

# The Unpoetic Circle

Ephel Duath

It is quite ironic,  
I can't slow down this run,  
But this was my object:  
To feel.

Here,  
Without disturbances,  
Lives the sound,  
I want to close this cycle,  
But is it equilibrium?  
We are sliding but all appears so immobile.

And I'm so different from me:  
It's so stupid.  
Please sketch a portrait to define,  
I will offer you our faces,  
Incompleteness,  
Indefinite resistance.

Here,  
Without disturbances,  
Lives the sound,  
I want to close this cycle,  
But is it equilibrium?

We are sliding but all appears so immobile.