月に吠える

To Howl At The Moon (1917)
A Collection of Poems
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Translated by Stephen Wolfe
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Ⅰ

竹とその哀傷

Bamboo and Its Sorrow

地面の底の病気の顔

A Sick Face in the Depths of the Earth

In the depths of the earth a face,
a sad, sickly face.

In the darkness in the depths of the earth
A vague stem begins to form,
A rat’s nest begins to form.
Entangled in the nest, countless, quivering hairs.
From the desolate, sick, mid-winter earth
A bamboo root takes shape,
Takes shape,
Seeming truly pathetic
Truly
Truly
Deeply
Pathetic.

In the darkness in the depths of the earth
A sad, sickly face.
To Howl At The Moon

A Stem of Grass

In the cold of winter
Wrapped in fine hair
Look—a stem of grass.
It seems in solitude
But its surface is wrapped in faint hair.
Look—a stem of grass.

In the distant, snow-threatening sky
A stem is sprouting.

Bamboo

Arrow energy from the earth.
Green raging from the earth
Piercing frozen winter.
Green leaves glittering beyond morning and sky.
Tears falling
and falling.
The era of atonement ends, the burden now lifted,
Delicate bamboo roots spread
Green rages from the earth.
Bamboo

Bamboo sprouting from the glowing earth.
Green bamboo sprouting.
Under the earth bamboo roots take hold
Narrowing to hair-like fibers.
Faint fibers sprout
Faintly trembling.

From the hardened earth bamboo sprouts,
Above the earth raging bamboo sprouts,
Bounding bamboo sprouts.
Each chilled joint seething with life
Under the blue sky bamboo sprouts.
Bamboo
Bamboo
Bamboo sprouts.

Withering Chrysanthemum

That chrysanthemum is withering
That chrysanthemum is dripping pain.
Such sorrow at the first frost.
My platinum hands become weak.
Pointed fingers sharpen
To pick the flower,
But I must not.
In one corner of the glittering sky
A chrysanthemum is withering
A rotting chrysanthemum suffers.
亀
_Tortoise_

There are woods.
There are swamps.
There are skies.
Man feels the weight in his hand
Of the sleeping golden tortoise.
Enduring nature’s shining desolation
It struggles into man’s soul.
The tortoise sinks
Into the depths of the blue sky.

笛
_The Flute_

Among the branches of a tall pine
A harp is being played.
The little finger, dabbed red, gently strums.
The wedded woman playing becomes entangled in the sound.
In the heavens a splendid flute.
In the sky this frost-swept night
The tops of pines flash.
In the consciousness of those in sorrow
Repentance now evident.

In the heavens a splendid flute.
冬

Winter

Across the sky a sign of sin,
On top of drifting snow it appears,
On treetops it flashes
Shining past midwinter.
The mark of sins committed
Appear in all directions.

Look.
Asleep in the dark earth
Something alive
Begins to raise the house of repentence.

天上絞死

Celestial Hanging

On a pine needle glowing in distant darkness
Tears of penitence drip.
With the night sky frosted white
A neck is hanging from the pine.
Being loved the celestial pine
Provides the form of prayer
By hanging.
Eggs

On the highest treetop
Tiny eggs glitter.
If you look up
A bird's nest glitters.
At this very moment
Sinners pray.

II

Cooked Skylark

Sentimental Hand

My disposition is sentimental
Sorrow has many hands.
Hands are usually dancing overhead
While in my breast a lonely light.
As summer fades the swallow leaves the nest,
Wheat turns cold.
I have forgotten the city
And won't, as before, be strumming the harp.
My hand has become steel.
In desperation I dig into the earth
My pathetic, sentimental hand digs into the earth.
山居

In the Mountains

August is an exorcism
Fish and birds fade
Violet tinge wanes
Gradually subsides
My heart is bitter.
I won’t emerge from the tree’s mournful shade.
In my hand the holy book turns silver.

苗

Seedling

The seedling shines in the blue sky
Children dig up the earth.

I examine the seedling that won’t grow,
From the bottom of the bright pot
I pull out my white finger.
A Case of Murder

A gunshot echoes in distant sky.
Once again a shot echoes.
My inquisitor in clothes of crystal
Slips thru the lover’s window
Onto the glassed floor.
Pale blood flowing between her fingers,
On the woman’s pitiful corpse
A chilled grasshopper is chirping.

A morning of early frost
The inquisitor in clothes of crystal
Turned at the crossroads
By the autumn fountain.
Alone
The inquisitor is struck by sorrow.

There on the far-off marble path
The killer quickly slips away.

Cooked Skylark

This night is offered as a feast of love.
The candle’s wax sends forth fragrance of affliction.
Let us thrust open the lovely green window.
As we look at the sky stained with grief
Distant May clouds drift in.
In my hand
The offering of the skylark’s dish.
With you at my side we go on.
盆 景

Landscape on a Tray

The passing hand of spring and summer is amber.
Eyes moist in the bowl.
Stones like green mist
Sending forth the scent of sorrow.
There in mountain depths
A delicate waterfall flows.
Waterfall flows
And fishcoldly sink.

掌 上 の 種

Seed on My Palm

I heap soil in my hand
And plant a seed in that soil.
I hold a white watering can
And sprinkle the soil,
Sprinkling purest water.
The earth’s chill seeps into my palm.
Remote May window pushed open
I hold out my hand to the sun.
Merging into the freshness
My skin becoming fragrant and warm.
The seed in my palm gently breathes.
天 景

Divine Landscape

Silently
The creaking of the buggy
Faintly the brightening of the sea
Barley swaying in the distance
Silently
The creaking of the buggy
A glowing landscape of fish and birds
And windows refracting blue
Silently
The creaking of the buggy

焦 心

Impatience

On a morning of frost and slight chill
A young girl walks past with an offering
Of skylark in her hands.
Leaning against a tree by the roadside
I peer thru her powdered-white, lean fingers
Anxious to grab and devour
The delicious cooked skylark.
Such an impatient man
Will surely be made to pray
In the end.
As the shroud of dusk engulfs
Tokyo crowded with workers
Haggard hats further shade
The mask of the city.
In districts both nearby and far
The hard earth is being dug up once again.
Watching the mid-town excavation one spots
The sooty remains of a silver wrapper
And violets now a mass of shriveled roots.
Even in Honjo Fukugawa digging begins
Gradually ravaging the fabric of the city.
In the shadows of languid dusk
Withered hearts are shining on shovels.
悲しい月夜

Sullen Moonlight

A scavenger of a mut
on a rotting wharf
is howling at the moon.
The ear of my soul is straining
toward the melancholy voices
of yellow virgins chanting in chorus,
chanting in chorus
by the dark stone wall of the wharf.

Why am I like this?
This dog, this pale suffering dog.

死

Death

I stare at the earth.
From its depths a strange hand emerges
A leg emerges
An impudent neck pushes through.
Ladies and Gentlemen–
What the hell kind of wild goose is this?
I stare at the earth with a foolish look.
From its depths
A hand emerges
A leg emerges
An impudent neck pushes through.
危険な敵歩
A Dangerous Stroll

Becoming Spring
My shoes are new with soles of rubber.
Whichever path I take,
To avoid the cloying sound,
My arms are full of fragile things
In a state of constant peril.
I slowly began to walk.
Leave me alone, leave me alone—
I’m struck by a plague of worry.
Whatever may happen
Don’t look at my contorted gait,
I’m absolutely fading away,
Like a gaunt passenger on a balloon
Tottering toward exhaustion.

酒精中毒者の死
Drunken Death

The face up corpse of the drunkard
Strange oozings from his sheet-white belly
Blood transparent blue
A distorted polygon of a heart
Festering entrails
Inflamed rheumatic wrists
Flabby-limp bowels.
All around
The surface of the ground
Sparkles.
Around jagged spikes of grass
To Howl At The Moon

Everything glitters like radium.
The surface of this desolate scene
Pierced
By the contorted laughter
Of the killers white face.

干からびた犯罪
_Dried up Crime_

How did the criminal escape?
From many, many years back
Here's the brokendown chair
Here's the fatal weapon
The corpse
The blood.
By the pale, high May window
The dark face of the investigator
Buried in thought,
And the hair of a lonely woman
Tremble.

蛙の死
_Death of A Frog_

A frog was killed.
The children, in a circle, raised their hands
All together
Quite cute
Raised their bloodstained hands.
The moon came out.
Someone standing on the hill.
Below the hat, a face.
IV
くさった蛤

Rotting Clam

内部に居る人が畸形な病人に見える理由
The Reason The Man Inside Seems Sick and

Deformed

I'm standing in the shadow of the window's lace.
That's why my face seems faint.
In my hands a telescope
Which takes me into the distance.
I'm watching dogs and sheep of nickel
And bald children walking thru a forest.
That's why my eyes seem glassy.
This morning I ate too much cabbage
And this window glass so crude.
That's why my face seems distorted.
But to tell the truth I'm almost too healthy
Yet why are you staring from over there?
Why such an eerie grin?
Of course if it's about my lower half,
About it not being clearly seen-
Anyway that's quite an absurd question.
But it's because I'm standing inside
By the strained light of the window.
The Chair

The Man asleep beneath the chair
Is he the child of the builder of the grand house?

Spring Night

Things like clams and water fleas,
Bodies buried in sand,
Unknown from where,
Waving countless hands like silk threads
Covered in swaying soft hair.
Here in raw warmth of a spring night
The tide gently sweeps in
Sweeping over these living things.
Even the tongues of shellfish
Gradually ebb toward mourning.
Looking out over the distant shore
Along the damp sand path
A procession of the sick,
Bodies beginning from the waist,
Aimlessly marching.
Human hair also
Shrouded in mist of this spring night.
Lapping, lapping line of white waves
Only ripples.
The Realm of Bacteria

Legs of bacteria
Mouths of bacteria
Ears of bacteria
Noses of bacteria

Bacteria are swimming

Some in the womb of man
Some in the bowels of shellfish
Some in the core of onions
Some in the guts of the land

Bacteria are swimming

The hands of bacteria grope left, right, and across
Tapering to endings like roots
Where razor claws protrude
Enveloped in capillaries

Bacteria are swimming

Bacteria reach prime ground
Passing thru skin of the sick
Reflecting thin, red streaks, faintly visible
Seeming truly sad, unbearable

Bacteria are swimming.
泳ぐ人

The Swimmer

The swimmer's body diagonally stretches
Two arms smoothly reach out
The swimmer's heart transparent like a jellyfish
The swimmer's eye hears the toll of bells
The swimmer's soul watches the moon above the water.

ありあけ

Dawn

In the throes of unending illness
Face covered with webs
Lower trunk like a waning shadow
Above like a scrub
Hands decayed
The body, as a whole, in ruin.
Today as well the moon is out
The fading dawn moon is out.
As if by the dull light of a lantern
A grotesque white dog howls.
Approaching dawn
On the deserted road
The dog howls.
Cats

Two coal-black cats
On the roof of melancholy night.
From the tip of erect tails
The blurred crescent moon hangs like a thread.
"Owaa, good evening"
"Owaa, good evening"
"Ogya... Ogya... Ogya..."
"Owaa... The man of this house is sick"

Shells

Origin of cold things.
That tooth borne along by the water.
That hand borne along by the water.
Where are the laboring waves?
Walking at low tide I call out.
Shells answer in a distant voice.
麦畑の一隅にて

In a Corner of the Wheatfield

Having pure hearts, we want to talk.
Things generated by faith
Assume the body of spirit.
I want to clearly tell you
What my eyes did once behold.
Usually this class of thing
Is clothed in robes of elegance,
Glittering.
I saw majestic hidden parts,
The half-body of a god.

陽　春

Spring

Ah, from the distance
The dense drift of spring.
Virginal lips looming soft
Under swollen willow buds.
Spring arrives from the distance
Aboard a cushioned coach
Pulled across the hazed landscape
By rushing white legs.
But the spinning wheels reverse
The shafts gradually come off the ground
The passenger strangely reels
Seeming to be endangered.
Unexpectedly spring lets out a deep-white yawn.
Rotting Clam

Half-buried in sand, tongue flickering.  
Above this clam  
Flowing waves and pebbles grit and grate  
silent as a dream.

In a space between shifting sands  
The clam's dazed tongue flickers red,  
Its body a haggard mass of limp inards  
On the threshold of decay  
As sorrow pervades the early evening air.  
It sits on the pale shore  
Rotting breath pausing, petering, pausing.

The Substance of Spring

An infinite swarm of insect eggs  
Join spring in full swell.  
Careful scrutiny reveals countless eggs everywhere:  
On the surface of cherry blossoms  
And, of course, on willow branches.  
Even on the likes of a moth  
The thin wings are molded by glistening eggs.  
These faint, oval shapes hidden from the naked eye,  
Everywhere pushing and jostling,  
Flood the core of the air
Bulging and hardening like a ball of rubber.
With the poke of a finger
The substance of spring is felt.

Attached to a Gift

Out of a line of soldiers
There was one with a bad disposition
Who perhaps missed the target.
The man who was shot
Caught his breath in a dream
And lonely tears streamed
Across the face of his sky.
"These cigarettes are those kind."
V

さびしい情欲
Solitary Passion

愛 憐
Love

Woman-
Your seductively sharp teeth
Chew the green of the grass.
That green your smooth make-up.
Your desire will be aroused
So let's secretly frolic in thick grass.
Necks of bellflowers tremble
And the hands of others softly beckon.
Ah, I'll caress your breasts
And you'll push hard against my body.
In the middle of this secluded field
We'll writhe together like snakes
And I'll spin in a torrent of love,
Then douse your blazing skin
With the juice of green grass.
I'm putting on lipstick,
I just kissed the bark of a young birch.
Even if I were a handsome man
I have no breasts like mounds of rubber,
From the pores of my skin no smooth fragrance.
Such a shriveled up, pathetic, malicious man.
Thru the heightened scent of early summer fields
In a shining cluster of trees
I immerse my hands in sky-colored gloves,
Put on something like a corset
And dust my neck with sweet powder.
Nonchalantly I put on airs of coquetry
Going thru the motions of young women
Tilting my head in just the right way.
I kissed the bark of a young birch
And caressed a tall, white tree.
I fix my rose-colored lipstick.
五月の貴公子

The Prince of May

Walking thru new grass
My shoes leave white footprints.
Staff of silver polished by the grass
Crumpled gloves dancing in mid-air.
All traces of grief cast off
I yearn to be a meek lamb.
My hand caresses your moist neck
Wanting to smell fresh iris powder.
Walking thru new grass
I am the Prince of May.

白い月

Pale Moon

From pain of a decaying tooth
I clutched my swollen cheek
And dug beneath a small date tree
To plant some seeds of grass.
Plunging my withered fingers into the mud
I dug up cold earth.
Ah, I remember well the chilled dusk
When the earthworm wriggled
In the freshly dug hole.
It was then from behind the low house,
As if caressing the powdered ear of a woman,
The moon rose,
The moon rose.
肖像

The Picture

That guy, whose face is always contorted,
Is standing by the window.
As white cherry blossoms bloom
That guy emerges from the depths
Crawling out like a mole.
When he slipped back, with guarded step, to the window
I took a picture.

In the shadows of dimmed light
A vague image on the negative.
Me from the neck up,
Trembling like a reed.

さびしい人格

Persona of Loneliness

My persona of loneliness calls out for my friend.
Unknown friend—come quickly.
Sit down in this old chair
And let's quietly talk.
Without a hint of sorrow
Let's pass tranquil, happy days
Listening to the lull of a far-off park fountain.
Gently, so softly we'll embrace.
Mother, father, brothers gone long ago.
Let's be bound like orphans
Never having known parents.
From the hub of humanity
We'll talk only of our lives
And seek refuge in a secret life.
Aren't these words like autumn leaves
Prematurely scattering in our laps?

My breast is that of a frail infant
My heart trembles in fear,
As if seared by fired sweat of passion.

Once, a long time ago,
I climbed to the top of a high mountain.
Looking up at the steep mountain path,
Longing like an insect, I climbed to the top.
When I stood on that peak
The insect shed lonely tears.
Looking up from dense growth
Awesome white clouds drifted by.
Nature is everywhere oppressing me
Human nature depresses me.
I like to walk until fatigued in a crowded park
Be able to find an empty chair.
And settle in the shade of a tree
To gaze vacantly at the sky.
How sadly that line of smoke
Drifts up to the city sky!
I like to watch the form
Of tiny swallows go past that roof.

In a desperate voice my persona of loneliness
Calls out for an unknown friend.
Strange, servile, persona, shudders like a tattered crow,
Cornered in the seat of winter decay.
To Howl At The Moon

VI
見知らぬ犬
Strange Dog

見知らぬ犬
Strange Dog

A strange dog is following me
Its mangy hind leg lame,
A shadow of a dog.

I don't know where I'm going.
In this direction rooves rattle,
In the emptiness by the roadside
Withered grass not still, not moving.

I don't know where I'm going.
Awesome, looming as if alive,
The moon floats idly along its course
While behind me on the empty road
The tip of the dog's long tail
Drags along the ground.

Wherever I go, wherever
This strange dog will follow
Groveling behind along the fetid ground
Dragging its lame hind leg.
Toward the moon in different sky
The endless, piercing howl
Of this frightened shadow of a dog.
Looking Up To Greentree Tops

A deserted rundown alley
Lined with narrow, swaying green trees.

I am searching for love.
I am searching for a humble-hearted woman
To love me.
Her hand is trembling in the greentree tops.
In pursuit of my love, in a high place always,
She trembles with emotion.

I was a beggar on distant, back roads.
My wretched, hungry heart
Smelling rotting onions and meat
Sprayed tears.
The miserable heart of that beggar
Roamed only back alleys.

The heart seeking love
Emerges from the exhaustion
Of the long, tedium of solitude.
That heart again awakened
Like a sea of emotion.

On the tops of green trees,
Rising from the barren roadside soil,
Minute leaves stream in the wind.
Frog—
Among pampass and reeds
You seem to bulge white.
On a rain-drenched evening
Gyo... Gyo... Gyo... Gyo...
Croaks the frog.

As tonight's fierce rain and wind
Beat down upon the pitch-dark earth
On a chilled leaf
The frog heaves a sigh of relief.
Gyo... Gyo... Gyo... Gyo...
Croaks the frog.

Frog—
My heart is not far from yours.
In my hands I hold a lamp
Having gazed at the dark garden.
At the leaves wilting in the rain I gazed
With a weary heart.
山に登る
Mountain Ascent
While on a journey, sent to a woman

There was a patch of grass at the peak
On which we threw ourselves.
We gazed at the foot of a distant mountain
Whose surface seemed like a sea.
Winds glided across the sky
I pressed a pebble to my lips.
We walked aimlessly across the shaggy summit.

Even now I think of you.

海水旅館
Seaside Inn
Passing thru a grove of red pines
Dark, rough waves distantly glow.
On these desolate northern sands
Something leads me to prayer.
Solitary dinner finished
In the parlor of a seaside inn
A lamp is turned on.
**Solitude**

In whiteness by roadside
An exhausted horse stares
At dried, sunlit grass.
Blades slanting, sprouting lean.
Stares at shaken, drab grass.

Standing in the plaintive country sunlight
At what do you stare,
My trembling soul of solitude?

On the face of this dusty scene
Impotent tears.

**White Public Benches**

Along a path in the woods
A line of pure-white public benches.
In the cold interior of the mountain
A world of deep green shade.
Looking thru that forest
You can see a desolate cluster of trees
And elegant, pure-white bench legs in a row.
I am fearful of the countryside.
I am fearful of the rows of slender, young shoots
Quivering in deserted paddies.
I fear the throng of poor in dark houses.
Sitting on a path between fields
The weight of the earth, like a great wave,
Buries my heart.
The foul odor of the earth chars my skin,
The desolate thrust of winter scathes my life.

Country air is oppressive
The feel of the gritty earth revolting.
Sometimes I think of the countryside and wince
At the smell of coarse-grained animal skin.
I am fearful of the countryside.
It's a feverish, pale dream.
長詩二篇
Two Long Poems

雲雀の巣
The Skylark’s Nest

With the saddest heart imaginable
I walked along the river of my hometown.
On the bank starworts, horsetails, parsley, shepherd’s purse
and violet roots raged.
In the shadow of the sandbank the Tone river flows,
Flowing darkly; disconsolate like a thief.
I crouched silent on the bank.
In front of me was a patch of mugwort,
A handful of a patch, like the worn hair of a woman,
rustling in the wind.
I am brooding over a vile, foreboding thought.
A frantic sun beats on my muggy hat,
I’m exhausted and covered in sweat.
Like a man near death by thirst seeking water
I thrust out my hand and seized something like my soul.
Seized something like shriveled hair.
Hidden by the mugwort was a skylark’s nest.

Piyo Piyo Piyo Piyo Piyo Piyo Piyo Piyo
The mother skylark cries overhead.
I stared at the pathetic skylark’s nest.
In my large palm it seemed a soft, swollen ball.
My heart flirted with the sensation of love for helpless young.
I felt a rush of strange loneliness and affliction.
Like a maternal bird I craned my neck and peered into the nest.
Inside, like beaming dusk; an aura dark, vague.
As a plant's faint-fine cilia to the touch,
An ineffable, delicate sorrow grazed the periphery
  of my nerves like a shadow.
Sadly aglow in the dim nest were perhaps four
  rat-colored skylark eggs.
I cradled one in my outstretched fingers,
It's tepid breath tickled the belly of my thumb.
A tantalizing vexation, like watching a dying dog,
  welled up from the depths of my soul.
Such half-hearted repulsion is the spawning ground for atrocity.
Fear of evil, the harbinger of evil.
I looked at the egg, softly sunlit between my fingers.
Something faintly red, seen faintly, like a bloodclot.
Something that felt like chilled pus
Oozed between my fingers, smelling of slime.
The egg was cracked.
The fingers of a savage crushed such a delicate thing.
On the thin rat-colored shell the red letter "K" was lightly visible.

Helpless bud of a bird, maternal bird.
Nest forged by a tiny beak,
The heated labor of a small animal
Giving form to the instinct of love.
Thoughts altruistic and tender flooded my heart.
I had broken the egg.
Slaughtered love and joy, a cursed act of sorrow,
Dark and revolting.
My face full of gloom, eyes cast down to the earth
Where pebbles, fragments of glass and roots
made one glittering surface.
Piyo Piyo Piyo Piyo Piyo Piyo Piyo Piyo Piyo Piyo Piyo Piyo
The mother skylark cries overhead.
The sickly raw smell of spring.
I was again brooding over those vile thoughts:
Man loathes the odor of human skin
Man finds human genitals offensive
Man at times seems like a horse
Man betrays human love
Man abhors his fellow man.
Ah, festering misanthrope!
I read a famous Russian novel.
A very heavy novel about such a misanthrope.
It was brilliant, but terrifying.
To be unable to express love with the body,
What a malevolent thought, what foul affliction.
Ah, to love, to love, to love small birds.
I've never kissed a woman.
At least I never gave any big brother speech
When placing my hand on shoulders of birds I love.
I love mankind, but fear it.
Sometimes I retreat from people to solitude
And my all-loving heart grows dim.
While strolling along deserted sands
I like thinking of the distant city swarm.
When the far-off city lights go on
I like walking alone across home park grounds.
Yesterday, like so many yesterdays,
That recurring, mournful dream.
I smelled curdled human blood.
I'm in pain, lonely.
Why can't I show love with my body?
I'll repent.
Repent.
When in pain, repent.
Sit on the sand by the Tone river and repent.

Piyo Piyo Piyo Piyo Piyo Piyo Piyo
Mother skylarks cry overhead.
The roots of riverside mugwort rage rampant.
The Tone river flows secretive as a thief.
Sullen faces of farmers stare at the ground
Where spring, like smallpox, feverishly erupts.

With pity I picked up the skylark's egg.
The Flute

The child wanted a flute.
His father was then writing.
The child peeked in his father's room
And silently stood in the door's shadow.
In the shadow of the door, the scent of cherry blossoms.
Inside the room the adult was lost in thoughts
Whipping like a whirlpool
As a dilemma convulsed his heart.
Unnoticed on the desk the adult's lowered head, motionless,
Had a snake tightly coiled around it.
That incident occurred on a spring-like morning
But his heart was covered with grief.

Instinct and conscience:
The dense depression of the adult
Having to split his indivisible heart.
The two shadows that separated furiously
Became entangled like threads
And wandered in the dim light by the window.
The man saw above his head
The passing form of sullen spirits.
The adult drew in his fearful breath
And began to pray:
"God, please do not make my two hearts one."
But for some time spirits came and went
In the shadow of the door.
The scent of cherry blossoms in the shadow of the door.
Here his pale, sickly child was standing.
The child wanted a flute.
The child opened the door and stood in a corner. The child saw the lowered head of his mighty father on the desk by the window. The area around his head thick with shadow. The child's focus settled there like a fly, drawn to something. Gradually strength welled in the child's heart and he cried out in a loud voice. There was a flute. There was the small, purple flute the child wanted.

The child had never mentioned anything about the flute to his father. So this was a complete coincidence. Perhaps it was a wondrous stroke of fate. But the child steadfastly believed in his father's miracle. He believed that the adult's high thoughts gave birth to this shadowy flute. He believed in the flute on the desk.