

WINTER

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The fog rises over the white fields like a cypress in a graveyard an unreal bell-tower marks the limit between heaven and earth.

But you who are going, do stay and you'll see the snow will be gone tomorrow joys from the past will bloom again with the warm wind of another summer.

Even the light seems to be dying in the uncertain shadows of the future where even dawn turns into night and faces look like wax skulls.

But you who are going, do stay the snow too will be gone tomorrow love will pass us by again in the hawthorn season.

The earth, tired under the snow, soundly sleeps in silence winter gathers its burden of a thousand centuries, since an ancient dawn.

But you who are staying here, why are you staying? Tomorrow will bring another winter more snow will fall to console the fields more snow will fall upon the graveyards.