

Behold that a path is created from these traces of ink,  
Letters join numbers  
Sounds come forth manifesting the plasticity.  
This is the direct outcome of the continuous war  
The collision of the worlds of change and stability

One would sense the mind behind them  
If only he could withdraw from the relentless alterations of its forms

I have swum against rivers of fallacy  
Chaotic symmetry,  
And have returned  
From the point of weakness  
To the root of triumph.

Between the circular entrances of spinning dark suns  
I travelled with the company of a triangle  
To the dark corners of cosmos

Geometry in static

In frozen wells I left my seal for the future travellers  
Sunken trilithons bear my signature  
In wombs of yellow on the phosphoric remnants  
Of organisms with consciousness long eroded

One would sense the mind behind them  
If only he could withdraw from the relentless alterations of its forms

Between the circular entrances of spinning dark suns  
I travelled with the company of a triangle to the dark corners  
of cosmos

Geometry in static