



The Eternal Summer

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The Sun sets,
Shining its last streams of pale light on the snow-covered earth,
Loneliness and silence gripped the soul.....

Dreams about the eternal summer,
Where I lived by your side in Elysium, yet free and alive.
I am the obsidian veined with gold and lapis lazuli,
And you are the agate lined with indigo and azure.....

Our world, our summer,
Are skies made up of the torches of Prometheus,
Are winds blessed with the hymns of Aphrodite,
Are earth as fresh as the wine of Dionysus,
Are water as clear as the grace notes of Apollo's harp.....

We find the colors again in the eternal summer.
We stand, arms wide, on the top of the glistening towers of Minas Tirith.
We fly on the wings of Icarus, and lead Helios through his journey.
In the night, we sit on the branches of the tallest trees in the lush forests,
Gazing upwards at the constellations, listening at the resonance of their adventures in the depth
of the vast universe.
Above all, we find love here.....
A love so old and true,

Weaved in the spirit of a boy hunting for lions on the savannah during the heat of the day

And in the spirit of a girl feasting on the lilies beneath the streams during the cool of the night.....

I woke up in the freeze of reality.

I could not see the eternal summer,

And nor could I sense your passion, my dear, to my proposal of living there.

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Shining its last streams of pale light on the snow-covered earth,

Loneliness and silence gripped the soul.....

Alas, only death can alleviate that fervency of turning dreams into reality.....

When can we, together, leave the ice and snow,

and go to the place of wonder and fantasy?