

You were crying with an apple candy in one hand... walking into the twilight

"Where's Mommy?" your eyes the shape of the moon burn inside my head and I hold you.

It's August, when the insects start to cry at the sensu shop on the Gion Hill.

The happy month of May that this child is looking forward to will not come.

Paper balloons fly high in the sky.

There, the tears overflow with the memories of the red candy ball as it melts together until it's gone.

I wake up at 4 o'clock in the morning by the sound of a small cry.

I put the child to sleep by reading the child's favorite book.
Good Bye.

Paper balloons fly high in the sky.

There the tears overflow with the memories of the red candy ball as it melts together until it's gone.

How many more years will it take for the tears to be all gone?

The sun sets, underneath the burial is the truth and...

13 o'clock in the afternoon, not a single sound of the wind can be heard. Her body, still to this day, lie very quiet, underneath the tatami.