

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 sapphire
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.