

Snowflakes are our friends
They descend when winter comes
Making white blankets.

My two plum trees are
So gracious. See, they flower.
One now, one later.

Winter is coming.
Snow will be arriving soon.
We should rake the leaves.

November, sunrise
Uncertain, the cold storks stand
bare sticks in water.

See the morning breeze
Ruffling his so silky hair,
Cool caterpillar