

閉ざされ朽ち果てし園
幻影のごとき、往時の面影をたどる
呼吸を忘れた時

澄み渡る空から降り注ぐ慈愛
化学物質に蝕まれた荒廃を照らし
細かな隙間にも入り込む

凍てつく風に震える木々に
脆く白い骸はまた緑に満ちる夢を
幾度の冬が来るたびに見るだろう

色褪せた黄色のバンパーカーのボンネット
蔦と雑草が抱擁し合い
棘だらけのもつれが何とか形を保っている

巨大な観覧車は一度、二度、
軋み、高くそびえるが、空虚のままで
鉄の嘆きがかつての生命の香りを宿す

『The Awakening』

Somewhere in an abandoned city in a place
rendered nothing but an echo of what it used to be,
time stands still.

Sunlight pouring down clear skies
illuminating the ruination that chemicals had left behind,
trickling into every crack.

Trees stand trembling in the icy wind
fragile white skeletons dream of being whole and green,
will dream it for dozens of winters to come.

In and across the hoods of faded yellow bumper cars
vines and weeds meet in an embrace,
a thorny tangle barely holding the structure.

A giant of a Ferris wheel creaks once, twice, or
it stands tall, but it stands empty,
strength and durability are nothing when you are empty.