

The Underwater Garden

Septic Flesh

Melancholy ascended in the surface
knowing that she'll have forever a lair
in the underwater garden.
Serene the azure body that filled
the landscape crowded as ever.

The sound here is a word without a
meaning nothing can agitate the
monotony.
The new and the old event roll indolent
embraced in a circle.

The one takes the place of the other
returning continuously in the beginning.

What didn't belonged in the fluid kingdom
has now become its integral part.
The plunder that was stolen
from the marvelous world of the unknown
is hidden deep.
Imprisoned from the seaweeds
ornamented with the flowers of the sea.

Every piece has its own story
Every creation is also a piece
of its creator.
Behind the coral gate of the garden
are sealed emotions