

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