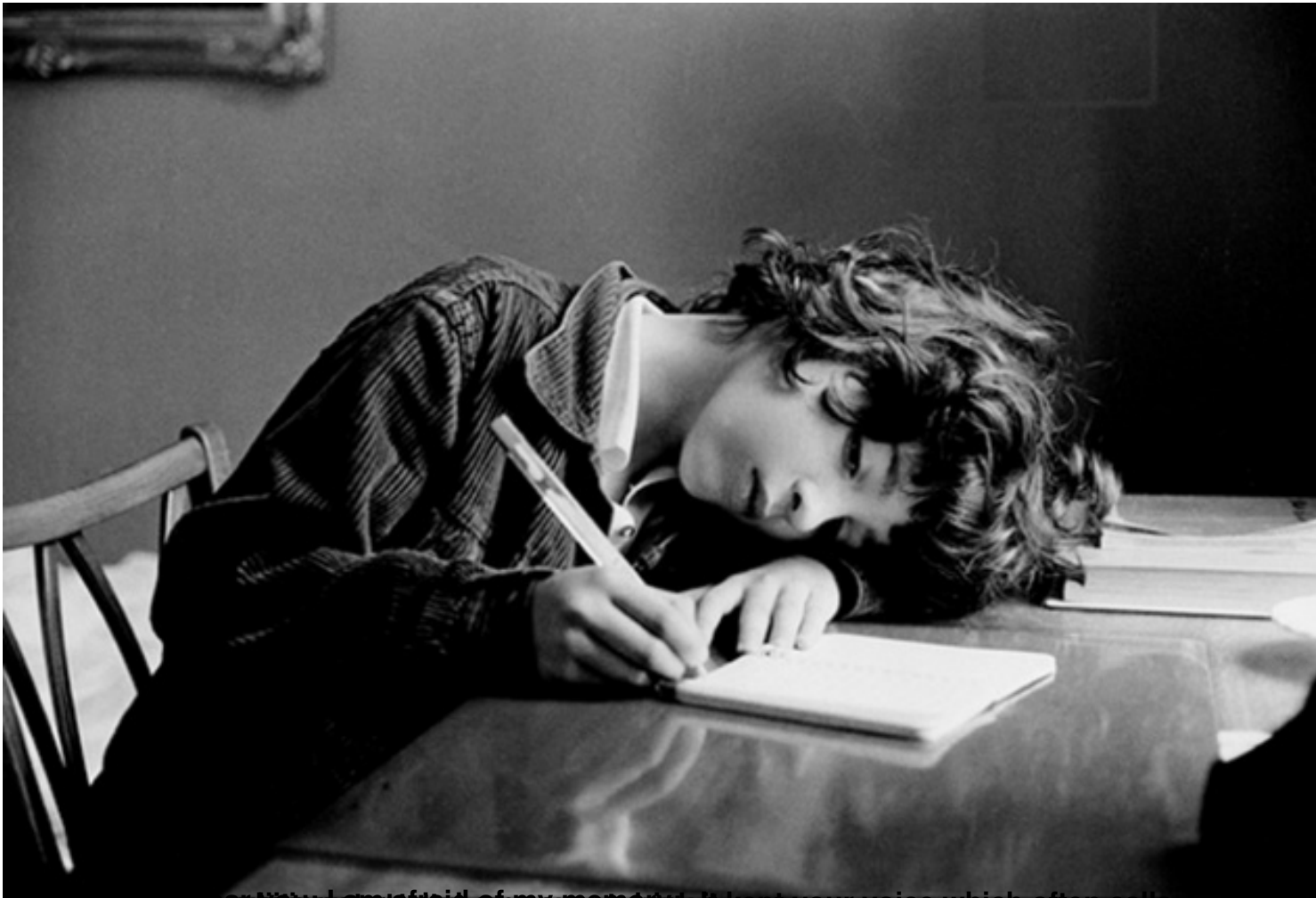




The separated

Don't write. I am sad, and I would want to fade away.
The beautiful summers without you, it's the night without torch.
I closed my arms which cannot reach you, And to knock at my heart, is to knock at the grave.
Don't write!

Don't write. Let us learn only to die to ourselves.
Ask only God... only you, if I loved you!
In the bottom of your absence to listen that you love me,
it is to hear the sky without ever going up there. Don't write!



But how long is writing a reliable form of memory? It kept your voice which often calls



Don't write! I have the feeling you don't have to read anymore. It seems that your voice
has been heard. I am listening to you, my dear.