

NEW YEAR'S EVE

It is New Year's Eve.
I sit by the open shoji
And gaze into the night.
I see the city of Moji
Of the Kyushu Isle
Bedecked with lights.
Before me, the hills
Like sparkling gems are flowered.
For Moji is mountaneous.
Across the Strait Kwanmon
Shimonoseki lies.
That city, too, is aglow
Like stars in an autumnal evening.
Reflecting in ~~calm~~ irascible waters,
Dance the lights ~~so~~ *so tremulously frantically*
To the rhythms of the waves.
The ~~elements~~ *elements* of the night
Adds to its beauty.
Far away, audible above
Whispering winds
A temple bell sends out its
plaintive solitary tone.
Gong....gong....gong....
It is midnight!
The arrival of the New Year is at hand.
Gong....gong....gong....
Its last reverbration is dying....
Then silence....oppressive, omnipotent.
The New Year is greeted
With reverence, with prayer
And with respectful ~~silence~~.... *tranquility*
It was New Year's Eve.

