

April Rains

April...the rain arrives bringing the aroma of flowers
with their unrivalled colours flooding my memory.
At night, I look above and I see
the beauty of the sky, with sadness.
Memories of you come each day, each night, with reproach.
Where are you hiding?
Why don't you respond?
You are the butterfly that lands in my heart
You are the muse my mind uses to remember and never forget you.
Lover of nature, never idle
Your goals soared like a comet, even if the fears of the powerful made your physical presence
disappear
But your presence lives on in my heart,
And if one day you hear me crying sadly
Don't worry, my sister,
I'm just remembering that cursed day.
So sleep, sleep and rest in your deep slumber
Because your legacy has spread around the world.
As a heroine, you preferred to be in the fields of pain.
And you lived happy amidst hardship
Never a slave in chains of suffering and fear.
The End.

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