

Dreamscape

Thou art the highlands
In which I rest
My daily bread
Stirred
In jaded armour
Like the earth mother
Whose blood inspires
a new dawn
that does not fade away

Thou art the lost link
In the bracelet
That escapes vision
Of unveiled hillslopes
In high air
By the horizon
On which we glide
While decadent dimensions
Crack and burn
A desert wind
In a convex box
My mind is shaken
But I fall

Asleep