

## **Lacrimas Profundere**

### **"An Orchid For My Withering Garden"**

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Still drunken of spring's shining meadows and the  
myriads of flowers,  
we shut our eyes to the beauty and fell asleep  
...and oblivion erased our memories of fall and blinded  
our eyes.

Overwhelming were the days, as autumn embraced  
the land of zephyr kissed the sky with passion...  
But more seldom we remembered the perfume  
of a long withered spring and summer's caress  
faded like a candle in the wind, leaving a legacy of  
gold...  
...and still we slumbered - dreamless and forlorn...

But for the sleepless who perceive, a blossom's tear  
will be a monument of those long faded summers  
and bears the seed of a new spring  
...and those will feel no mourning as fall  
grants them a farewell kiss in the orchid-fields  
because their gardens will gleam everlasting...

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