

## The Secret Garden

## The Divine Comedy

So much time, and so little to do  
I furnish my mind with pictures of you  
Fading portraits, peculiar name  
Replaced by your face in a big golden frame

Take me inside you—  
There I will find you  
Quietly sleeping;  
Water is seeping  
Down from the skies and  
Into your eyes and  
Into the secret garden

The icon hangs alone on the wall;  
Her sweet mouth is saying nothing at all  
Golden fragments of moments in time  
Tarnished with guilt for an innocent time