

# Heaven Below

## Septic Flesh

A peacock rests alone in the vitreous valley  
With an innocent pose like it does not know  
On its featheres ventaglia thousands of eyes  
Empty since the end of oracles  
Clouds create a hollow pillow  
For sleepy heads to rest  
By denying to submit to the whims  
Of their unstable paterns, I glide above them all  
Heaven below  
Light as a thought, dropping the weight of milleniums  
How far can one reach  
The answer depends on who this one is  
How far can one extend  
As far as his limits go...  
Heaven below

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