

## PICTURE

A useless, forlorn existence is mine.  
To cope and survive, I live in my safe bubble  
by opium, hashish, bourbon, tobacco, coffee  
coloured brown: chocolate too.  
to sweeten the bitter aftertaste of sorrow.  
But bubbles do burst. And then  
the greyness of these streets  
and of the city sky  
become one.  
Red as blood, red as passion,  
these double-decker buses, fire brigade trucks,  
telephone booths and mail boxes  
familiarily stand out amid the bleakness  
that so annoys me.  
The dirty-greenish, murky Thames  
is a veritable Styx:  
Ennui its sombre Charon.  
This human urban wasteland's citizens are shades:  
dreary, drained, black;  
and life is mourning.  
Yet Heaven does exist and I have seen it  
it is your eyes of pale azure,  
the charming fairness of your skin,  
the effortlessly graceful way you move,  
the sweetness of the melody of your voice,  
the soft rose of your lips,  
the modesty of your ways,  
the supple, sensual beauty of your body,  
the warmth of your embraces,  
the faithfulness of your kisses,  
the innocence of your fears and doubts,  
the golden reflections of the setting sun  
shining through your scented hair:  
the resplendent radiance of your soul,  
the immortal promise of your love.