

# Green Island

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The night came; my star rose; I first saw my star when I was twelve, in a crystal clear night sky. I was on the roof, lying on a mattress, looking at the sky. Nevertheless, I have lost the star since I set foot in the dark and obscure land replete with cumulus clouds. Ever since, I have been looking through the window of my room for my star every single night to possibly see it one last time.

I am told that I am old, similar to an old carpet or pieces of furniture, that is, however all these stuff have with them the time gone by, they are all indications of beauty during a period of ecstasy. Comparable to that old carpet or piece of furniture, I am also made or woven by the charming hands of an itinerant singer, in whom the seed of desire for the green island was sown at a night in the distant past.

My mother was a source of mysteries. Her brightly moon-lit face and her dark plenitude of hair always made me feel elated. As if she was inseparably linked with something hidden in the distance. As if she was tied to the origin of being, to the time when light was coming into existence in order to illuminate the visible and invisible.

Her remarkable bodily features were the illustration of the sun in all its brightness and splendour. Something in her face insinuated a duality: it felt as if she held two separate, but interwoven and complementary, realities. She was reminiscent of my father; a charming magician who could plant the blazing ember of his seeds in the depth of my mother's wet and dark womb.

My mother was consistently obsessed with slowly revealing her face beyond her black hair with the calmness of a hidden love. This was what made most men go crazy. Similarly, I constantly craved to find a way to the bright of her face when it was of no veil. I intended to get lost in the endless space which she created, and to end up in her empty inner reign beyond her appearance. I desired to surf the waves of my mother's wet, dark, and unending womb which bore subtlety. The womb which was once my home! The primordial home where the golden and silver fabric of my body and soul was woven to resemble the sun and moon of my being.

I had a dream! My mum was above the earth, in the centre of the sky, she was staring elsewhere, her face was bright and dark. It looked as if she was smiling at an ambiguous point adrift. There was no one on the horizon! It was dark. I stood out of my body and set off towards a small lake where I used to go fishing. The very lake where I would catch the goldfishes, leaving them in crystal bowls in front of a mirror.

I was walking slowly. The bright radiations from mother's face spread at the dark of the night and gave different forms to objects. The limpid silence of life billowed everywhere. The look in her eyes had covered the lake; a look which simultaneously made me feel happy and anguished.

With every step I took, my thoughts vaporised and were replaced by a void. I would promote the feeling so as to be able to carve my mum's splendid visage in my heart more accurately. I was hoping to manage to rediscover my lost passion for my various voyages to the land of imitative lovers. Nonetheless, I wonder why I also felt like her looks could meanwhile be the source of my confusion in uncertainty and countless questions.

I arrived on the shore and sat on the humid lawn by the lake. I stared at the calmness of the water which was similar to a desert that concurrently reflected the worry for thirst and the joy of a fountain. It was reminiscent of the moment I had been born, as though my mother was the very immortal eternity from which my soul had emerged, albeit she had left me with my worries so that, in my nightly fears, I would seek for water.

A little further away, I see two creatures; they look like something between a dog and a wolf. Behind them, two towers stand tall in a bewitching space. One of the two wolfhounds is opposite my mum looking at her and howling. The other one is sitting still staring at her face. It is an unusual scene! It could even be said that it is somehow frightening. This is because I have a feeling that these two creatures and I are alike. Something in their demeanour reminds me of myself. At the same time, they take after my mum and dad. More strangely, they continually change colour, and like two opposite mirrors they are the constant repetition of one another. At times, the white one turns yellowish, like a beam from moon light, some pale yellow which is whitish, and the other one turns black, something between blue and brown. At other times, they have the same colour; white, or reddish, or perhaps brownish white.

Beyond, the two towers are in the same colour as the wolfhounds. The towers are indeed indicative of the gate to enter the city. As I look at the whole picture, I reckon there is a mysterious link among the two towers, the wolfhounds, and I. A weird, controversial feeling creeps over me. A feeling which eats from within, though seems to be my source of capability and creativity. At that specific moment, At a specific moment, a fierce desire grabs me with the wish to throw myself on my mums ... and the feeling I have to stay away from her secrets. Again, I felt like I had to stay away from her, and in contemplation of her beauty discover myself in my solitude.

I remember I have always sought for beauty since I was a child, though I have never been after the mystic kind. The desire for beauty was closely tied to my mum, as if my mother's beauty was with me, was in me! A creative force which made it possible to reflect on myself and look for salvation. I have always relished the thought of looking at beauty with my own eyes, and feeling it through my senses, with my skin. This was my path to salvation; the path which disengaged me from the bonds linked to my being, and served me to have a better understanding of myself, as well as, to enjoy my own presence in life.

In this regard, I am going to reminisce the story of a journey I quite enthusiastically made.

I set off at a night embraced by moon light on a journey through which I lived the instants of passion and thought, and while intoxicated with myself I was awakened. On the journey, I went across seven countries and visited plenty of cities, each of which different from others, yet again correlated. I was lucky to be able find a city replete with light, and sit under a tall cypress tree looking at myself in a pure watercourse.

Since I was quite young, I have been looking for an opportunity to be able to travel to the argent city, of which I once had a fascinating dream. The dream goes back to when I was a teenager between the world of childhood and the delicate and novel fragrances of a new one. It was the time when I had to hang out less with the female members of the family and start getting on with men. In that stretch of time, confused with plenty of questions, I missed my childhood, while at same time I was quite elated to be able to set foot in the community outside, and more importantly, to have a place among men. My questions were about life, death, love, goodness, social commitments, individuality, ugliness, unfairness, poetic states, and instants of thoughts. I was going to find my answers in material and worldly affairs and structures. I was in search of a thing or things which I had to concurrently live their materiality and work out their meaning.

In those circumstances and among all the questions, one night, I was alone, I was feeling cold from within, half asleep and half awake, I was struggling with myself, when all of a sudden, I had a dream in an unfamiliar atmosphere, in a city where I could fully feel myself, I was warm and light. Since then, a kind of composure, a number of images, a name, and the colour of silver have resided in me.

Since that moment at that dream, years have gone by, though I have always kept it safe in my heart and mind, and have constantly been thinking about and desiring to find that argent city and the person who told me its name.

The argent city of my dream resembled no city that I had heard of. There, I asked a passerby who owned two faces what the name of the argent city was, and he kindly replied 'Shamda'! I had never heard of the name of that city, I did not know the passerby, though I felt as if I was familiar with both. Nonetheless, it was quite clear that the feeling was the outcome of the dream, and that the passerby and city couldn't be real; a fanciful city and passerby! Although I repeated the reality of their fancifulness with myself, I do not know why as soon as I was alone, I would start pondering over the idea of that city and that passerby and would take them for real. I would consider myself an indefatigable traveller or pilgrim who crossed various countries and cities in a quest for the argent city and the passerby with two faces, who came out with the name of the city, 'Shamda'.

Three years ago, I made some time and found a corner in calm and peace so as to reflect on my dream and to poetically comb through my thoughts and weave things together. I was going to embark on a journey in search for the city of the unknown passerby, 'Shamda', which was not commonly seen on geographical maps. It was a cold winter day when I found the corner. At that time, the colours of my being and those of the remote corner started mingling and took me to several fronts where, in a variety of intermediary spaces, between light and dark, and between dawn and dusk, I could see my own purgatory being. I told myself, "knowing one's dream is indeed knowing oneself, and knowing oneself is nothing but knowing one's dream!" When, in that corner, I came to this conclusion, I got prepared to leave my mum and dad, my siblings, and

my friends and relatives behind, and set off in the pursuit of 'Shamda'.

***Now, hear me out:***

The door is wide open, the horizon is calling me. It is late, I get out of home, it is night! I look back, I saw my mum and dad who are smiling and bidding me farewell. I hope I can see them again upon my return. My path is lengthy and full of ups and downs. I am travelling towards the unknown, towards nowhere in a city of nothingness! A territory, where, I reckon, hearts are open to one another, and nobody is fearful, where one can name everything, and is able to lovingly caress the softness of a body, where love and wisdom are flowing in abundance to water the flowers of unity, friendship, and the bond between beauty and decency in every thought, word, and deed:

***"Where is the house of the friend?"***, it was in the twilight when the rider asked.

***The passerby bestowed upon the darkness of sands the twig of light within lips***

***And pointed at a poplar saying, "On the way to the tree, there is a country lane greener than the dreams of god;***

***where love is as blue as the feathers of honesty.***

I saw in my dream the argent city of the loving passerby who had two faces. Oh, the pilgrim of love, have a nice journey! Be constantly present in yourself looking for your self!

With the lightness of youth awash with ardour, I accompanied a meandering poet, whose lyrical songs enchanted the colourful scenery, making it speak. In my gear, I had bread and wine to share with other pilgrims in the shade of tall trees of the desert of tiredness.

The night was lingering, and I was walking nonchalantly, with the guiding star shimmering in the bright sky and in my heart. It felt like I was being moved forward by an invisible and unknown force, which defined my direction and guided my willpower. As if my faith was leading me through all the restrictions of my existence, evaluating their capacity. The journey was of true essence for my being. I wanted to run my hand to the sky and pick up the star of my heart, which has been the reason why I am who I am.

I arrived at a temple of fire. It was open from four sides, in the centre there was a fireplace, in the middle of which the fire was making shadows on the ground. I set foot in the temple. Several men of different ages were round the fire murmuring. The sound of what they were whispering was quite familiar, though I couldn't understand the meaning of it. Away from others, I saw a man squatting and leaning against a pillar. He was looking at me. I nodded saying hello, he smiled and, with the movement of his hand, invited me to go and sit by him. I accepted and seated myself beside him. A few moments, or perhaps hours, went by in silence. A calm quietude, within which I felt I was well and comfortable. I found myself like a feather descending in the depth of a void. I could near myself waving in the air. The lips of the squatting man, leaning against the pillar, were moving, his eyes staring at mine, speaking to me:

***A traveller is an eye, the eye which looks inside and, through the visible, is able to penetrate the unseen, as far as the area where exterior realities are nothing but symbolic forms and***

*an allegory of the interior truth. For a journey to start, the traveller has to prepare the circumstances and be ready to set off. He has to be aware of various impediments to arriving at the destination, he has to be clear about the obstacles, that is to monitor the unknown through the questions and answers rising from the bottom of their heart, and apart from thoughtful probes, he has to attempt to see beyond. The traveller must not consider knowledge as merely understanding, but he has to be aware that it is just the beginning of a 'path'. Thus, we can say, "you are the wayfarer, you are the path and the stay, you should be alarmed not to lose the path to your own self".*

I was listening in awe. The stranger was kindly and gently smiling at me. His eyes were reminiscent of a field replete with light and invited me to wander about in peace and quiet across their meadows. In my look was his, and his look was in and with me. I heard:

*Where are you standing? what time do you belong to? Where am I standing? What time do I depend on? I told him and myself, "to answer these questions, it takes an understanding of a certain time-space that should be both inclusive and personal to be able to recognize the 'position' of human within the purgatory of their existence, between their body and soul. Therefore, beyond these two questions we should necessarily ask what purgatory is?*

*One who seeks for their own reality would attempt for knowledge, while knowing that the quality of their being is not united, yet there is a force, from within, which calls for the unity of their existence. The duality of their being would result in being surrounded by an internal struggle and is evidence to multiple divisions in their soul. A sophisticated soul hides, in each of its corners, hides images of the ancestors from thousands of years, while it has to tolerate the real and historical world which creates its realities. One is aware how similar they are to others, while knowing of their distinctions. As a result of the struggle between being similar, and yet distinctive, one looks for oneself in the purgatory, a world which, similar to a blazing fire, motivates to embark on a journey to acquire knowledge and certainty, and recover oneself. It is only through this recovery that one can find calm and salvation from the tussle. Otherwise put, one has to recreate oneself through lived knowledge to be able to control one's destiny.*

He, the man, was looking at me calmly, he was observing me. Beyond his eyelids, I saw the squatting man leaning against a pillar, his lips uttering:

*Human knows of the instability of their circumstances, as death would eventually knock on everyone's door and draws a finishing line to their lives. This clarity of human life is also their main life entanglement; a complicated clarity to which one should find a solution to disentangle. For human is the only creature which poses questions, and this ability necessitates a response. Human has to find a response to their volatile being, as the thought of nonexistence makes him anxious. There are two behavioural outcomes for posing questions and anxiety: a consent to death or a desire for immortality. In the former, death is a ceaseless end to human's nonexistence, while in the latter death is a stage of human's being within nonexistence, and thus, it is not real. Life is whatever is!*

Squatted, I was leaning against a pillar in the temple of fire, looking at the fire in the middle, the temple was empty, I stood up and set off.

The sun is gently spreading its rays on my face. I am feeling a pleasant tingle. I have a long way ahead. I was on a wet pathway. I was going to travel to the city of 'Charkh e Gardoon' according to

the directions I had formerly acquired. I was told the city was standing tall on a hill by the serene sea. I had heard a lot about the city in my childhood. At her moon-lit nights, my mum had told me that the city was turning round itself in an endless stretch of time and constantly took different forms, with its gates open to different horizons.

I go ahead on the path, distantly, I can hear the voice of a travelling lover, who is singing:

I am the traveller to the strange city of thousands of years  
The awakened hidden treasure I am  
The star of light  
I am the poetry of fountains  
In your company, I am the haunting melody of affection

Night is settling and darkness is gradually expanding over the field; not far from the destination. The guiding star is bright and directs me towards the gates of the city. I should get in through the northern gate. This is what my mum said when she was telling the story of the city, "strange familiar travellers would enter the city through the northern gate".

I speed up my steps, as I'm worried that before I arrive at the gate, the gatekeeper might close it. I go up the hill, the form and shape of the path is quite mysterious, and the moon is shining. I can feel the tiredness in my feet. On both sides of the path are sour cherry trees which lead me to the city of thousand gates.

As I arrived in front of the gate, a woman wearing a sky-blue dress was awaiting me. Without a conversation she set off and I followed her. I could hear the huge gates creaking close. We walked in silence for a while. All of a sudden, I found myself in the midst of a garden where a paved path took us to a house made of wood. Some parts of interior were decorated with paintings. I felt myself perfectly well, as if I was at our own home, and in peace and quiet, I was observing the paintings.

The woman in blue had quite a young and cool face. Her eyes made me feel both worried and calm. She had a swarthy complexion, and I wondered why I could feel the warmth of her skin, her skin felt magical, I saw it as an attire or a cover which protects the wonderful secret of silence within. I felt like that at the moment, which held thousands of colours, I intended to embrace her, press myself to her bosom, and caress her skin. On her bosom, I could see a spring where I could go for a dip and listen to the melody of her heart.

With her eyes, she invited me to a colourful night. The bashful invitation rippled the figures inside me and made the cypresses of my heart dance. I listened to her and flew beyond my eyelids:

The garden of dreams is not merely a place to sit and relax, it is also a place where you stand ***away from others and contemplate. It's a place to both have fun and discover the essence of a variety of phenomena. You shouldn't only look at it, you ought to wander about and ponder over the garden. One who sets foot in the garden of dream has already learnt that, there, one should breathe in a way which is not probable in one's ordinary lives.***

***In the garden of dream, there are two clear and opposite elements. They both are and are***

*no more, they are alive and aren't. They are both bodily and spiritual. In the garden, these obvious and contradictory elements are exposed to the questions raised by the experience and speculations of human being.*

*In the face of these two elements, the existence of human is radically dissimilar to that of other living creatures. Humans are aware and informed that their existence in the world will come to an end. However, this apparent awareness carries with it a great anxiety, as a result of which human seeks certain things to forget the anxiety. Those with an enquiring mind, though, are not going to comply, rather, they would challenge it, face it, and attempt not to give in to the oblivion and perceive the true anxiety genuinely. In order to do that, they reconsider the clarity of the issue, and simplify the complicated. In all conscience, they confront the issue of life and death, with their enquiring being, they would navigate the matter of being and not being to achieve the essential unity of these two elements. On this path, with the assistance of intuition and wisdom, they would re-examine the philosophical complications such as free will and fate, justice and injustice, content and discontent, love and hate, and .... In this way, they can transform the impetuous anxiety of their being into an informed and creative anxiety and ingeniously hold up their head.*

*So as to achieve their goal, they would dig up the dark void of their own selves, feeling happy and inspired in their solitude, they would take the responsibility of their own fate and re-invent themselves. Thus, they would abandon the common beliefs, and avoid the prefabricated answers within their cultural cradle.*

*In this way, humans motivate their own capacity through life to perceive its truth, that is to find access to the origin which made human what they are. Upon the discovery of the origin, humans give oneself a meaning, and through understanding their own fate they would it. In this way, the active purgatory of being and not being, which can cause suffering, would transform into a creative purgatory, where life and death would reconcile in an unequal relationship.*

Body and soul take prominence and subtlety to shine.

The sour cherries, hanging on the tree, appeal to me, they call me.

And silence!

Gentle words of a song

At the time when roses blossoming

It is night, day arrives

Sun rays of my heart shine at my bodily night

I opened my eyes and find myself under a sour cherry tree, beams of sun are caressing my eyes. I stood up and set off in the quest of the argent city of my strange dream. Where should one go? From which direction? When I was at the temple of fire I got some information in this regard: to arrive in the argent city I should go towards the sea in the west and embark on ship to go to the Green Island. I was told that 'Shamda', the man of two faces, was on the island. I also had other information: To get there, it takes 25 days, two of which are through an arid desert. By the end of the two days, a number of villages would appear.

Happily and healthily, I arrived at the other side of the desert. I could see a village, I went past

that and a number of other villages. The last village was situated by the sea. Here, I should embark on a ship and sail towards the Green Island.

It was night and dark, nobody is out there. It was cold, and I was thirsty and hungry. I arrived in front of a house and knock at the door. A man opened the door and, without a word, invited me in. As if he was waiting for me and had known me since long ago. He gave me some food and drink. His face was especially bright and had a long white beard. He seemed to be of intellect, I could see a high-spirited man, emancipated from earthly status and positions. I told him that I intended to be his guest for a number of nights, and then set off towards the Green Island. With just a smile, he showed me to a room and left the house.

I was tired, and in the corner of the room lied down on a mattress. All of sudden, I heard a voice, accompanied by a song, which invited me to listen to:

***There are always two sides to spoken words, an inner side and an outer one, an apparent side and an intrinsic one. The inner voice is keen on untold mysteries and intends to penetrate the depth of soul and wander about the city of spirit. The outer voice wishes and intends to go through various incidents and phenomena and measure them, making them talk. Discovery and knowledge are not only to acquire skills, but they also intend to achieve prosperity and civility, by virtue of intrinsic voice, human is after beauty and goodness. Human is fragile and mortal, though these restrictions do not prevent human from their quest for happiness and their ideal wishes to give direction to their lives. The questions on the meaning of life and the innate death are why human resorts to the two aspects of words. As one cannot answer these questions based on the law of causation nor through other material phenomena. Finding the answer to the specific existence of human in the world is bound to seeing the purgatory of inner wisdom! The wisdom which appears as a result of rotation between the interior and the exterior of human and other phenomena, so that, in line with both individual and pervasive reasonings, human can find and understand intellect.***

I woke up quite early in the morning. The sun was shining into my eyes. I left the house to continue my way to 'Shamda'. As I arrived at the beach, I embarked on a ship. It was an amazing day! I seemed to be caught in an invisible vat. I started struggling with myself from within, where separate contradictory intentions were intertwining with one another. As if their confrontation and their accord in a purgatory space was leading to my unity.

In peace and quiet, I looked at the sea. It seemed as if I was in a cradle being swung by the waves. I saw a woman with calm and dark eyes. I reckoned she was reading me from top to toe, exploring my body with her eyes, precisely the same as the three people I had formerly seen. Her body was gentle, with her skin darkened by the sun. Her back and waist were comely and shapely. As she gently turned back to face the horizon, a subtle and curved line was/is formed, which attracts my attention.

She was wearing a long thin cotton dress. It's orange and worn, similar to the orange of the sun while it rises or sets! Within her, there was something calming which offered security. I wondered why I felt there was a fire inside me. My body was free in listlessness. She laughed and her eyes become brighter and sweeter. I listened to her:

***Be patient! Don't look for things in a hurry! Beware that human is the force itself and human frame is a vessel. Plants and animals have their own frames. Human frame is a ferocious animal,***

***albeit with a deep and friendly being. In the world, everything is a force, which attracts or deters. In order to be able to be attracted or deterred, we have to be similar to a sail, as if a kite in the wind. If there is a hole within our brightness, forces would go through and not affect us, and without force, we will become weak and tired. The travellers to 'Shamda' should leave off their masks, get rid of the disguises which would otherwise mislead them; it is when through a transformation they would awaken. Otherwise, their whole path is a hassle of no use!***

I took a look at this woman, who was filled with subtlety and trying to guide me with her enlightenment. She intended to help me figure out something I couldn't work out; that a traveller should possess honesty. Her eyes were a mirror, in which I could concurrently appear and disappear. The woman was, in fact, the intersection of my bond to the world. A wish rose in me. I wanted to touch her. I was in these thoughts, when she approached me and softly moved her head close, with her lips on my ears, and said:

***If you love me, I want you to give me a heavenly beam of your love! Then, in an immortal moment, in a unique and glamorous instance, I would drink your pure love, and would solely sing you a song of passion.***

I embrace her and whisper within her lips:

***With you, I would protect an eternity, which we both carry, without being burnt I would dive into my own depth, into the volcano of my body. I saw myself as diamond cut with light.***

The sun was forcefully shining and he was going forward slowly. The sea was serene, though wavy. With my hand over the edge, I looked at the horizon. The woman who accompanied me, went away on a wind.

I arrived at an island with five fences and no tower. I got in the city through the northern gate, which faced the sea. Somebody directed me to the main sanctuary. I could see a huge building between the west and east of the city awash with silver light. I found myself in a familiar place, the residence I had always wanted. In the empty yard, I saw a tall cypress by a narrow stream of water which poured in pool that had no bottom. Exhausted from the journey, I sat under the tree looking at the calmly flowing water. Suddenly I moved back. I saw my face in the water. I had two faces. I couldn't believe my eyes. After a while, I told myself that the delirium had gone past and again I bent forward and looked at myself in the stream. My usual face was there. I closed my eyes, listening to the water moving towards the bottomless pool, and slept.

It was hot when I woke up, I went towards the pool to enjoy the cool. I sat on the edge of the pool hanging my feet in the water. All at once, I saw my face in the transparent and pure water of the pool, in that depth I saw the man of two faces: the man of the temple, the woman of the rotating city, the man of the village, and the woman of the sea. I was 'Shamda'. The travelling bird in the quest for the sea of pure water and the Green Island.

In the city of sunshine and the sea I went through something eccentric. A mesmerising and magical song made me wake up from sleep, in which I had been stuck for years. I found myself in the atmosphere of my childhood and youth. I heard the forgotten voices; saw the foggy landscape; smelled the hidden scents beyond the structure of wisdom; I could see the prominence and beauty of love. Behind the scenes, the distant past became known to me. I saw your eyes and

drank your moon-lit face and dreamy words.

Through your laughter, the dark of my nights was transformed into bright days. Through the shine of your drunken eyes, the bright of my days turned into bright nights. The heavenly sea was lost in your beautiful black eyes, and I drowned in them. A sweet instant prevailed the totality of my soul. I am a traveller! With you and in your company, along with your caresses, I try to get some rest on the hot sands nearby.

I swung between your mythical sensation and the wild reality of yours; I love your hair, I want to touch them, to hide your face in them, and follow them back to their root. I would like to place myself in the middle of your bronzed arms, and, in 'immortality', travel to the land of the roaming horses and the birds, which are not afraid of hunters, and dance and turn round in a house, which is my eternal residence, turn round and dance.

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Through the conscious mind, humans constantly are after their latent objectives; humans pollute themselves with lazy activities to the extent that an intrinsic force calls them to something new and unknown; otherwise put, when they are in sheer ecstasy, regret would capture and paralyse them, though they would awaken again, would eagerly take new risks, and would fly towards the impossible.

What should be said? What should be said about mysterious lessons? Is it not that the nature of mystery and secrecy are to stay uncovered? Merely those who have followed the same path as I have would understand what I am saying!

In my solitude, I set off on a path towards the fountain on the Green Island, and I was all ears to hear the people of fire singing romantic songs. From a shore to another, my feet on the ground, and head in the sky, I found my way and arrived at a place where I could assess myself.

One should learn to see and should learn to look. Everything hinges upon how one sees and looks. Secrecy rests on the understanding of how one sees and looks, rests on finding the appropriate distance between the subjects and the frames which have surrounded them. The subjects and the frames which depend on darkness and light. We are all witnesses to contradictory spaces and each and every one has to be able to create their own world and their own journey to domesticise these contradictory phenomena. The ability to see the incidents and turns in history would occur when one looks at the big picture. Being able to reflect while one is on a journey wouldn't be easy.

Today, the sun is shining. A beam of light has entered the frame of body and soul. Clear and bright looks, gentle and sweet smiles, scarlet and crimson faces like sunrise and sunset like at dawn and dusk, and the fields wet with morning dew are thinking of one another.