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I am Beauty's Faithful Slave

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I am beauty's faithful slave. When my mother gave me life
From the clouds the fairy of song flew down to my cradle
And with a kiss that burned hot like a tropical sun
Touched my lips and little child's forehead.
My forehead burns forever with thoughts of eternal love
And lips speak them in a song.

I am beauty's faithful slave. My pure soul like a lily
Has floated always in the music of the forest spheres.
The angelic music has intoxicated my soul with its honey
So that it trembles always with longing
And drives me to touch with my finger the strings of the light harp
And play a hymn to beauty

I am beauty's faithful slave. My ardent imagination is a painter
A wing of the moon is her brush, a dark enchanted garden her studio
In this garden from every direction the scents of colors soar up
And like the sun in Perseus images and profiles glow

And I only pour them in my pen onto the white paper

Yea, I paint, I play and sing.

Translated by Keith Doubt and Wayles Browne

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