

Just One Day

I emerge in a thousand days' journey.
I take on a thousand names.
I grasp the meaning of a thousand events.

This is my constellation.

I lose the dawn in pursuit of the night.
I forget my birthday for the day of resurrection.

Inspired by an enigma, I throw off prejudice. It disappears taking away
weaknesses of my heart.

Striving skyward, you race to nowhere. Having come to my senses, I begin to
hastily make my way to hell.

Rimini, take a black-eyed vixen as an ally.
She is stern enough to take revenge.

And may I be left with the desired illusiveness of the sea.
I hear its voice and recognize it.

I am drowning in the white foam of waves. They wash away my fears and
despair.

I am entranced by both the infinite squawk of the seagulls and the freshness of the
sea.

The sun has whitened the stone above the blue waves, and I am climbing up the
white steps to you. All of a sudden, you appear out of nowhere, and before I know it,
my body fills up with bliss.

The seagulls swoop into the crashing of the waves and lounge in the glare of
carelessness.

It's only white stretch to the horizon. In the white mist is a strip of land. Is it? But
let it be. Just today. At the end of this day that has crept into my constellation.

A thousand events fade and change their meaning.

I am silent and still. I disappear into a million names. Do not look for me.

I vanish along with the myth.