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Time
has made the valley sleep,
the valley and the hill,
moon
has come to see your face,
your face of night and dream.

But you are gone to the end of the road,
and with your eyes you have taken away
all that is shine in the valley and hill
and moon.

You
are gone as dreams are gone,
when soldiers march through towns,
hands
must never touch your lips
and eyes must never love

as you are gone to the end of the road,
and with your eyes you have taken away
all that is life in the soldiers and towns
and me.

Sun
will rise as morning comes,
to see who died of love,
and
the birds will sing a song,
a song of shining eyes.

As you are gone to the end of the road,
and with your eyes you have taken away
all that is joy in the morning and birds
and sun.

W. Flusser