

The Twilight Melancholy

Macbeth

The arms of twilight
are dandling my soul
and in her eyes
I see the sweetness
of a bright immortal-graced maiden
who relieves the grieves of my heart.
Wind is whispering your name
through the clouds in the sky.
I will always remember your eyes
veiled by tears
while the night prelude
casted a spell on our glances.
The eyes of the dying sun
are looking at me
in this romantic immensity
and I can feel this melancholy
pervading deep inside me.
Twilight is whispering your name
to the clouds in the sky.
I will never forget your heart
beating over mine
and your passion heating my bosom.
...And when butterflies fly on
whitered flowers
and birds perch on dry branches
a tear will glide to your feet
and I will hold it in my hand
like a pearl in its shell.