

## **Poco A Poco by Yi Jung Chen**

Laying a branch of fir tree across the foot of your bed,  
you finally fell asleep,  
the emblem of broom flower,  
thrusting the inauspicious hunch into your mind,  
you woke up in cold sweats.

A fortunate stroke of serendipity,  
the clasping bellflower waving her hands at me,  
sitting there on the green grass,  
with a random flower sketch,  
you looked up into the sky,  
brooding over the uncertainties of life.

Listening to Brahms Fantasien for piano,  
every moment with you,  
a mixture of euphoria and raptures,  
two souls longing for redemption,  
approaching each other,  
poco a poco,  
shadows concealed our fears of the ravaging storm,  
we cuddle over the fireplace,  
seeking the lodging of tranquility.