

## The Twilight Melancholy

Macbeth

The arms of twilight  
are dandling my soul  
and in her eyes  
I see the sweetness  
of a bright immortal-graced maiden  
who relieves the grieves of my heart.  
Wind is whispering your name  
through the clouds in the sky.  
I will always remember your eyes  
veiled by tears  
while the night prelude  
casted a spell on our glances.  
The eyes of the dying sun  
are looking at me  
in this romantic immensity  
and I can feel this melancholy  
pervading deep inside me.  
Twilight is whispering your name  
to the clouds in the sky.  
I will never forget your heart  
beating over mine  
and your passion heating my bosom.  
...And when butterflies fly on  
whitered flowers  
and birds perch on dry branches  
a tear will glide to your feet  
and I will hold it in my hand  
like a pearl in its shell.