

Traveler of Time—the path towards future

I walk down the very path, on either side cherry blossoms bloom thickly. Laden with much weight, the branches droop slightly, as if yearning for warmth of the soil. We tread on earth oblivious to the warmth beneath, yet of which, plants are aware.

A tree knows when to slip into dormancy; when to wake up; when to bloom; when to fruit. A tree may have a better grasp than ours, of the pattern of life.

Trees had made a covenant with Time, one that neither would violate, and by which both would quietly abide. Thus in bloom, a tree doesn't become haughty or conceited; and in wilt, it stands proud and upright, never in low spirit. Prosperous or languished, it goes with the will of Time.

It is the second time that I walk down that path. The first time was in winter, the friend who's led me here said: 'If it's not a taboo with you, I shall bring you to a see a beautiful place.' I had no taboo with witnessing beauty, and just like that, we came to Yanaka Cemetery.

Cemetery, final destination of us all, common future of disparate routes. Out of fear,
we dare not to imagine it, even to get close is considered bad luck.

On my first meeting with Yanaka Cemetery, the trees were tall and bleak. Grand,
glorious tombstones pointed skywards, in an artistic fashion, marking indices of lives
of the departed. Some were filled, while others only bore a few lines of haiku. I was
struck by its immensity and poetry; death, could be so solemn, so magnificent.

If we are willing to have a tad more imagination about what words will be engraved
as an epitaph in the future, maybe all that are desperately sought after would instantly
be of little significance. Grieves that intertwine for years in the heart, would suddenly
be placed aside with a hearty laugh. I often think of our worries and frets the fruits of
a lacking of imagination towards future.

第 83 号

Traveler of Time—the path towards ^{the} future

of which (otherwise: run on sentence)

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^{countable}
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think of A as B

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