

Time Traveler - The Road Down to the Future

Walking down the road was I, seeing the bloom of Cherry blossoms stood on sides. Branches and sprigs bearing too much bowed a slight, as if reluctant to leave Mother Earth's warm sunshine. We strolled on the surface, not knowing what warmth was under, but to the plants, it was no wonder.

A tree knew when to slumber; when to rise and shine; when to blossom and thrive; when to fructify. They knew the pattern of life, in a better sense than us.

Upon the pledge settled between trees and time, there were no trespasses, only soundless commitment. When it was time to bloom, they did not exaggerate, nor became proud as Lucifer; in times of shrivel, they stood uprightly, with no signs of depression. Whatever the state, it was all determination of time.

This is my second occasion down the road. Last was during the transition from fall to winter, and my friend asked "If you don't mind, I'll take you to a place of delight." How would I deplore, when beauty was there to explore. That was why, we came to Yanaka cemetery.

Cemetery is the Rome we head for in the end. Fear kept us too far, ominous didn't want us close, and a place imagination never wished us to go.

Towering trees with the scent of dying down; stunning tombs pointing toward the heavens; using an artistic way to mark the gone in the index was my first sight of the

place. Some brimming with words that flow, while others only a few lines or so.

Shocked by the magnitude and poetic aptitude, and Oh! How dignified and noble death could show!

Supposing that, we could picture more and think about what would be on our epitaph, then perhaps, those that we are desperate to pursue may vanish in to thin air.

And suddenly, resentments deep down all these years could be dismissed with a laugh.

I believe our worries and anxieties are simply a lack of insight and inspiration of the future.

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Walking down the road was I, seeing the bloom of Cherry blossoms ^{standing} stood on sides. Branches and sprigs bearing too much bowed a slight, as if reluctant to leave ^{near rhyme!} Mother Earth's warm sunshine. We strolled on the surface, not knowing what warmth ^{what?}

^{lay beneath} was under, but to the plants, it was no wonder.

^{just!} A tree ^{tense} knew when to slumber; when to rise and shine; when to blossom and

thrive; when to fructify. They knew the pattern of life, ~~in a better sense~~ than us.

Upon the pledge settled between trees and time, there were no trespasses, only ^{silent} soundless commitment. When it was time to bloom, they did not exaggerate, nor ^{nicer}

^{did they} became proud as Lucifer; in times of shrivel, they stood uprightly, with no signs of depression. Whatever the state, it was all determination of time. ^{verb}

This is my second occasion down the road. Last was during the transition from fall to winter, and my friend asked "If you don't mind, I'll take you to a place of delight." How would I deplore, when beauty was there to explore. That was why, we came to Yanaka Cemetery. ^{rhyme}

A Cemetery is the Rome we head for in the end. Fear kept us too far, ominous ^{far from} didn't want us close, ^{to} and a place imagination never wished us to visit ^{adjective} ^{visit (go+to)}

Towering trees with the scent of dying down; stunning tombs pointing toward the heavens; using an artistic way to mark the gone in the index was my first sight of the ^{deceased}

place. Some brimming with words that flow, while others only a few lines or so. ✓ ^{had} ✓
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I believe our worries and anxieties are simply a lack of insight and inspiration ^{into} of the ^{by} future.
too complicated syntactically

Don't overdo the rhyme.