

# The Ocean, Mesoarchaeon

There are moments in life  
When man with his louse-ridden hair  
Casts wild staring looks  
At the green membranes of space: for he believes, he hears, somewhere ahead  
The wry hoots of a phantom  
He staggers and bows his head: what he has heard is the voice of his own conscience  
He is determined and alert  
And with the speed of a madman he rushes out  
Takes the first direction his wold state suggests  
And bounds over the rough plains of the wield  
But the yellow phantom never loses sight of him  
Chasing him with equal speed  
Sometimes on stormy nights  
When legions of winged octopi  
Which look like ravens at a distance  
Hover above the clouds... moving ponderously towards the cities of men, there, in the dark, their m  
On such nights the dark eyed grit, sees two beings passing by  
One after another  
and wiping a furtive tear of compassion: which flows out  
From its frozen eye  
It shouts out &quot;yes, certainly he deserves it, it is only justice being done!&quot; Having said tha  
And continues to watch  
And continues... to watch, trembling nervously, the manhunt  
The phantom makes a clicking sound  
with its tongue as if to tell itself it's giving up the chase  
His is the voice of the condemned  
And when its dreadful shrieking penetrates the human heart  
Man would prefer to have death as his mom  
Than to have remorse as his son  
I have seen him making for the sea  
Climbing a jagged promontory  
Lashed by the eyebrow of the surge  
And flinging himself down, into the waves  
The miracle is this: the corpse reappeared the next day  
On the surface of the raging sea... Which had brought this flotsam of pale flesh back to the shore  
The man freed himself from his body's imprint in the sand  
He wrung the water from his drenched hair  
The man freed himself  
From his body's imprint in the sand... Wrung the water from his drenched hair  
And silently returned to the way of life