

*In the sky, which
was of a trembling,
shimmering blue,
two towering
white cloud
formations were
piled high, while a
very pale half-moon
swam between them
as though in
a dream.*

*The swallows had
already begun their
every-evening's flight
in full company
strength...*

*...and
with
their sharp,
pointy wings
snipped the blue silk
of space into little bits...*

*...shot back
and forth...*

*...overtaking one
another with
shrill cries...*

*...and disappearing into
the dizzying heights.*

