

*As far as dreams*

Translated by Nigel Spencer

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There it was  
root-bound  
against its desire to travel  
"The answer to my dream  
cannot come from this species of mine"  
the tree told itself  
"How did man learn to fly?"

One day it was struck down  
A deceptive trip

At its core  
a few tremours

Broken branches  
Now imitating shapes  
like deer antlers

A young fawn passing by  
recognized them  
thought them his  
and bowed his head for crowning  
Fallen branch  
Be an antler to him

Its wish fulfilled  
the remains of tree marched on  
proud as plumage in the day's wind  
At night he slept  
in forest secrecy  
Unalloyed joy

Gunshots all around  
he ran without stopping  
Fear in the belly breathless  
"If I could find peace  
like the fine tree that is no more"

The deer dead  
felled in his desire

The antlers fallen  
taking root  
Forest of fawns in the sap  
Rumble of trees unleashed  
For centuries the game has been played out  
Every interchange has fooled us  
about the nature of what lasts  
beneath the bark under the fur  
beneath the eyelids we have closed