

Duo
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Those hours when the sun creates a universe of light
And the intimidated clouds would not challenge it in a duel.
The light that blinds and invites, repels and attracts
Gives birth to the most beautiful, drifting illusion.
The leaves' murmur melts into a melancholic and erotic rhythm
While the smooth wind invites them to a graceful dance.
They sway sweetly and sing softly
And in between the crevices of the clouds dives a glorious glow.
A warmth that becomes heat
And a morning that is unlike others.
How great of a miracle can fit in such a small corner of the world.

ADULT, 1ST PLACE,