

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.