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Ett flyktigt minne blott...

Mayflies

Humans,

embedded in history

living in time and space

there terrific forces are shifting…

We,

you and me

and our transiency…

We,

mayflies

are

only conduits for genes

with purpose to live, reproduce and die.

Life,

discovery, oblivion, forgiveness and rediscovery

over and over again.

Longevity, can only be a burden.

Our history,

is blazed with wars

which consumed countless lives

but humanity prevailed.

Mayflies must combat.

We're creating our future

morphing and adopting

on the endless timescales…

We're able to live

even in spheres

of a complex dissonance

blind to the long term.

We,

can even-always emerge

from the shadows.

There is always plenty of time

and plenty of space

waiting…

I know

in the distant future

even our dreams will die

but

they will not die…

and we

endlessly shall travel into the brightness

so empty and clean

like memories of my greatest love…

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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