowed then too," you whisper with a smile

I turn my face, flushing from the hearth fire,  
And hide into the shadow of your sleeve.

With spring's coming,  
I sing with the twittering birds of its joyous signs.

- "What a beautiful voice," you said,  
And just those simple words made me so happy.

- "If one day, I don't sound beautiful anymore, would you still love me?"

- "Of course, I would," you smile kindly.  
Slowly, your large hand caressed my cheek.

One summer afternoon, fresh leaves aglow, you fell ill from disease.  
A poor couple's livelihood cannot afford the medicine to heal you.  
The next day, and the day after, I kept weaving and weaving at the loom.

Autumn's fleeting maples shed their leaves.  
The season passes,  
And the bell crickets chirp to signal the end of the summer.

- "Such beautiful fingers," you say,  
But your hand gripping my scraped fingers  
Is too, too cold.

- "If one day, my beautiful fingers are no more, would you still love me?"  
- "Of course, I would," you tell me, coughing and  
Covering my stinging fingers in your large hand.

Day and night, weaving by the loom,

- The breeze of the sunset.

Hurry, I must hurry, and buy the medicine,

- Cruelly blows out the life.

A little more, just a bit longer, before the maple leaves shed

- Of rotting fruit, dropping them to Earth.

Until my fingers stop... Until I run out of my feathers.

- "If one day, even if I'm no longer human, would you still love me?"  
Too scared of the truth remaining untold,  
Softly, alone, I break off the last feather...

- "Of course, I will," I smile  
Embracing you, who has lost your wings.

- "Even now, I will always remember,  
the crane that flew so beautifully on that day... And even now,  
I still love you..."