

Afterglow

Saturation

The half-lit cave craves lightly

Humid haven

Slow pulsation

Moist voices fade away

Ecliptic gaze

Cessation

Effeminate and evanescent

Transcending maya

without motion

but hesitating

at the gate of it all

And so...

afterglow

The roses of

another moment

shimmer quiescently

and in an interim

the ripeness of echoes

seems transparent

as seem your eyes

when I nearly delve into

the nearness of

their intangible surface

Slow and pure

Immaculate and still

The warmth of night

embraces my feeble self

and whispers

secrets in my ear
Secrets of Persia
and of the ancient kingdoms
while I turn to the future
waiting
in motionless bewilderment

This time is as sacred
as the distant stars
that play magnificent temples
in my jaded eyes
It will never be the same

There is no more sound
only shadows and imagery
made up by the modest fire
in the shallow cave
Oh how I wish
for unknown lands
A city in the sun
A long forgotten goldmine
A butterfly in metaphor air
I would fly with it
But now...
Stillness
Silent contemplation
of nothingness

Daylight is yet to come
and I will be ready