

## A Dialogue with the Stars

Vintersorg

Ardent starshine upon my face,  
the monumental night sky reveal its torches.  
Unaltered for aeons, yet zestful they're flaming  
like ornamental diamonds.  
In my telescopes focus, a striding light  
conjure me fixedly.  
Oh, what a colourful drama,  
what a theatrical performance.

These myriads of stars  
enchants me with their oddity.  
At cosmos entrance hall,  
where time and space units in a charade.  
Under crimson flares I watch  
the tempest of the universe.  
In dark artistry,  
I lionize the splendid glare.

An unearthly voice of euphony  
express itself in an ancient tongue.  
Its elocution is based on silence,  
so it pulsates through the five senses.  
It's like a poem of wisdom and wizardry  
navigating through the world.  
A legacy from nebulas,  
an endless mystic conversation.

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Now clouds gather at a distant skyline  
to cover the firmament.  
Rays are fading in a metamorphosis  
of the blazing weave above.

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26 years have past since it first  
called my name.  
And when I'm dead, this piece of  
jewellery will still remain.