

The Sunset of Saliabasta is a short poetic song, telling the fabled story of the town of Saliabasta, a town divided by three classes; the fairies, the scholars and the workers. The tale delves into the problems of an impossible love between one particular young scholar and another particular fairy.

It was written in 2006 and published in the discontinued 'Impossible' poem collection, published in 2007.

The poem has been revamped in 2008 for this single e-book edition.

The Sunset of Saliabasta

Act 1

Pick up your eye and look around,
Across olive trees and earthy ground,
Where sun is merry and clouds are fine,
And men are simple, loving, kind...
Where rain falls often, but in delight,
And tends the fields with subtle might.

Look up your eyes, engage your thought,
And see above, Saliabasta caught,
In peerless glory, a kingdom own,
That wipes the tear and hides a moan,
But in this citadel and glory be,
A parted life and tale for thee.

Within this golden stone wall,
Are more winding streets reaching tall,
And passing fresh green gardens,
(That are, to all, always open)
Two - or three - races exist,
In harmony without resist.

The first, the fairies, flowing so freely,
And protecting this haven with power so clearly.
The second, the men, with hearts so brave,
Working the ground, never to fade.
And last, the scholars, there in the tower,
Only in wisdom do they find their power.

But do they know too much? Does it hurt?
Closed down the gates to finish mirth...
And love is hard to find in there,
Bar love of facts and thoughts compare.
But there is He, youngest of all
Who, though blind in this, is ready to fall?

Act 2

Stereotype if you will, but there is she,
A fairy far more fair than he,
And on the balcony of his school,
He looks down on the evening cool,
His eye jumping, glancing and prancing,
To see in the twilight garden her; dancing.

"What do I feel? What can I do?"
Anguish and cries the scholar
And follows the trail of her dance,
Captivated and forlorn,
Entered and torn,
"It's you, it's you, it's you..."

Every brown brick solid and oak,
That Saliabasta could pick to choke,
His multitude - feelings galore,
Painful and hurting - eagle
Flies - soars...
And the - hark! She calls!
"It's you, it's you, it's you..."

"Fall scholar, fall!" the silver birdsong
Whistles up to him,
"I believe you could - breeze down the
olive tree."
You see! How could he not?! If you could see...
The Fairy and the Student bliss;
What is this?"

Act 3

Crashing, burning - lighted by fire,
The scholar follows his timely desire,
Three and Four, Five and Eight,
Nine more steps to anticipate,
Rolling, folding, crashing, burning,
Every step to follow his yearning

"Remove this place! Remove this haze!
Let me see you! Let me gaze!"
The Gaze - which no gold could make -
She laughs and giggles sweet songs,
That led him on all day long,
Through grassy green floor that roars;

"Wait! This can not be, my love!
Every day long I would pick up
The flowers from your feet,
Or send silver sand to greet,
But though I love you, I love
You too much, and such is such

That I must escape my crave"
So the scholar turns to his grave.

"But Scholar," harked that sweet voice
"I love you, I love you, I love you."

He turns back to the Queen of Kings
And everyday with her sings.

Act 4

Look up your eyes, engage your thoughts,
And see above, Saliabasta caught.
And so our scholar had here fought,
But every thought that he thought
He had fought was of the fairy,
Destroying his precious works

No more could he study, this boy,
For his thoughts were of his joy.
And in despair he went to the Master,
To ask him to solve this disaster,
"Take this, my boy, a white dove!
Let it go, and Let go Your Love!"

So, one Sunset so amber bright,
And above, the outline of the night,
Our melancholy pupil did start,
To destroy the feelings of his heart,
And at the top of the green hill,
Let the dove go, to kill, to kill.

Act 5

On that night, as the fire did die,
And the scholar let go with a cry,
Every man, every child and wife,
Did feel their hearts come to life,
For the thoughts of love did fall,
Onto Saliabasta, standing tall

That night, there was not a sad soul,
Save for our hero, being so bold
As to give his happiness away
With the last beams of a sun ray,

And no more did he ever think of her,
His love, and the Sunset of Saliabasta.