

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