Sonnet — Text 2 of 2

I wept at dawn when the distances faded,
When night spread out a dewy bed,
And with the whisper of the waves my sobbing ceased,
And somewhere in the distance a flute answered them.

The wave said to me: In vain we yearn,
And, casting off her covering, buried herself in the shores,
And the pale crescent of the moon with a cold kiss
With a smile froze my tears into pearls.

And I brought you, clear-eyed queen,
The corals of my tears of lonely grief
And a tender veil of the wave's foam.
But the drunken heart of my love is not glad...
Give back to me for all that you do not need,
Give me a kiss for the kiss of the moon.