

## ECLOGUE

I dreamt of you as a child.

Spring had come; it was a sunny morning; the air felt fresh and clear. You were careless and joyful. You played with your cat affectionately, and cheerfully rode your pony. in a cerulean and white little dress. Your pretty pale blue eyes shone in the radiant sunlight. A delicate breeze caressed your fair brown tresses as you ran wild with your dog through the grass, which was almost as tall as you. Mild showers and the sun had brought out a host of dancing flowers; trees called you with the mysterious wisdom of their ancient voices; swallows serenaded you with their euphoric thrills. All nature was a celebration, a magical festivity gleefully speaking only to you. And you talked back, in your argentine little girl's language, holding long and ecstatic conversations with the whole countryside: you danced with sunbeams and sang along to the zephyr. You were happy and I was glad you were. Then, exhausted from your innocent games and smitten by your sweet daydreaming, you rested on the refreshing and fragrant grass of the meadow, lying down: your rosy, soft cheeks pressed against the cool musk.

Your mother, then, called you from the house; your name resounded in the distance, echoing throughout the silent and peaceful valley, and, thence, reached me in my dreams.