

DREAM OF LOVE

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Some day

He shall come and bring light.

He shall cast lust into veins.

And I shall call out: “O you whose chests are empty of credence!

**He has brought me a wine cup, the red wine of LOVE. I shall
come to offer the beggar a passion flower.**

I shall bestow on the beautiful squint lady a pair of ears drop.

**To the legless man I shall exclaim: “How pleasurable is jumping into your
LOVE’s arms!”**

I shall become a wandering minstrel, roam the alleyways

Crying out: “O Dream, Credence, Love.”

A sales sleep will remark:” It is waking a dark night.” To him

I shall give a branch of hope.

On the bridge there is a little blind lass.

Round her neck, I shall hang the Great Chain of Entity.

From the lips I shall remove all silences.

From the root, I shall pull out all obligation walls.

I shall inform the prostitutes: “A caravan is arriving

Carrying a load of MAN.”

I shall tear up the skies.

I shall graft the eyes onto the DREAM, the hearts onto LOVE

The shadows onto the sun, and the oceans onto wave.

I shall graft infant’s dreams to the Union of Man and Woman.

I shall fly words.

I shall water credence.

I shall reconcile DREAM, CREDENCE, LOVE.