

Beach of a Moonlit Night

On a moonlit night, a lone button
Lay fallen by the edge of the foam.

Picking it up, I had no real intention
Of giving it a purpose to serve
But finding myself unable to toss it away
I slipped it into my sleeve.

On a moonlit night, a single button
Lay fallen by the edge of the foam.

Picking it up, I had no real intention
Of giving it a purpose to serve
 And neither tossing it to the moon
 Nor skipping it across the waves,
I slipped it into my sleeve.

On a moonlit night, this lone button I picked up
Pressed its way into my fingers, into my heart.

On a moonlit night, this lone button I picked up?
How could it possibly be tossed away?

– *Nakahara Chuya*
(Translated from the Japanese by Ry Beville)