

Intimations Of Everlasting Constancy

Crimson Moonlight

Cold and Darkness, where is your strength?
Ice and Snow, where is your dominion?
When the sun of eternal life rises over the barren wilderness
You flee like scared sparrows...
You melt and pour out of time.
Sitting there in the snow I felt the cold conquer me,
alone and freezing away from the illusion of warmth,
which lived so strongly within me.
Should I close my eyes for the last time?
Should I give up my breath which makes the light of my life?
Uncertainty doesn't kill,
its sword only cuts the thorns in its way...

Many days came and went..
Nights streamed rapidly by...
Watching the shadows dance in the past,
hearing the flow of rain in the quiet loneliness...
The constant quest of man for what is right.
The hope of life shining brightest when the night is as darkest?
The mystery smiles at me...
Time, coiled up, is held in Thy hand.
Oh, God, Thy way is mine...

And so, the feeling was reborn,
like the sweet perfume of the deep forest,
like the expectancy of the beast of prey
after its long winter sleep.
It was a particular day,
unlike too many others
when I plucked up courage
and rose from my prison bed.
Oh, there was heard a familiar sound...
the signal of the end of the night,
indicating a recollection was born:
Springtime approaching in all its glorious beauty,
stealthily, silently like a whisper...
The spring...

I was given the grace once again to behold dawn
...the Gift..It was true.
I was there at the horizon of life, at the mirror of the soul.
The gate to the feast of light...
All concepts have lost their meaning,
few understand what Beauty means,
few understand its might.

The Gift... A melody born in Heaven
An intimation of everlasting constancy.
It is dancing in the room...
Musical tones fill the silence
Was it but a dream?
No, nothing in the realm of dreams can be so wonderful.

I am thirsting for more...
The sweetness of your wine is a remedy.
Yes, the sweetness of the wine is beauty fulfilled...
Tones saying more than a thousand words.

Who can tell their meaning?