

And dear life... now comes the time
of Europe - a small part of it - a time I trust
of peace, and what can I say. Europe! Europe,
Dear mother, and what can I say. Europe!
Back to Europe's Europe, Europe's Europe,
Oh Europe that gathered many of the beautiful
people I have come to love. It will be but a
fleeting moment - that of his exile, but a grand one.
I would stay longer, but life, the true nature -
the place of love (- it calls & claims above all else
to be - which is peace, not with, not of,
not for, just be. A new world 2/18 -