



Alexandre Cabanel's La Naissance de Vénus (1863)

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The Birth of Venus

*Oh Mother Milky Way,
Great galaxy of billions of suns,
I pray again on a lonely wet night
To orbit just one.*

*Lost in the cosmos adrift,
As a cold common chipped rock,
Tumbling in this eternal void,
Am I fooling myself,
When all is said and done,
As just another distant vagrant asteroid,
Inconsequential as none?*

*Her heat I miss the most,
Without her radiance to burn a streaking comet's trail
Is so hard to bear,
The soft touch of her hand,
The lingering scent of her hair;
There is simply not a sun in the heavens
Quite magnetic as her,
Mere Jovian moons and even Venus,
Cannot ever dare to compare.*



Pour le Peuple