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## **melodramatisk nattlig självrannsakan**

I give myself great advice, but I rarely listen.

I see the sparks, I sense their glistening.

I glimpse the inner cities of my most heartfelt being and long in endless, ancient melancholy.

I hope that, should I ever see them,

they would be recognised by me as being them.

Bliss not being anything, bliss being beyond.

Flowing tranquil as the light at the core of eternity in a single moment that precedes even the deafening beginnings of movement and separation.

And the sensation of being compressed; clenched tighter than the very churning of existence. The self turning over on itself in nauseating cycles of your own design.

But then, release.

Not thinking.

Not feeling.

But being?

I am just one, yet at times I imagine I could fill the alien limbs of a thousand. Stampeding the ever wondrous landscapes of curved space and time. Forever lost in countless incarnation, never-ending glorious repetition.

My most heartfelt being longs in endless, ancient melancholy.

I should hear myself out more often.

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