

From Fairy Tale to Fairy Tale

All yours: the longing for a miracle,
All the melancholy of April days,
All that stretched toward the sky,
But don't demand reason.
I will be a girl until my death,
Though yours.
Darling, on this winter evening
Be like a little one with me.
Don't hinder my wonder,
Be like a boy in the dreadful mystery,
And help me remain
A girl, though a wife.