

Bedtime story

A wandering star just arrived into my life,
so unexpected, so beautifully.
He came to me to write together,
a story in the book of life.

As we drink summer wine and let the land of romance seduce us,
we fall into the mischievous ways
of a bedtime story.

Night has become the veil of lust,
gliding over the tail of a Comet;
day, the shade of complicity,
kissing behind the Sun.

Like bells ring into the Wind,
we evoke the alchemy of pleasure,
allowing it to intoxicate our senses,
losing any notion of time,
which is no importance, whatsoever.

All this may be endless or ephemeral,
it makes no difference,
as long as we live it as
if there is no chance left to love.

And yet again,
it is not enough,
we crave to completely fall
into the deep abyss of this bedtime story.

Since we arrived to this land of tales,
the Moon appeared
just as we gave birth to our secret.

Many eyes lie upon us,
they wonder so many things
and they are all wrong because
there is no sense to be made in bedtime stories,
only sensations to be felt.

Suns and Moons brought us together
and they could also turn us apart, however
it will not matter because
this bedtime story will remain as a chapter of our lives,
worth to be remembered
since the odds for it to happened
were the same as those for the Stars to fall.