

PASTORAL

They had been two parallel lines always destined to meet;
with the advantage of time and age, he started too soon: he only had to stop to rest briefly for her to catch up with him.
It had been a long, grey, rough path on which they had travelled in opposite directions, but now finally heading for the
clear, sunny spot where they were bound to encounter each other in the woods, once and for all. It was a long-forgotten,
splendid country abandoned
in the haze of vague, half-remembered childhood dreams,
where once upon a time they both had lived happily; to which they both had lost the way a long time ago.
The sun broke through the thick canopy of the tall pines and other majestic trees and radiated the surrounding
atmosphere with warmth and a magical, luminous brilliance.
She stood by the side of the dusty road through the forest; barefoot, in a long white dress, holding a colourful posy of
small wild flowers in her pale, graceful hands, conjoined over her breast, as in prayer.
He came up the stony path, clad in black, shades on, trampling the dust under his black leather boots; a melancholy,
absent-minded and lonely Hamlet to her delicate, beautiful and enchanting Ophelia. She silently offered him her violets,
daisies and forget-me-nots to kiss; he did, and then she did the same, with her eyes shut.
Slowly, she opened her smiling pale blue eyes and looked up to him again, and he stood there, staring back, transfixed
by her beauty. They both smiled tenderly, and they loved one another.
Sweet, pretty, gentle little girl in this enchanted forest, for her he had been brought back to this lost Eden, just when he
thought that the hope of returning there was lost forever.
She took him by the hand and led him through this spellbinding, serene and charming countryside: his mind split open,
his soul revived amid a kaleidoscope of myriads of different shades of bright and vivid colours, out of time.
Here everything sang with joy and laughter, in love with life, in love with love. Everything is alive, everything speaks. This
is where God can be seen.
What once was a stern and ancient silence was now broken; trees, flowers, meadows called to them: dulcet voices from
the most euphonious, harmonious choir.
Enthralled, they spun blissfully in a mystical round dance.
A radiant sun shone on refound innocence.
He held her in his arms: his tender and fair angel.
She rolled with him in the grass, in her skimpy, shaggy white dress.
He crowned her long flaxen hair with lilies, and adorned her breasts with roses and blessed her lips with a hundred loving
kisses, both of them finally back from their long, endless exile, now together, they too in Arcadia.