

Franco Battiato, Investigation On The Third

I sit in the manner of the ancient Egyptians,
The palms of the hands softly resting on the legs,
And the torso erect and natural,
A minaret pointing to the sky.
I try to relax and abandon myself,
To lose all tension
And anxiety.

As if I had entered a deep sleep
But with senses ever more awake and aware;
A great sense of well-being
Pervades the body, the heart and my mind
That so often chains me to its thoughts,
It chains me.

Add vision
With closed eyes,
Subtract distance
And discover a third state of being
That expands and returns,
Divide the difference.