

# Stream Of Consciousness

## Textures

First ray of light  
Introduction to being aware of  
Taking turns in shifting from fiction  
To living in constraint

It's real but changing  
My form is changing  
My consciousness changes

Waves of moments  
Patterns of phrases, endless or elusive  
They keep being continuous  
Being aware of what it takes to live  
Is keeping me sane, so sane

The art is born, the eyes wide open  
Diffuse colors projected on your retina  
Watch the play, divert the primal shapes  
Primal shapes in disarray

The art is born, for we are becoming  
Slaves of thought  
Using the stream of consciousness

Prove the senses  
Taste the ambience of feelings  
And make contact  
Here you are  
Aware  
In direct confrontation  
With your inner self

The constrained reason  
Has to be erased

Here I am  
Exploring and expanding my senses

Constructive building, new minds  
The tools are given  
BY nurture or nature  
Time to apply the physics  
New seeds  
These wheels turn forever  
Endeavour after emotion  
We are all part of this perspective  
We recreate and we contemplate our answers

Conquer as you strive for a victory  
On fortified feelings they are part of you

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Currents of emotions, electricity  
Behind the eyes, machines are running  
Organic, continuous  
Conducting the sounds into feelings  
Sights into predictions  
Reliving, observing  
The worlds endless exchange  
Meridian of the moment