

Strange affair

Buy me a dress...

One of those floral-patterned you so much used to like on me.

Oh, darling please...

Take me once again to that old-fashioned cafe- willfully squeezed between the shadows of the holly church and human immodesty.

And buy me some dry wine. Carelessly served in those cheap plastic glasses.

And let me get drunk for the last time. To cover the redness of my shy cheeks. To put the blame on those nasty spirits.

You. Delicate flavor of my profound sadness.

You. Chosen savior of my spotless misery.

It's not my way of saying goodbye, oh, no my love, this couldn't be.

Don't ever think I'm fleeing secretly. I'm not that brave; you must already know.

It's just the summer slowly fading away. This sudden breeze messing my hair.

Sand in my pockets, still there; remembrance of the sea, those stars, this strange affair.

Oh, sweat years of ignorance. Oh, blissful moments of serenity.

Young, immature love of mine; never forget those Sunday walks.

Always remember those reflections of fragility.

MARILENA AVRAAM-REPA