

anything at all

My mind is covered by the storm
and they still remain,
the blind eyes

on the way
to his own songs.

“Oh no,
please don’t go
to see the reason
why
it has been like it has been”

Let’s follow the singularity
of this sky,
the smile
of that time,
just a moment
before the awakening .

Let’s follow the passage
and this strange
moment
in which my reason
and my madness
speak together
about whatever
and anything at all.

I have to say nothing
despite everything:
a Word rests
in the stream
of the universe