

## THE LAST ONE

I lean upon the sealed eyelid of night  
And listen into silence.

All the stars are dreaming of me  
- Ray by ray more golden they seem -  
And I more distant, and impenetrable.

Now the wandering moon runs round me  
Murmuring its blindly stricken shimmer,  
It is a dervish in its wandering dance.

White-yellow young its pendent image,  
Thin as foam on night,  
And a droning avalanche, sheer above the clouds,  
Falls dusky and grey forever,  
Grazing on my side its gold.

My homeland sea is listening softly in my lap –  
Bright in sleeping – darkly waking...  
I bear my people buried heavily in my hand  
And seasons draw across me shyly.

I lean upon the sealed eye-lid of night  
And listen into silence