

Shizuki Hara

Instructor's Name

Course Title

17 February 2021

My Life

I am from a Japanese household, In a land that is too foreign and strange to my sense

I am Haru, Japanese for Spring, yet I am soon to approach the autumn of my life

Sprinkled onto the Pizza like a foreign topping,

I am that pineapple that some eagerly cherish where others willfully reject

I came from a land where both these items are a foreign feast.

I am from Harajuku, the land where colors blossom and tradition flourish

With the rest of my kind aimlessly wanders, running through the allies

And feasting on the familiar air.

I am from the same land where I was born and bred

Yet later transported in a polished box, seven seas across my homeland,

To a family that has now become my center of existence

I am from fluffy fur and a runny snot, a wiggling tail that moves a lot.

I am from the eyes that shine with million galaxies, with the desire to return home dimming down.

I am from the religion of love, boundless, limitless, and shapeless

My values are affection, adoration, and untamed compassion

I am from days endlessly basking in the grassy field, and snowy days and windy springs

I have spent countless hours chasing after that shiny ball

That always seemed to evade my presence. I am from the crowded circle

With many of my fellow companions speeding to chase our invisible target.

I am from the days spent by the fireplace, mesmerized by the evaporating flames.

I am the hazel eyes, brownish fur, and a trimmed tail

With a red tee hugging my torso with “Spidy” written on it

Playing with my teddy plushie and rounded football

Clamped in my sharp teeth, scared to lose them all.

I am from that faraway land where flower bloom

And pink rains, where the pine burns and the aroma blends

Where on a rainy day, a sea of umbrellas moves around

Calm and steady, as if a caterpillar slowly crawlly and waiting

To be metamorphized into a blooming butterfly.

I am from my loving owner, whose embrace has always calmed my sense

Whose affectionate smell has always made me forget

All the pain, loneliness, and solitude which I felt

Upon leaving land with whom I closely connect

I am from Shizuki Hara, a loving lady with an adorable smile

Whose cheers I will always miss upon me cuddling to her embrace.

Like all of us, I am from these leaving moment and shiny eyes

Dripping the liquid of my departure and sadness, sad to leave

Those adorable smiles, those shiny stars, those blossoming petals

Whom I will always miss and maybe wait, waiting to witness those eternal memories

That I will forever keep locked in my eyes.