

## The Temple

Beto Vázquez Infinity

Of pure warmth the sacred temple,  
with beautiful interiors and a solid wall  
was made by a divine hand  
taking from each prophet the best of their visions  
in a revealing inscription  
presents itself with immortal characters on its carved walls

It's divine approach announces the sword of pain,  
Prevails the night over the presence  
until it hides  
behind the first sun beam  
seeking relief for my fire  
between the minutes I spend staring at its red shimmer

I don't know if time seeks us in a ring of light  
I don't know if the temple calls us when dusk falls  
Your body is the temple of your soul, filled with fire and immense tender,  
in twilight celestial scents twist around life

my legacy where my soul will rest  
of pure warmth the sacred temple