## Noctiferia, Anyone

anyone listening sleeping with an open eye anyone there with a touch that will pulse within my living veins time is nameless falls down in the shape of glass light is slowly dying in its density people of apparent shadows footsteps they veil the windows dress their ropes with inured moves someone locks the door in silence scarcely falls asleep and emptiness laughs I am always a stranger unknown image in the mirror reflecting my escape in silent fleeting in transparent sound I am dying once again a thousand times I am born again in selfsame shapes and clothes once again I am in selfsame space and moment