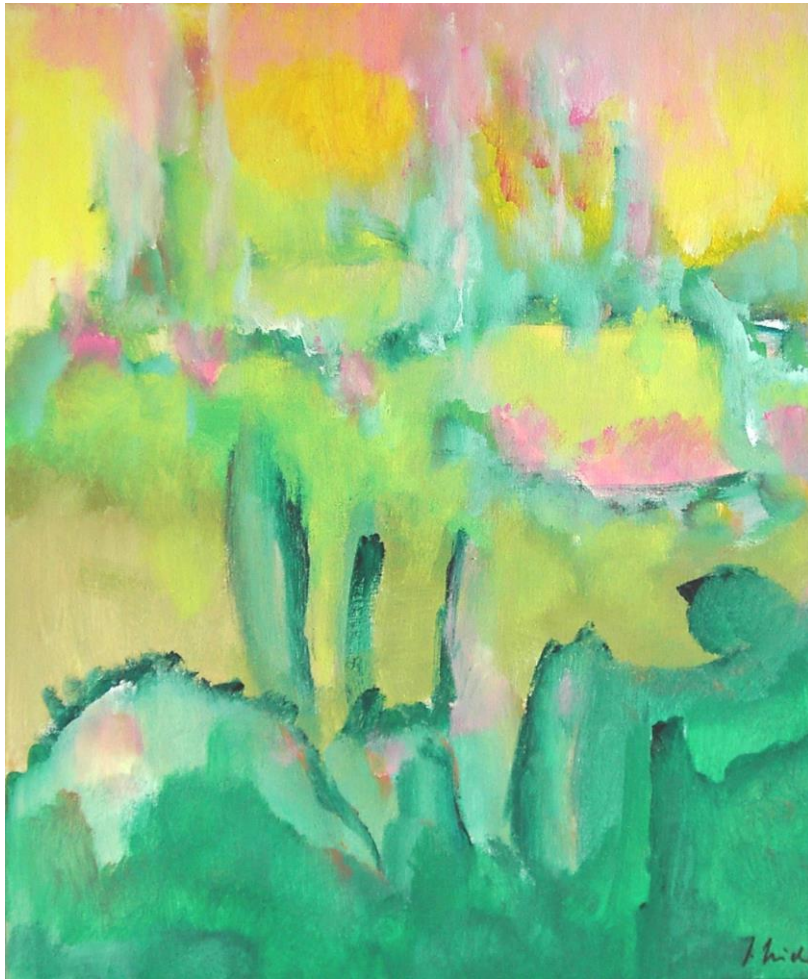


JULY 2018

## A SUMMER'S MORNING



It is in this short moment where the time seems to be stopped, this moment in between day and night. The light will defeat the darkness and will return the colourfulness to the colours, and each leaf and each stone will regain its proper shape. My garden is still hiding its warm summer's green and its stark red of ripe fruit in the blue shadow; the first ray of sun will wake them up.

The singing of the wind, too, has stopped for a moment like if it would catch its breath, and the subtle sound of the harp in the reed trails of into the morning's haze. The nightingale has fallen silent and the first blackbird's singing lets still wait for a while. Even the neighbour's dog stopped its nocturnal howling and its daytime yap is not brave enough yet to disrupt the stillness. On the sky the colours intermingle. A pink sheen and a pale yellow supersede the purple of the night gone by and let anticipate the blue of the day.

A cool breeze carries away the fragrance of the night and brings the warm, sweet perfume of erotic temptations, the magic enchantment of the rose.

A drop of dew sways on a blade of grass, a white glass bead that becomes a fire radiating diamond once hit by the first rays of the sun.

And it became light.