

Silverlight (lascia Che lo Pianga)

Guldbrandsen, Christine

Low light of morning
pale in my window
falls like silver water
on night's desert land.

Where are my fears now?
where are the shadows
I saw yesterday?

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Dreaming or waking
there was no place to rest.
All night I feared the end of things,
that love was frail, that love would fail;
then I heard a bird was singing
in the breaking of the dawn.

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