Now if you'd leave me in peace. Now if you'd get on without me.

I am going to close my eyes

And I only want five things, five favorite roots.

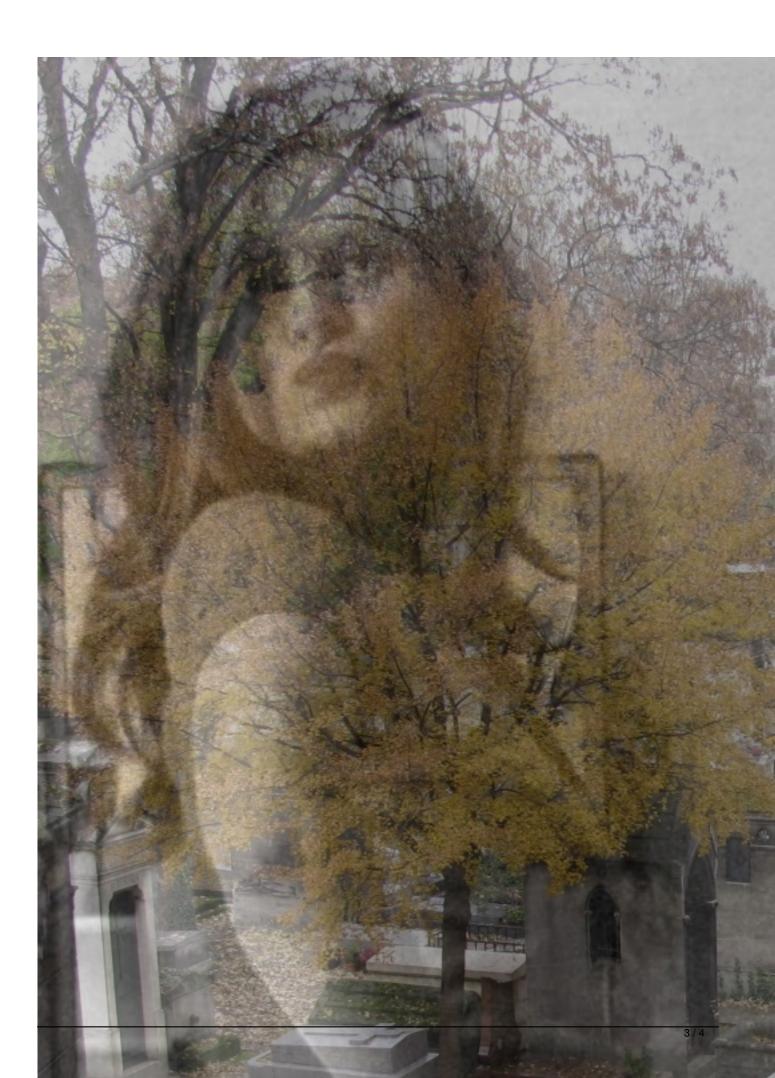
One is love without end.

Second is to see autumn. I cannot be without leaves flying and returning to earth.

Third is grave winter, the rain I loved, the caress of a fire in a wilderness of cold.

In fourth place is summer round like a watermelon.

The fifth thing is your eyes, Matilde, my love, my beloved, I would not sleep without your eyes, I don't want to be without your seeing me: I'd trade springtime for your gaze still upon me.



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