

## Eliza Doolittle

### "Bellarosa"

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These are the days of love  
My beautiful Bella Rosa  
Of a sun filled with warmth  
Caressing us all  
I remember your sweet breath  
And your cinnamon skin  
Diving into the blue pool  
And rising up to drink the air

These are the days of joy  
Of precious moments  
Of tables piled high  
With bread and watermelon  
Everything your heart desires there at your fingertips  
Swinging as high as the sky  
Singing your lullabies

Before the rain  
Before the falling sky  
Before the days and nights of tears  
Of sirens and fear  
Before the death of the dreams  
Of our beloved country  
And the cries of the children all over the world

But I will remember  
This precious day  
Your innocent smile stained a watermelon red  
Your brown arms reaching up to me  
In the light of the sun  
I will remember it  
Bella Rosa

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