

Sophia

elegiac couplet followed by prose

Occasus solis supra est nos expectat lux,
Cum luna surgat, sit phantasiam fere Sophie.

Sunset is upon us, and the next light awaits.
With the moon rising, it's almost a fantasy,
Sophia.

Tua oculi mihi dicunt
tu esse mare,
quod fletus viatoris congerit,
atque defessissimum cordium delenit.

Your eyes tell me that
you are the sea,
the sea who collects the traveler's tears,
and soothes the most weary of hearts.

Mox nuntii venient,
plaudens pennas sui trans caelum,
auferens somnia piscis.

Soon the messengers will come,
beating their wings over the sky,
carrying away Piscean dreams.

Relinquens summersas memorias,
in hac patria Scotorum,
ubi vox tua mea abduxerat.

Leaving sunken memories,
in this country of the Scots,
where your voice had taken mine away.

Nemo demonstrare potest
quomodo pluviam et solem sentiat,
sed cum praeterita horis,
scio mare futurum esse in gratia.

No one can describe how
the rain and the sun feel,
but with the passage of the seasons,
I know that the sea will be in grace.

G. C. Osborn