

A Dialogue with the Stars

Vintersorg

Ardent starshine upon my face,
the monumental night sky reveal its torches.
Unaltered for aeons, yet zestful they're flaming
like ornamental diamonds.
In my telescopes focus, a striding light
conjure me fixedly.
Oh, what a colourful drama,
what a theatrical performance.

These myriads of stars
enchants me with their oddity.
At cosmos entrance hall,
where time and space units in a charade.
Under crimson flares I watch
the tempest of the universe.
In dark artistry,
I lionize the splendid glare.

An unearthly voice of euphony
express itself in an ancient tongue.
Its elocution is based on silence,
so it pulsates through the five senses.
It's like a poem of wisdom and wizardry
navigating through the world.
A legacy from nebulae,
an endless mystic conversation.

These myriads of stars
enchants me with their oddity.
At cosmos entrance hall,
where time and space units in a charade.
Under crimson flares I watch
the tempest of the universe.
In dark artistry,
I lionize the splendid glare.

Now clouds gather at a distant skyline
to cover the firmament.
Rays are fading in a metamorphosis
of the blazing weave above.

These myriads of stars
enchants me with their oddity.
At cosmos entrance hall,
where time and space units in a charade.
Under crimson flares I watch
the tempest of the universe.
In dark artistry,
I lionize the splendid glare.

26 years have past since it first
called my name.
And when I'm dead, this piece of
jewellery will still remain.