

Thought formed the earth as earth formed the thought -
it flew with the wind as the wind always sought the fire of
feat,
the soma of motion,
producing the sweat that set off the corrosion that made the
flesh turn into earth again.

So let the water drink you as Ophelia did -
beloved daughter and cherished sister.
Or worship the earth that Pompeii once hid,
differing not between vagrant and minister.

Take heed to the wind and its soft fingertips and fire's red
thoughts and smouldering lips.

So let the water drink you as Ophelia did -
beloved daughter and cherished sister.
Or worship the earth that Pompeii once hid,
differing not between vagrant and minister.

Sense - will you show me the way to the matter of radiant
living,
of having to shatter the fundamentals of intoxicant
thinking?
Opposing the stream , never stirring or blinking,
but firmly preserving Sisyphus' work.

The boulder rolls heavily - is it in vain?
Deducing the truth again and again.
The wind speeds up as the earth turns hard.
The mountain swells up but reaps pure disregard from
mythology,
history and all in between.

So let the water drink you as Ophelia did -
beloved daughter and cherished sister.
Or worship the earth that Pompeii once hid,
differing not between vagrant and minister.