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## Mirai (未来) Future

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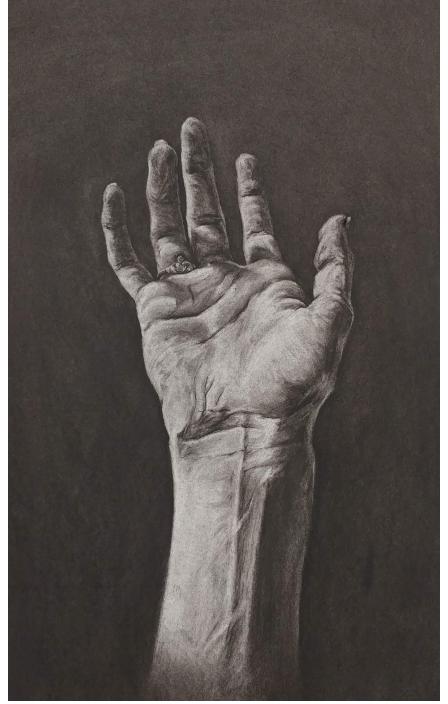
# Mirai Future

## laura baugh

The smell of tatami and smoke wafted about the room, As the group of friends aged with the waning of the moon, Gesturing wildly as they retold the stories of their youth, Cigarette smoke permeated the air, and the froth of beer was on their lips, They would grow old, but their hearts would always remain foolish and untamed Until they drew their last breaths.

A room full of budding prospects; A teacher, A soldier, A salesperson, And another youth searching for direction. Amid the liveliness, he sat rather still. The shadow of indecisiveness ghosting his features. Little did he know, his destiny was not undecided, It just had not begun yet.

It would begin, at the fall of the sakura, And it would continue until he too, grew old but still foolish. One day he would mature, And bring about laughter Like fine wine served in delicate glasses, The dark and heady liquor swirling in a vortex of memory, Both lost and yet to be made.



Outstretched Hand | K. Hope Tarleton | Charcoal on Paper