



These fragments of translation were found in the papers of Dr. Melinda Pappas after the war. Jumbled together, but not necessarily in order, like shards of pottery it may take reflection to place them into proper order or perspective....

### Reverie

I watch her by the fire every night. The strength molded into her gentle hands. I dream about her hands. What they would feel like on me, in me, where I like to be touched. Does she know...what I feel? For her, I would do anything... I awake with her name on my tongue where it had settled and slept within me for the night. Caressing my dreams. She sleeps close, murmurs in her dreaming, speaks my name...can she desire me as I desire her? Do I dare to reach out in the night to touch her golden hair? A warming flame to light my darkness.

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I hear her breathing close by, steady. My dreams are filled with her. Sometimes...all the time, I want her to pull me closer, to hold me in those powerful arms. But if she did... I'm afraid I would disgrace myself. I wouldn't know what to do. It would be too little or too much. I think my heart would stop beating if she kissed me. The darkness of this woman excites me, but I know how tender she can be. That I would dissolve at her touch, her caress, that I would die breathing her name...

"Think about it, there must be a higher love  
...without it, life is wasted time  
look inside your heart, I'll look inside mine  
...let me feel that love come over me  
let me feel how strong it could be..."

--Winwood