

**Saturday,
August 2, 2008**

1.

We spent together many fierce days
But our life less happy they didn't make.
The old age later both we had to face
But youth in our hearts was still awake.

The treasure of the precious stormy love
Was through the time successfully preserved;
Our will had always been tough enough
To overcome the evil, fate had served.

Since the Eternity had cut her life
I had her features printed in my mind,
Forever there she will be still alive
Despite the emptiness she left behind.

This emptiness is creeping in my soul
And surely wants to occupy it whole.

2.

When I am looking at the sacred bed
Where she had her most tragic final breath,
Wrath, terror and despair struck my head
And hate to everything that caused her death.

She was created by the light itself
And light irradiated her blond hair...
Which God or Satan or wicked elf
Killed her bright mind where all the virtues were?

The fate arranged with me its old account
Depriving me of my beloved one
And happiness there is no more around –
The meanest force as always has won.

In solitude I now have to live,
As hostage of a never ending grief.

3.

I know that I gradually die
When every time I bury dearest people
But I don't know who where and why
Decides my heavy sufferings to triple.

Their noble specters visit me at night
And only after short time disappear
For them to stop I have not any might
Except to mourn in stupefaction here.

Console myself by remnants of the days
Spent mutually in best loving ties
And by the hope as the Bible says
For future meeting in the Paradise.

So when my final fight with life is through
I will find out whether this is true.