

Monk Indigo

藍染インディゴ

沈む時刻 散らばる雲

海風ゆるく

絹衣のスカートをゆらす

淡い銀色

薄暮の月がオリーブ色を照らす

光輪を纏い

天を仰ぐ横顔

忘れがたく

光素の中を伝い 大気にいきわたる音の波

鼓膜に漏れた波が梢を揺らす

瞳に映らぬ光と波のエネルギー

土壤に満ち溢れだす

石の中に生まれた

造形が見いだされる

慎んだ両手で

欺いた心で背を向けた者にさえ

等しく注がれる愛

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The sky is indigo
The day is sinking
Scattering clouds
Ocean breeze gently ruffles the skirt
Of his silky garment

Pale moonbeams
Glittering silver bright with his olive color
Glowing halo
The monk looks up to the sky blissfully
It lingers on

Waves of sound travel through the ether
Its inaudible vibration makes trees and flowers
dance
Rays and energy permeate the soil
Its invisible radiation enriches the earth

A most humble hand knows to carve a figure out
of a silent stone
Even the most miserable soul who denied his
master would be blessed and loved impartially