Distances

B.y.o.b.

This dreary darkened sky
in which I float benumbed
into my Enola-gay filled with ambitions failed
and when it will collide with the towers of madness
I'll fall off to the ground
hope will flow out from my wounds
some unfit dog shall spell a tear of griefFar at east, by the silky way
the mirage of a forgotten town rescuse me
in storms religions lost and empty sanctuaries
I let my body being slowly buries along other foolsTo the silence we belong,
and the silence in this wilderness throve
the Via Crucis across the Dead Sea
then caught in Samarkand bazaar dreamNo, don't search for me at North
where the nonsense of my frienzied notes lead
as now I am the CzarIn sleep I spread my veils
as day is much too harsh to sail
while dream are bright and manifold

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