



### newAlba 05

Cabecero Tapizado Plafones,  
Mesitas Xantomer per torneada  
Batera pie torneado  
Chapa de roble Escudo Tortola  
detalles acabado nogal envejecido  
COMBINADO TAPICADO  
Perforada 02 / lisa 02  
Lampara Corner ref. 20063

Plafond upholstery headboard,  
Night tables, Xiforrier with turned legs  
Bed frame with turned legs  
Natural oak veneer lacquered Tortola  
with aged walnut accents  
Upholstery:  
Perforation No. 02 / Smooth no. 02  
Lamp Corner Ref. 20063



To the Sun



### newAlba

Sun, great giver of all that is,  
Once more I return from dream to your times  
and places. As you wake over London in  
this morning's dawn. Before the human city  
invades your immaculate spaces.  
Sun, greatest of givers, your speeding rays  
Weave again familiar quotidian things,  
epiphanies. Of trees, leaves, wings, jewelled  
rain, shining wonders.

Your golden mask covers the unknown  
Presence of the awakener of all eyes  
On whose shining darkness none can gaze.  
Clouds and hills and gardens and forests  
and seas, high-rise buildings, dust and  
ordure, desolate and broken things.

### hAiR



Receive alike from holiest, purest source  
Meaning and being, messenger each morning  
brings. To this threshold where I am,  
Old I marvel that I have been, have seen  
Your everything and nothing realm, all-giving  
sun.

How address you, greatest of givers,  
God, angel, these words served once, but no  
longer. Apollo's chariot or Sany's horses  
imagined in stone. Of Konanik, glorious metaphor  
of the advancing power. Of the unwearied  
sun from the eternal East. My time.  
His other symbols: speeding light waves.  
Ighbeyars, rays. Cycling for over the boundless  
sphere of space. Vast emptiness of what is or is  
not. Unsol'd matter's equivocal seeming.

Science only another grandiose myth we  
have dreamed. Ptolemaic or Copernican, or  
Einstein's paradigm. Less real than those  
magnificent score horses. As light triumphs  
over darkness for yet one more day.

But no myth, as before our eyes you are, or  
seem! In your luminous glory I have seen you rise  
From beyond the Fame Mer casting your  
brilliance. Over cold northern seas, or over the  
sea of Greece, have seen your great rim rising  
from India's ocean. As you circle the earth birds  
sing your approach each morning.

New flowers open in wilderness, gardens,  
wastelands. All life your return, at before all  
eyes you summer. Greatest of givers, your  
heavens outspread. Our earth's vast and minute  
spaces, to each the whole.

And today I receive yet again from your inze-  
haustible treasury. Of light, this room,  
this green garden, my boundless universe.