

Longing...

Longing is sacred feeling...

It's same as a desirous dream to revive emotions.

This is it... remember and feeling... To perceive that emotions turn back, walking gentle at remembrance...

It' possible to feel senses emerging at the clear demonstration that the emotions are a vehicle of imagination, producing happiness, sadness, fear or determination.

How is good to have longing of good moments lived... Of the flower that unclasp by the kiss of dawn;

The breeze of the mornings and the mournful squeaking of the stream in the late afternoons;

The longing of mom, of dad, of grandma and grandpa, of son and daughter because suddenly cross the bridge, without return to look in their eyes.

Oh! What a longing I have of the beautiful beaches, smelling of the sea, of the walking at the sand that by the water let it kiss...

What a longing of your smiles and of your voice too, when stealthily at the end of prays you said Amen!

Longing is melody that tears escape from advice...

The great love of our lives, the unrestricted passion,

The unforeseeable dream and possible lived...

Its melancholic the longing, when the light kiss the sea, advising that the most deeply feeling, will search the heart...

And the sweethearts in mild kisses and tenuous glances walk charmed, to the eternity swearing forever and forever love each other!

Oh! What a longing I feel of you, of your attitudes, of your gestures and of your manias...

Of the counsels and reproving that with love you repeated...

What a longing... What a longing at time that the poet of melancholy made rhymes of enchantment and consolation...

What a Longing that weeping recovers in a breast that prays and sobs...

The longing of love how it would be loved – to forgive how it would be forgot – to live how it would have lived...

What a longing of strangeness of life, of light that at the dark open our hurts...

What a longing that the infinite time comes with torrent of all these emotions...

What a Longing...

MICHAELLUS