

## White dream

Every thing is white on the field, outside; white tears & sprinkle the face of the earth; the sun mounts, white as milk; and the sight do not distinguish any thing, but the endless whiteness: it snows.

The snow is falling, silently, in white flakes, so many that, soon, the whole surface of the plain seems a pure white linen sheet; over that whiteness of a funeral shroud, the pale sunshine spreads, as a mournful taper glimmering.

Seeing the cold face of the earth, white, so white, we should say that this is the end of life and matter; that, upon this frozen earth, the blood is going to stop in every human artery.

While the wind blusters, the white flakes dance in the air, like a white swarm of insects; and, finally, the restless insects perch on the ground, on the roofs, on the trees.

Not one single fluttering wing troubles the

quietness of the immense, white plain! Nature,  
in a languid, negligent sleep, is lying, as  
the prey of a frozen, whitish numbness.

There is over every thing an august silence, a  
quiet of sound-sleep; there is about it a  
calm of death and solitude; while the  
white snow flakes hover, tremble and fall,  
lightly, on the ground—

Not a leaf on the trees: skeletons, quaking  
with fear, the white naked trees are as  
statues of Entomation, erect over the  
wide Kingdom of the Death!

I saw looking, sadly, through the window  
pane: there is some one passing by, with  
a white snow hood; the whole earth shi-  
vers with cold: even is cold the light  
of the swooned sun.

The cold comes, ~~in~~ <sup>with</sup> such a sharpness, that  
it enters into my soul and sprinkles  
snow flakes over my whole soul; and,  
softly, it invades my spirit and puts out  
the flame of my Will.

Thus, I remain with <sup>my</sup> light faced; my

Being, forking in a lac and apathetic dullness;  
incomprehensible neither for the joy or for the pain.  
I dream; I imagine to be seeing, across  
my white, cold, ethereal dream, a hideous,  
shapeless fly of the color of the snow that  
spreads, like the mudding sheet of the fifts.  
I stretch + it; the insect, it itself is of snow!  
It touches me. It is cold and so repugnant,  
that I think <sup>to</sup> your fancy, seeing it, that  
in returning a snow thread and, at  
last, wrapping me up in its white net.  
I follow its mad flight. It goes up and  
down, moves round, and, by little and  
little, catches me into its gulf. I keep  
quiet, in a cold calm, as if my soul  
were an other man's soul.  
Not even <sup>do</sup> I stretch my hand, anxious  
to catch it, and the formal insect, in  
such a devilish fluttering, seems to me  
a snowflake, that had given wings  
and shook them in the air.

The winged snowflake round and round  
again; now, it describes a spiral in its

flight; now, it encloses me in a circle; now, it ascends, and descends, and returns again and, restlessly, wanders away.

It buzzes <sup>about</sup> at my ears; ~~now~~ I think I am listening to some painful groans and, soon, I hear an emotional, golden laugh! Now, it gives me this sweet promise: ~~if~~ thou shalt be happy! Now, it buzzes, swiftly, <sup>about</sup> at my ears a beloved name; now, it tells me: "love and struggle!" And, soon, it hums: - "spend in the idleness thy entire life!"

Get you gone, damned fly! Far from me, winged snow! I fear that, shortly, I ~~will~~ <sup>shall</sup> get helplessly mad.

And the hideous insect that seizes me, buzzes fiercely: "I am the ghost of Homesickness!"

I shall <sup>xxxxxx</sup> buzz, as I do now, while the fields and the streets will be covered with snow; and I shall envelop thee in my wet, brittle chain, that thou never wilt ~~can~~ break away!

"Thy merry soul, accustomed to the smile and the light, is now encaged in a white and frozen jail; and the sun, that rises pale faced, not even removes this cold and white darkness!

I am Homeickness that follows thee everywhere; I weigh more than a mountain, a remorse or a cross! Take me upon thee, or run away, seeking after the golden, gorgeous Kingdom of Light! Look for the blue of the eternal spring sky, wherein the sun, as the owner of a marvellous treasure, reigns upon a bright, wonderful throne!

Seek for the Tropical Eden, where the mountains have a dainty, fanciful shape, and the sun sheds over its slopes, streams of emeralds and rubies.

Where the trees remain blooming, as in the spring time, during winter, autumn and summer; where the golden harvest of fruitage never suffers from the adverse blast of a bitter wind; and every rock

lets flow ~~in~~ water strings, that are the  
veins wherein runs the blood of the earth.  
There the breeze is ever a sweet, passio-  
nate kiss; the setting sun, even dying,  
dims our eyes; and the birds, crossing the  
clear air, sing melodious song, in the  
honor of the god Pan: they are the forest  
priests, celebrating the magnificent pagan  
Mass.

It is a country of a never fading beauty;  
the blissful country of ~~the~~ abundance, the  
Sun's home, the fecund home, where, every  
breath knows how to speak the language  
of Love.

So buzzes the fly at ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> ears, while  
my soul is travelling by ~~the~~ <sup>through</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup>  
fanciful Dreamland!

I wake up. In vain I look for the fly.  
The snow, at the twilight, is gray; the  
darkness is the black veil, <sup>with</sup> which  
the sky covers it self, in mourning for  
the Earth.

Let my sour mind fly away to the  
 dazzle of the tropical country of  
 light, of Color, of Sound; to the Paradise  
 over the earth, that encloses into itself  
 an entire poem of love.

Or, then, let the all-powerful sun come  
 and transform the sky into a ruddy,  
 glittering dome!

Blessed sun beams! Fruitful kiss,  
 that made ~~grow~~ <sup>grow</sup> from Nothing,  
 World and Life!

Let the sun come! At least, one  
 beam of this sun, that created Venus  
~~with~~ <sup>out</sup> the white froth of the ocean;  
 the same sun that, in my country,  
 embodies the whole life into  
 this verb: to love.

Bastos Figue  
 Secretary - Mar 907.