

TRUMPET LILIES

Over the valley shines the morning star
Blown pale by the dark wind of night.
From our bed, through the window, far
From touch of the hand, we see the silver

trumpet lilies stir and bend

On vague stalks of mist. Only the light
Is whispering between us the lonely aftermath. That it should

end

So, with a distant vista of lilies, is only the final part
Of passion: the perfection missed: the contemplated and
intended purity.

There is no one among the lilies to blow the music as pure
as the sound should be.

On the remote bed of reality we lie, our lips sewn with
dreams and the terror of the awakening heart.