

Aes Dana, Ethereal Visions Part I

This night, life is hanging heavily in me,
as an oppressing burden,
Repugnant by her irony of intoxicating happiness,
Irritating by her provoking cynicism,
As she attempts to atone
for the little strength that remains to me,
The last hopes, the last ethereal visions,
The past times and those to come,
Those who have never been and shall not be,
Those who haunt me night and day,
Those who try to reach but always elude
in a blurred vanescence,
As the water we would like to seize, he glides,
Vanishes in a sheaf of a harassing ridicule.
The dread is his most favourite mean,
The anguish a terrible use,
The despair his most devoted companion
In the darkness where he likes to initiate me painfully,
Where the dreams vanish slowly,
And where the infinity of the naught comes to me,
I feel it so close to me,
It kisses me like a loving curse mistress
And its breath of chrysanthemums exhales me
The sweet fragrance of a unique journey...
Without return.