

# A Microscopical Macrocosm

Vintersorg

Sensory impulses commanding us  
Still we're aware of its centre  
Structuring thoughts from a blurry muss  
With the analogy of electricity to enter

I've painted a world in the dark,  
With elegant patterns and connections  
This cosmic genesis' lightning arc,  
Shapes my body's complexion

A microscopical macrocosm,  
Of distant mountains and inner plasm,  
All the elements are eloquenced by infinity  
A microscopical macrocosm,  
I and Me float through its chasms,  
Filtering the universe through a living internity

Thousands of pathway's directory,  
Lie dormant in this unexplored animator  
In its lobe rests our closest galaxy  
Reading, visions from the spiral generator

Atoms composed into a condition  
Of thinking and intuition

"Sometimes the blind have the perfect protection,  
More honestly they describe the sky  
We should look in every direction,  
Beyond the experiences of the corrupt eye"