

# Daedalus, Raining

Heavy rain, my Lord,  
you bring to the city,  
disclosing hidden thoughts;  
baptismal water  
steeping my body,  
rejecting my soul.

Whispers of wind change to cries beyond my ear,  
scattered shadows evoke  
a whirl of remembrances;  
sweet entities,  
emotional shots  
made of broken destinies.

And I ask you, my Lord,  
why my love lies in hate  
and my dreams in death;  
why the holy breath of life  
crossed my mud backwards;

a book read from the end,  
that's what I am.

Still raining,  
cold tears of lucid pity  
sliding down on my back,  
shivers of a life waiting for the rain to rise to the sky;  
illusions of a loving mind  
forced to live searching  
for a dream  
just to blow it out!

And I pray you, my Lord,  
to be my last dream  
in this rainy day,  
the one where life and joy  
will marry my sorrow,  
a unifying dimension  
in which my soul will finally rest.