

Tender you are, like childhood

You awaken in my heart what had died in my happy,
bygone yesterdays.

And you build upon the ruins of my soul what faded in
my shattered days.

From ambition to beauty, to art to that vast distant
sky.

You breathe into my anthem tenderness longing,
dreams, melody, and love.

After the gloom of my days embraced my heart and
silenced my singing.

You are the song of songs; the god of singing, the lord
of poetry, sang you.

In your youth blossomed, touched by magic, love's
melody, and the scent of roses.

And beauty appeared, dancing sacredly upon the
songs of existence.

And across the horizon of your spirit rhythms of songs
and softness of chirping swayed.

You swayed through existence like a melody of
brilliant imagination, sweet in its hymn.

Steps intoxicated with songs, a voice like the echo of
a distant flute.

A form almost speaking in melodies with every stance
and rest.

Everything is inscribed in you, even the brush of your
neck and the sway of your breasts.

You are life itself, in its highest sanctity, in its unique,
soulful magic.

You are life itself, in the tenderness of dawn, in the
freshness of a newborn spring.

You are life itself, at every hour, in the radiance of
renewed youth.

You are life itself, and in you, in your eyes, lie signs of
your extended enchantment.

You are a world of songs and dreams, of magic and
boundless imagination.

You are beyond imagination, poetry, and art,
beyond intellect, beyond limits.

You are my sacredness, my temple, my morning, my
spring, my rapture, my eternity.