

A Time Traveler: The Path Toward the Future

I walked on that path. The cherry blossoms lining the path flourished in full bloom. Overburdened, the twigs of the trees slightly hung down as if attached to the soil temperature. Walking on land, we do not know how the temperature of a soil feels; nevertheless, plants do.

A tree knows when to lie dormant, when to wake up, when to strive to blossom, and when to fructify. A tree may know about the rhythm of life more deeply than we do.

A tree made a covenant with time. Each does not violate it, silently abiding by it. Hence, when blossoms, it will not get carried away or be arrogant and conceited; and when defoliated and desolate, it will stand upright and unafraid as usual against low spirits. Whether thriving or withering, it all depends on time's will.

It was the second time that I walked on that path. The first time was in autumn and winter. The friend who led me here said, "If it is not taboo for you, I am going to show you a beautiful place." To comprehend beauty, there is no taboo for me. Thus, we came to Yanaka Cemetery.

A cemetery is everyone's final destination and the same future which we reach through different routes. We are too scared to imagine it, and even getting

close to it is deemed ominous.

The first time I met the cemetery, a dreary air pervaded the tall trees. Many splendid large-sized monuments pointed to the sky in an artistic way, indicating the life indexes of the dead. Some of them were full written, while some were merely a few lines of haiku. I was overwhelmed by its poetic magnitude. Death can be so dignified and magnificent.

If we are willing to have more imagination about what words will be inscribed as our epitaphs in the future, those we struggle to earn will suddenly become insignificant; and grievance intertwining in mind for years will suddenly be dismissed with a laugh. I often feel that it is our lack of imagination of the future that causes our cares and anxieties.

87 = 87

A Time Traveler: The Path Toward the Future

I walked on that path. The cherry blossoms lining the path flourished in full bloom. Overburdened, the twigs of the trees slightly hung down as if attached to the soil temperature. Walking on land, we do not know how the temperature of a soil feels; ~~(nevertheless,)~~ plants do.

A tree knows when to lie dormant, when to wake up, when to strive to blossom, and when to fructify. A tree may know ~~(about)~~ the rhythm of life more deeply than we do.

A tree made a covenant with time. ~~Each does not violate~~ it, silently abiding by it. Hence, when ^{ix} blossoms, it will not get carried away or be arrogant and conceited; and when ~~defoliated and desolate~~, it will stand upright and unafraid as usual against low spirits. Whether thriving or withering, it all depends on time's will.

It was the second time that I ^{id} walked on that path. The first time was in autumn and winter. The friend who led me here said, "If it is not taboo for you, I am going to show you a beautiful place ^{space}." To comprehend beauty, there is no taboo for me. Thus, we came to Yanaka Cemetery.

A cemetery is everyone's final destination and the same future which we reach ^{by/via} through different routes. We are too scared to imagine it, and even getting

close to it is deemed ominous.

The first time I met the cemetery, a dreary air pervaded the tall trees. Many splendid large-sized monuments pointed to the sky in an artistic way, indicating the life ^{indices} indexes of the dead. Some of them were full written, while some were merely a few lines of haiku. I was overwhelmed by ^{of what?} its poetic magnitude. Death can be so dignified and magnificent.

If we are willing to have more imagination about what words will be inscribed ^{on} as our epitaphs in the future, those we struggle to earn will suddenly become insignificant; and grievance ^(implies plurality) intertwining in mind for years will suddenly be dismissed with a laugh. I often feel that it is our lack of imagination of the future that causes our cares and anxieties.