

Adam Crothers

Sijo

I

Lover, the years have fine timing, or fine luck, I've noticed:
an old one dies, a young one stumbles mumbling onto the stage.
There will come a time when the new year is held back, firm by the wrist.

II

And, lover, consider the running down of the strong stag,
its only hope to lead the quick spear into the subtle mist.
You strike flint to raise a good fire. I tally days with snowdamp sticks.