

Fall Of The Leafe, In Morning Mood A Utopia-Revelation

Some autumn morning. Some drops of water to reach the earth.
And there was I. Enraptured, bewildered evermore.
Shattered utterances that never caught ears.
At tedious length utopias grow - still.
And for-ever acquiring forms not of health, as spoken absence horrentia.
Tumors my corruption take heed hasten away as you wish.
Let me hallucinate. All madness centered
- to this utopia, this mortal magnificence.
Could nothing but rejoice the
Fall together with the voices and shades it brings us.
The winds wept thunder and the rain caressed me, cried velvet tears.
A thought arise, a world collapse. SIMPLE as that.