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Kagerou

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Kagerou

Domenic Sontrapak

For the longest time
I wandered the tall dark wood.
Listening for it,
that soft, blue, fluttering gale.

It was quiet then,
a distant, private maelstrom.
I stumbled by it,
and raised aloft hungry ears.

What did I perceive?
Your blurred body, floating,
scintillating, high.
You, chromatic joy.
I had to reach out,

to touch, make real the wonder.
Yet it retreated;
your own bedazzlement slipped.

The sun ascended.
Was it your time come at last?
No—no—too early!
I must beat that evil dawn.

Out flew the fingers,
stung at by iridescence.
Met, and swiftly mocked
by that cheeky hidden mist.
Thus I stood, meek, dazed.
Was this the opening haunt?

Wild, I struck once more
acquiring little to none.

The stories, tales
had those ginger words deceived?
What to think of it?
That beautiful flying frame.

Saggy heat arose.
Sweat boiled forth from the pores.
I staggered onward,
coming from every angle.
Each time you melted away,
and I, tired, hunched over.

¹ In Japanese, “Kagerou “ can be written and interpreted as “Mayfly” and or “Heat-haze”.