

PEARLS OF WATER

I am the wandering word,
the one untight from its own sense.

I steal vibrations from the Cosmos of Intuition
and I melt them into my mouth.

Feezy intuitions
bubbling into my heart
Carbon Dioxide ideas,
raising up on the surface
and becoming
A I R.

I am the sound of flowers in the morning meadow,
when rivers of dew multiply the ecstasy of the Sun
into billions of refractions.

I am
the light itself of each pearl of water
-edgeless diamonds-
rolling down the leaves like drowsy mercury.

I am the pure sound of existing.
The one that spurts
from the impelling desire
of oozing out images of itself from itself.

The one that unhinges certainties of centuries.
-Sequoias knotted to the Globe-
pointing out the Universe
in the spinning of the day.

I am the fruition itself
of my own Opus.

I am the Divine Quotation.
Pulsing from neutrinos as they pierce me through
from chakra to chakra.

I am the fossil energy
-vivid and faded appearance-
transmitted in time, ignoring Millenia.

I am already.
I am yet.
I am already and yet
everything I was
and everything i will be.