

The Evening

It appears as if every tree is a temple:
An abandoned, desolate, ancient temple,
Looking for some pretence to fall apart,
Its edifice torn, the doors hanging loose.

The sky looks like an ascetic priest:
Its body ashen, a streak of the red on the forehead,
Sitting with his head bowed, no one knows since when.

One feels the presence of a sorcerer somewhere:
He has cast his spell on the heavens around,
The time's lap stitched to the lap of the evening.

Now
Neither the dusk will fall,
Nor the darkness arrive.
Neither the night will end,
Nor the dawn arise.

The sky waits hopefully, for this spell to break –
The chain of silence may snap,
The lap of time may become free.
A trumpet would sound,
An anklet would clink
Some goddess might awake from her deep sleep,
Some damsel might lift the veil from her face.