

Kirlian Camera, Mission Diary

Logbook.

Up here, in this part of the sky, each nerve transmits sounds.

Dimensional space is cancelled,
and there's no interruption in its purity.

The desert is nothing, now...

There are no falling sleeves, here,

no day reminds of another,

as no instant is similar to another.

No life crosses any other lives, and never will do...

as every being has been conceived for a sole aim,

and is held in a page apart.

Lunar vista is a source into oblivion,

It shines with a light which is not comparable to any possible atmosphere,

simply, with refinement.

Chill and dream both become questions,

There's no breath any longer and the eyes will remain shut.

Here stars don't belong to any painter's poor vision

and every entity is comparable with infinity.

Thought analyses itself on diagrams of everlasting light

and heaven loses its borders.