

Princess

You, the divine imagination
your smile stirs tender passion
your secrets push the would be,
the would be discoverer on his knee.

Picture of an immaculate being
trying to attach a fragile string
to the image I want to see forever
like a skillful carpet weaver.

Your smell, the way you move
makes gently push my forehead hove
and your voice, so soft and tender
discoverer, surrender, surrender...

Carried away by the springtime breeze
the princess touches the trees
the plants, the hearts, the souls,
blossoming with the cry of the owl.

F Sz 13 Aug 2006 Chevry