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A Midsummer Night's

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A Midsummer Night's.....

I stood before him
and asked, "Is this really you?"
knowing only then
would they come tonight
unexpected,
holding white candles.

Against a silver background
he showed me the lines of his hands
then ran
above the misted rise
shouting out - my name.

And so still I chase
yet closer, and
again I will sleep tonight
outside my sheets, the window
open, awaiting
their arrival.

Their source
The Land of Winds
they are keepers
of the ivory truth,
they have shown me pictures,
and brought me pomegranate leaves
which they press
into my hands
staining these fingers,

some call them ghosts.

R.T. Hayashi