

The last return

I shall come again,
In the garb of the little child,
Whom you love so dearly.
I shall come again,
When the seed is sprouting,
From the deep desert heart,
Where I built my oasis.
I shall come,
Not to pluck, eat or sing,
The beauty of the new birth.
I shall come as the owner,
Rocking in your arms,
You would have no choice,
But to love me.