

The Silence of the Park

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It lodges in the pathway of my life, heralded by the murmur of single steps,
the sweet smell of the wood come to a quiet explosion.
I have lost the oxygen of giving affection, clear light already aged by laments;
'midst the secular waves of oblivion's rings, the exhausted vision moves.

The emerald forest keeps a distant memory of my youth long past,
now I am a passerby, so different from everybody, and the twin of turbulence.
Under the damp celestial palm, the planet's breath knocks at the trees of enticement
that hold silent the mystery of clear spring water, created at the moment.

Here silence is an existence, a starry Titan stretched on a sublime edge, where bereft of its smiling astral
countenance I no longer notice pure fragrance.
Dulled by elegance, the delicacy of flowers escapes me, and my weary rhymes are like a tornado,
and a gay finch who twitters not, deprived of the blossoms' scent.

In the reading of fate, with the frankness of courage and conquered wisdom,
fraternal Beech joins the Oak Sapling to universal music, and whispers:
"You have a crystal heart where the Wound aches; lay yourself down on the edge of
deservèd serenity.
Through the gentle movements of dragonflies you will find the grand wonder of the cosmos."

In the mild afternoon, veiled by ashen sun, words echo tangible, unuttered:
"Redeem yourself in dissipated mist, your face covered with emptiness; remove the patina of encrusted
antiquity.
Thus the world is freed from the nebulous fold, only pure thought has infinite shores.
From the faces of gems myth will whisper the enchantment and brightness of boundless essence."

The precocious lighthouse of reality beats from every part you'll treat as your garden,
Nobody speaks more persuasive than the exuberant silence, try to perceive it, try to absorb it,
Exploring slowly
Leave the work of love that will survive despite extraordinary troubles and you'll resist forever,
Create a harmony of agreement between the immensity of a rose petal and the continuity of a moment, only
By tuning your eyes

Gaze at yourself undivided from your surroundings, embrace me, and in the decorated silence you assemble
many guests at the wedding feast
Leafing through the invitations traced out on the sapling leaves, comprehend the virtue of being moved"
**Indeed, the Park of the Spirit respects the surprise for daily miracles and defends the natural peace
with quietness
It will never reveal evil, but will grant peace as an inheritance like a gift to the era of the emotions.**