

Twinkle of a Dream

It happened once upon a cold December night
That a town laid deep asleep as the moon would reach it's height
But there was occurring in the darkness something within the cloudy mass
It outlit the gloomy sky, the stars and almost even moonshine,
Entirely changing the town into a grey and blurry clime

Near the large barley field, which extends to the beech wood
At the town limit a small house surrounded by wormwood stood
Therein someone was still awake, many hours had it taken
Just a small candle lit whose flamelet shone weakly in the dark
A young girl sat near the window, looking up to the welkin

The past nights had been bitterly cold already, owing to northwinds raising
What rain once wetted, turned to glassy flowers by the gusts' icy praising
Whether you were young or old, all had unbridled fun despite the cold
Meanwhile an old man sat by the fireside, waiting in joyful anticipation
'cause those frozen blossoms let him see the upcoming times of contemplation

That little girl, still abiding, peered towards the obscured cope
Although 'twas tiring to keep her eyes open, she did not mope
Suddenly she noticed that spark – up in the clouds, contrasting the dark
Right above that large field, something stirred up in the firmament
That time came from the heavens a sign that commenced a moment most divine.

What subsided from the cloud-covered night sky, barely visible – so fragile
Was a lonely, white, cherub-like glitter, which seemed like sugar as it glistened in mid-air
As small as the tiniest raindrop 'twas, wispy as pixie dust, it fell from above
Gently wafted by those gusts of northern breezes, it was swayed with care
The little child rubbed her eyes in disbelief, to see if it was true as it made her stare

Now look! There onto the frozen ground between the furrows
Moonlight's kiss made it shimmer – by earth only borrowed
Yet the heavens would not leave it so forsaken that about which the girl was mistaken
Because slowly then it turned out profound, the dream about the white-blazing flurry
And putting them to rest on the ground, icy plate crystals the gale would carry

After waiting had unnerved her, now her heart was filled with joy, and trust
Now the field was nearly hidden, covered all over with that bright white dust
The little child stood there for hours with delight, just to take in this sublime sight
And so the cherubs' everlasting dream should bestow joy to children everywhere
For from now on they'd remember this vivid glory to the end of their days

With this blessing came the sacred time and childhood dreams would come true
Because even in the deepest dark, there burns a candle, just for you
It brought peace that night, like stars so bright, into people's hearts
So that falsehood, distrust and hate of mankind were as if blown away
And if everyone nurtures them in themselves, that light and love will forever remain