

East

Mirror facing mirror: with the self annihilated
only the vision remains
humming away within the endless.

Free as an unknown god in skies uncharted.

Naked as a thought without a mind to grasp it.

Roaring asylum.

Harmonic topography of perfection.

Sweet water filtering through the moss.

Chimes sounding without the metal ever having been
extracted from the ore.

The echo of Eternity
splashing from her horn.

As when the dawn
dawns upon itself.

Jan. 11th, '06
C. Mehrhoff