

Hope is the aster
in the eastern plain
of weeds and flower
from last night's rain

Blue is the flower
under sky unborn
like secret Easter
too bright to be borne

Northern breeze whispers
to the shapphire
worships of vespers
and hearths with fire

but wind's promises
blow the candlelight
and its soft kisses
will bid you goodnight

Oh picking you up
to my bleeding heart!
Oh drink from my cup
in my life take part!

No more rolling dice
your petals like lips
will touch Paradise
where love never sleeps