

Let Life Be Carried Away By Emptiness

Astrofaes

Snatches of dim phrases appear sometimes like voices
At big distance, when their chorus is united,
Like light and shadow. in a damp,
Misty darkness the round dances of smouldering
Lights are whirling and time is twisting endless spirals
Stars are trembling in the eye's flame,
In the prototype of their essence,
And red whirlwinds in a smouldering sky
Will embellish the crown of the worlds.
Behind the black gates the horizons full
Of unprecedented strength,
Like the deepness of magic mirrors,
Which the monks hold in front of themselves.