

編號 = 28

B+

## Time Traveler – The Road to Future

I walk on the road. The lush sakura are in full bloom on both sides. Branches of the trees are leaning slightly because of the gravity they carry. It seems that the trees are attached to the warmth of the soil. Walking on the ground, we don't know the temperature of the soil, but the plants do.

A tree knows when to rest, when to wake, when to blossom at its best, and when to bear abundant fruits. A tree, perhaps, knows better about the rhythm of life than we do.

The trees have made a covenant with time. They never break it but keep it quietly. Therefore, they won't be smug when the flowers blossom. As the leaves wither, they still rise to their full height, not as to put them down. Whether to thrive or to fade, it is at the will of the time.

This is the second time that I walk on the road. The first time was during late autumn and early winter. The friend who led me here said, "I'm going to take you to a beautiful place if you aren't offended." To have a taste of its beauty, I have no taboos, and we came to the land of souls in the valley.

Land of souls, the last place to go, is the future for all as we all will end in the same way. Because of great fear, we don't dare to imagine. We feel ill even when we get close to it.

不祥

precise

## Expression

It was my first encounter with the land of souls. Around the tall trees filled with  
withering air. Many large and magnificent gravestones stood up pointing to the sky.  
They marked an index of life for the fallen in an artistic way. Some was fully written  
with words, and some only had few lines of haikus. I was astounded by the scale and  
the poetry of it. Death could be so solemn yet so elegant.

Imagine what words will be engraved for our epitaphs, if we are willing to  
imagine more. Perhaps what makes us strive for all we are worth are not important  
at all. We can suddenly put down the resentment tangled for years in our heart with  
a laugh. I often think what leads to our worries and anxieties are that we lack of  
imagination of the future.

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A tree knows when to rest, when to wake, when to blossom at its best, and when to bear abundant fruits. A tree, perhaps, knows better ~~about~~ <sup>rhyme</sup> the rhythm of life than we do.

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Land of souls, the last place to go, is the future for all as we all will end in the same way. Because of great fear, we don't dare to imagine. We feel ill even when we <sup>?</sup> get close to it.

It was my first encounter with the land of souls. Around the tall trees filled with <sup>countable</sup> withering air. Many large and magnificent gravestones stood up pointing to the sky. They marked an index of life <sup>?</sup> for the fallen in an artistic way. Some <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ fully written with words, and some only had <sup>a</sup> few lines of haiku <sup>↑</sup>. I was astounded by the scale and the poetry of it. Death could be so solemn yet so elegant.

Imagine what words will be engraved <sup>on</sup> for our epitaphs, if we are willing to imagine more. Perhaps what makes us strive for all we are worth <sup>is</sup> ~~are~~ not important at all. We can suddenly put down the resentment tangled for years in our heart <sup>s</sup> with a laugh. I often think what leads to our worries and anxieties <sup>is</sup> ~~are~~ that we lack ~~of~~ imagination <sup>about</sup> ~~of~~ the future.