

She sleeps

Among so many flowers
I part the leaves
To see her

Her eyes, closed in tranquillity
Her body gently shakes
And radiates warmth
Draws me closer

But I dare not disturb her
For I am afraid she is a goddess
In the maidenly cover
To find some rest from the mount of Olympia

I fall in love with the beauty
Sleeping in a bed of white rose
It glows from her sides
And I feel the warmth beckon me.

Written one night in Dec 2002.

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