

## THE SENSE OF SECURITY IN THE DARKNESS

The utter darkness.

The evening has already sent children to their houses.

Here a man and a woman are going to open their eyes widely.

“Would you talk with me a while?”

Let us feel together that our passion is a quiet and secure strength.”

Swaying about in the cold wind,

The withered bamboo grasses are whispering something.

Some one is calling them somewhere.

“How fast does the time pass, when we are alone!

I wish I could stop the watch.”

Tick-tock, tick-tock — ineluctable modality of time.

“Oh, that beautiful light! the light of the city in the evening.”

The bell of the Catholic Church tolls Vespers.

“The passion of human beings resolves into secure strength, instead of increasing to a storm.”

A steel frame of a Jesuits' High School stands weirdly

Along the mid-slope of the barren mountain.

“Daphnis and Chloe might play on such a beautiful pasture.”

White rocky surfaces of the mountain

And the dark sea are at daggers drawn.

“So, our passion can realize what never seems to be realized.

And only what seems to be inevitable for us is of necessity.”

The utter darkness.

Their conversation is also fragmentary.

But, it derives from the sense of security on love,

—Oneness of the two.

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