Venice (in Fog)

Ava Inferi

Here comes the dusk
The whispering fog holding the stars
On through the night
The time has come approaching the end

The silence around (the sadness in her)
Of feeling alone (don't leave her alone)
The stars in her eyes (by nighttime they die)
Her weak empty hands

Along the shore
Can you hear me cry?
No one hear my mourning
Charon is passing me by

Ignoring my mourning
Charon has now passed

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