

Burning Slowly

I unleash its power with the fire element.
In its smoke I soar into the deepest of my mind,
I find the oracle of Mother Nature... and in the anise of its kiss,
It carries the essence of the entire Cosmos with the time-space intertwined,
Complementing the harmony of the existence itself.

Everything goes calm even though times are hard...
Mind dispels the veil in the eye of the storm,
The vision of worlds burning slowly.

Does it answer my fears without asking?
Is it so hard to recover what really matters?
Falling quickly into me
It's lucidity and wisdom are a reason to open eyes and look at the reality of our world;
That one that we must live, that one that dies silently drowned by fear and blinded by its creed.

"That was a good touch – good to find desire in comfort, to find comfort in desire, to find substance in some and smoke in substance".¹

The wholeness negotiated with the blessing of their damned egos.
To see how progress kills life, environmental and mental involution,
Dead forgotten beings without the right of being born again.

"That was a good touch – good to find desire in comfort, to find comfort in desire, to find substance in some and smoke in substance". (Bis)

A whole revelation that dispels with the exhalation of the smoke that slowly disappears before the world in flames; burning slowly.

¹ Stephen King - IT.