

**She sleeps**

Among so many flowers  
I part the leaves  
To see her

Her eyes, closed in tranquillity  
Her body gently shakes  
And radiates warmth  
Draws me closer

But I dare not disturb her  
For I am afraid she is a goddess  
In the maidenly cover  
To find some rest from the mount of Olympia

I fall in love with the beauty  
Sleeping in a bed of white rose  
It glows from her sides  
And I feel the warmness beckon me.

*Written one night in Dec 2002.*

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