Tonight I walk,

In incredulous realms,

Its words unspoken,

Its lands unseen,

I sway in the rhythms,

Of dancing rivulets,

And sing along,

The mystic streams.

Through the feathery clouds,

Amidst the azure of a distant canvas,

The seven horsed charioteer,

With unimpeachable balmy gleam,

Instills in me new exuberance,

And I, like a child rambunctious,

Try unhiding my playful shadow,

Deprived so long to his love serene.

My heart, like young horses, Leaps in frenzy,

Through deep trenches and over the fences,

Kicking the snow over lofty peaks,

Sails over the rivulets like a mighty air stream.

A commotion in the shrubs and all eyes set,

A pebble tips me over, I let out a scream,

With a shrug I open my eyes,

To wake up from a utopian dream!