

# Meet My Cockatiel and I Fly

葉月 黄昏の時

むかえに走った坂道

またこの道で会えるかな

手をつなごうか

慣れない写真機 小さなブランコ

ほどけてばらばらの麦帽子

夏が遊んだあの日 箱庭で

五次元の夢が始まる

窓の夕日 あの山並み

巣へと急ぐ 鳥の波形

静かな瞳 見ている先

羽をとじて 何を思う

おいで そばへ

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白い 孤独の街

少年にみた面影

またあの街で会えるなら

空飛ぼうか

樹々の頂 手をのばした先

穏やかな今が笑っている

月日巡った後の裏山で

多元の歌 よみがえる

記憶の匂い 止まる時

かき集めて 胸にしまう

涙の星 灰色の日

深く願う 青く遠く

僕は叫ぶ 空に叫ぶ

羽をひろげ 祈りを待つ

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# Meet My Cockatiel and I Fly

An august twilight  
I ran uphill to meet him  
If we could meet again at the hill, I would walk with him hand in hand  
A new camera, a little swing, and a shabby straw hat he destroyed  
On that playful summer day in a miniature garden  
We lived in the fifth dimensional world

The window, sunset, mountain ridge, birds flying in line  
Things you were watching with your quiet gaze  
Things you were dreaming with your wings neatly folded  
Come to me, more closer  
Meet my cockatiel and I fly

A white solitary town  
A boy reminiscent of him  
If I could find him again in that town, we would fly together  
Now, a calm face is smiling at me where I reach out my hand to the spire of trees  
After the years in the backyard wood,  
A multi-dimensional dream starts

His scent has gone  
I try to gather it to keep in my heart  
Tearful stars, colorless days, a deep, blue, silent prayer  
I call out to the heavens  
Waiting for a prayer with my wings wide open  
Meet my cockatiel and I fly