
ELEGY

These are days of mute poetry;
it is in the air, and everywhere;
Spring confirms it
with the splendour of its love rites,
but my heart is silent.
I greet the light, the warmth
with quiescence and dread.
During our conversations
- littered with pregnant pauses -
we smile to each other like children:
I do not know if I should read
the twinkle in your eyes
as a tacit consent
to a yet unspoken, but inevitable
future common destiny. I consume myself with love for you.
I picked forget-me-nots
from their blue stain,
the one you showed to me
in the midst of the green, soundless graveyard,
but Doubt has cloaked this bright new season
in its dark and dumb cape,
for I can't help but being afraid
of sensing you faraway,
progressively receding in the distance,
smiling, but wordless,
leaving in your wake
a painfully piercing,
inexpressible
and unfillable void.