

Lesion, Amorphous Forms

When the heat lifts up from the asphalt
Everything seems faded and strange
You can't distinguish the faces, those faces
Who take shapes of amorphous forms.
They look like monsters, those
Monsters that mind produces
In the fear of a sad memory
They are the victims who keep on living breathing
Poison, while they invalid burn is this heat.
With the head bent between their arms they are
All different but so organized in their petty surviving
I've a sort of pity
When I look at them who react
Passively to this slow end.
Torn and upset souls who have always been
Simply parked on this earth,
Are imprisoned by the human flesh
Which is slave too 'cause
It doesn't bear the pain in silence.
With humbleness, with bravery,
In my eyes they appear.
Amorphous forms, indefinable layer
Of flesh so alone with a tired soul.
Who don't have a place inside themselves.
Now the heat is between the sky and earth.
Motionless bodies look like pieces
Of coal while the soul is choked
In the tie of flesh.
One day,
Someone or something
Will pick up the remains...