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Dans La Vallee

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DANS LA VALLEE

Into the valley,
Far below the amorphous clouds,
Beneath the arms of verdure,
Upon the blades of grass
Where youths have lain and searched beneath the stars
Longing for the chorus of dreams.

Into the valley,
With the dawn of darkness
Ascending the slopes, then shall I go --
While the light of every tiny star,
Each upon his own golden throne,
Silently slips into obscurity.

Into the valley,
With fallen dreams and yet fonder memories by my side,
I shall pass there, not a solitary trek,
But together with the recollection of honored faces in my mind --
And the last human touch upon my hand,
I shall fix my gaze and steady my pace.

Into the valley,
Wandering, walking, waiting the somber hours --
I shall seek out my last refuge, my last childhood.
Then to drink from the quietude of Lethe,
While time of life drifts here then there in forgetfulness.

Into the valley,
Where Chiron grew the wiser
And Amalthea blessed her milk --
Where the air is fresh and filled with the voice of the one
 who waits;
Where she waits.

Into the valley,
Alas, I go, not like they who pass her unaware.
They who come in sleep, remain in sleep.
Her tenderness, her love, the bosom of the earth
Cradles that moment --
That moment that finds me in eternity.