

An invitation

Come into my garden,
Loved one,
And lay there for a while with me,
Under the aromatic, wooden silence,
Of sleeping ancient trees.
Their roots go deep,
Their branches reach the starry ceiling of the sky.
You know... you know, my loved one,
How the world outside,
On midnight trains runs endlessly,
On tracks of long forgotten destiny,
And nobody is waiting at the empty station,
But the umbrellas of the lonely street lamp lights.
I hear... I hear,
My loved one,
How millions of immortal souls cry,
Shedding pieces of their worn out flesh,
Lost in maelstroms of time's burning winds,
Somewhere in between their darkness and their light.
So come into my garden,
Loved one,
And let the night lean down upon you,
Its moonlit face of solace.
Let it see your darkest secrets,
Through the eyes of sleeping ancient trees...
And in a blood drop of eternity,
Align your heart with mine.

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