

NOCTURNE

It is night. The world of the metropolis is soundless, silent as a tomb. Every labour has ceased, every endeavour ended, but we do not sleep.

The bedroom has, magically, become a chamber of delights.

Here is reborn the principle of all creation, the scope of all life, and the end of all travails. Hope has found a home, and we both know than more than this, there is nothing.

Your touch, my embraces, our breath fuse into one another's: these time shall not erase, on the contrary, memory shall render them precious for evermore.

We drift away in a sea of moans: sweet exertions that will be recorded forever in the book of our lives.

Your eyes make me fall in love with you every time I look at them. Your skin, your legs, your hips; their softness, their

smoothness, their perfume; the warmth I give to you with my soul laid bare. My heart skips a beat: my existence is nothing but a perpetual, devoted homage to your complete beauty.

The moon and the stars tonight twinkle for us lovers only.

No declarations, no confessions, no explanations are necessary: only those three simple, graceful words that we both speak at the precise, same moment at regular intervals all through the enchantment of this night: I LOVE YOU, from both our lips, and that says it all.

Everything else is proven by heat, togetherness, synchronicity: this sacred union and infinite consecration; a miracle in this empty desert we call life.

Exact science does not apply any longer: one plus one makes no longer two, but one, for in this loving fusion we are one, and your sorrow is my sorrow, your happiness is my happiness.

The awareness of having found each other speaks more than all the poetry of the history of the world. Now elation lives and has found a home in our hearts, and Beauty is manifest and has a reason to exist. Bliss is sealed with a kiss.

Hours pass, but we do not notice. For us time has stopped in an endlessness of pleasures: substance into substance, spirit into spirit; and what God has united, nothing can separate.

We fall asleep in each other's arms, sweetly, dreamily, in the

white bedroom's still and lazy atmosphere, in the diaphanous shadows of twilight. We surrender to each other completely; this reality is timeless and renews itself forever melting into the present. And we love each other: strongly, slowly, silently, passionately.

In your slumber you look pale, beautiful, delicate and frail, as we both faintly breath in total abandon.

Unconsciously we have fallen together, in a perfect merging, in the welcoming open arms of oblivion, as the Angel of peace, tutelary spirit of spiritual love, prepared himself to shower the first rays of the rising sun upon us, like golden blessings.