

Unspoken Diary

by



ホットケーキにクロテッドクリームじんわりと春の淡雪共に溶けゆく

Hottokeeki ni kuroteddokuriimu jinwari to haru no awayuki tomo ni toke yuku

Clotted cream on a pancake, slowly melting into a light Spring snowfall.

堰を切りドーンピンクに明けてゆくふるさとの田かモネの睡蓮

Seki wo kiri doon-pinku ni akete yuku furusato no ta ka Mone no suiren

Flooding sunshine, my hometown dawn-pink rice fields, Monet's Water Lily Pond.

ばばちゃんに呼ばれた気がして振り向くと沸々南瓜の煮ゆ音がする

Babachan ni yobareta ki ga shite furimuku to futsu futsu kabocha no niyu oto ga suru.

Felt my great-grand mother call behind me, I turned around, it was a pot simmering in the kitchen, the sound of pumpkin, almost ready.

雪掻きの音で目覚めて耳澄ます遠けれど今朝は近いふるさと

Yukikaki no oto de mezame te mimi sumasu tookeredo kesa wa chikai furusato

Someone shoveling snow outside, the sound wakes me, listening quietly, my far hometown feels close this morning.