

*Naked*

(*Goodbyes, Absences, Return*)

A gray moon rose, and Beethoven cried  
under her white hands at the piano...  
When she played in the unlit room,  
darling of the moon, she was three times more beautiful.

We two, drained flowers  
of the heart, cried, perhaps, without knowing it...  
Each note set fire to a wound of loves...  
—...The sweet piano did what it could to include us.—

On the open, starry, mist-covered balcony,  
came a sad wind from invisible worlds...,  
She asked about unknown things  
and I answered with the impossible...