

You, my Adonis



You, my *Adonis*,
to my loving eyes
of blossoming passion,
you were aurora and sunset,
quilt of stars with which at night
I covered my long black hair
waiting for the day.
Of the first rays you were the light
that at dawn from the sea comes,
looking at the horizon where
the eyes were blinded.

You were the passion
that burned my body,
the dream of coral in tropical seas,
where I lost myself
to look for traces of life in embryo.

You are here before me,
after years spent together in a flash.
Yesterday the first embrace,
the first ardent desire
of you I hold on my heart,
old-boy, into my arms now.