

Lifelines of Depths

Octavia Sperati

Inside a hole of nothingness
Fawn on its soul or nothing less
Transformed on to its soft condition
Overwhelming with kind intuition

There it is carrying the spoken word
Throughout lifelines of depths
Hoping for one silent hour

Unrestrictedly
And we let go
To open fields of sorrow
Indiscernible
The strain is easy
Enlightening day of new impressions

We slowly let go
For what is there to lose now
The shadows are returning

This gap so endless falling but no ground
There's nothing left of me and you
(Unless they cling to us)

Besides it all eyes of awareness
They can call for emptiness
Injected for penetration through lies
Ever formed for no man's eyes

There it is carrying the spoken word
Throughout lifelines of depths
Imperceptible implementation of life
The day is breaking