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Sleep, the Brother of Death

*Sleep, my friend says, gives me endless freedom,
Be wary, I want to warn him, the brother of death he is;
Do not enter the wrong bedroom.*

*To dream, my friend goes, his flight afloat, there, always,
With a quick hug and a wave of hand, stairs he ascends;
Swallowed he, in the darkness.*

*Much in the same manner, you left,
See you when the sun comes up, you said, merging with the night;
And you were lost to me, to light.*

*To-night, I am alone, with you,
I hear your voice, I see your eyes, but I cannot touch you;
I sink, into a wave of remembrance, of you.*

*Please do not leave yet, pleading with my eyes, from the sphere of life,
For I want to accompany you, to the world of death;
No, you say, hold your memory of me, in your heart, and give the rest, to the brother
of sleep.*

*Wait then, I say, let's say good-bye, for the occasion, properly,
Close my eyes, I see, after longer hugs and a wave of hand, you embrace the darkness;
Unwillingly, I watch you disappear, peacefully.*

*Not every night is a night of murder,
Not every good-bye is a farewell forever;
Yet my heart listens still, for the sound of death, forevermore.*

Please wait, I want to tell my friend, let's do it again, slowly,

*For a little of me dies, with every quick good-bye;
But I withhold, for the sorrow is mine, to abide.*

Now I go, to visit the brother of death, alone.