

Under The Morning Rays

Nahemah

All those images which
gush as a fountain's
fluid water
attract to me that vision
so archaic, almost neolithic
of such a cold stone that
appears in front of me
looking and smiling at me

I want to kiss it...
but my stare can only
round it in circles
when hypnotizes me...
till I kneel down
when I fall asleep...

I want to caress it
when hypnotizes me...
till I kneel down
when I fall asleep...

Neither escape nor awake me
from this kind scorn
Don't suck this sedating
laudanum that Morpheus injects
into my veins

Let me only embrace that
cold frost skin and cover me
with this boreal sunrise dew

Until my soul vanishes evaporated
with the water
under the morning rays...