Resonance

Ketsa

Thunderous events below the atmosphere.
Hibernate within my fissures.
Mind has compressed what it lent from the ear.
Like a diamond that sings of external pressure.
But this zenith is chased by a curse.
That time seems cruel to our memory.
Expressive bow strokes in the bodily universe.
Soon fade into a monotonous symphony.Like solar flares that reach our plexus.
Through the cloud chamber's web.So we learnt to forget about essentiality.
And deny the primal frequency.
But its spirit still exists in me.
As my existence is its gree.Like fertility found its mother in fallow.
We found our ethics in each other.
Organic development was to follow.
And intelligence defeated pother.Earthquake: Its stentorian chord.
The core's hollow choir.
Fields tremble where Alps aboard.
The resonance, that even deletes fire.

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