The evening came and the cold embraced us.
Our bodies were hot from all the day
and we started to feel the chill in our skin.

The last days vanished with the last clouds
and as we talked so anxiously
so full of longings and aspirations
The clear and immense horizon would open itself to us.

Suddenly we realized
that the birds had stopped singing
And our heads started searching for them between the trees

Mistakenly, we stopped our words in their lonely journey
and lied down on the grass
letting our arms fall like old branches

Before that evening
we talked a lot about philosophy
I used to ask her if rationality would fail in its last will
and while we foresaw that the conversation would end I became scared
that soon we would have no answer.

Hearing, then again, the birds singing
I wondered if it was a bad thing at all

Unexpectedly
and, yet, sweetly and calmly
Her head directed to mine
She began to talk about the years in the countryside.
And about the way she used to run
in the last hours of the day
Through high grass and lily fields

As she told me about childhood
her voice melted in the cold air

I looked at her and it was
as if I had lived her life over and over again
It was as if I had been growing inside her
Empty and light as a leaf

In silence,
the grass grew as if inside us
and the sky surrounded everything,
sheltering the land.

I looked again at her
While we looked at the blurred circled sun
forming spirals over our faces and the trees

And as we trembled
in our silent agreement,
we did not see
That the stars arose
at a full newborn night sky.

-Luísa Portilho