

Septic Flesh, Rain

Fossilized flower I can smell your perfume
covering the distance that
was called into being between us,
from the unexploited accumulation
of different moments

This gift is my inheritance and I honour it
by continuing my journey, in the curve
of the infinite alternating universes.

With anchor the three stable points
that compose your dimensional trap
I can pause and dive in your mortality.

Reality is a rain
drops are falling, are they the same ?

Some will penetrate the earthen surface
and will transform the hidden seed.
Just like fantasy can turn
an empty scenery into a heaven.

Its balance with reason is the scheme
of creation and destruction

Every dream needs a dreamer
to blossom somebody
to sense its perfume even
when he is blinded
from the light of day
Can you smell it too ?
The perfume of life