

## Beauty

When beauty does not lie within  
When white noise is all I see  
Screaming in my flesh my face my skin  
I remind myself I follow an oasis.

So I don't drown in the sweetest sand.  
Mine is a simple step  
I lie on the naked world to concentrate  
And think about the idea of God to find out if it is real.

Some times are still like violent marble,  
Savage teeth in the mouth of sheep  
who wants to feed their dermic fear.  
Other times are silent like purple  
In an ancient, modest flower  
Built by the whitest flag in their teeth,  
Like joyful pearls.

The worst religious aim  
As a crowded girl  
who barely knows  
and is longing.

Perhaps the key will arrive to the freedom  
Of the burning orange horizon instead,  
Waiting or walking ahead,  
The decision of the dead  
Who have the right to say  
The Truth from the hidden shade.

I have always carried a nameless loss  
For I never looked for the beginning.  
Realness lied on shadows, that hid  
The hunger as I sing,  
While inside I lost to be found by hyenas in cold swing.

But the roots of chaos offered us to endless insomnia,  
To shut the hearts away from the aching field in rain  
With an open mouth, to fight, to hide, the only way to survive.  
We hid the past under my tomb  
And I said to myself, as the cement danced,  
Thay my shade was the most crowded land.

Shadows started walking like little stones,  
Hot black carbon with the highest duty.  
They became a dream  
Forgetting  
I had my shadows, the oldest friends.  
Then my enemies swallowed my cheeks like rosebuds,  
Beating through my skin,  
And I was given the mourning of the sun.  
They ate and ate and ate, the world was too small,  
Every piece of me, like selected skeletons,  
As if I was red meat, a winter treaty,  
Poison in the perfect shape.  
Salty diamonds, waiting to oxidate  
Under the bite of the wild wind.

War became the name,  
And I believed I was the daughter of a field  
That I could never see with my eyes.  
Then, rotten.  
They ate the pearls dropped on the ground  
Until their metallic teeth  
Arrived to the touch.  
Then they stopped with a rotten tongue  
Speaking a strange language.

It was one of those languages from beings far from humans, so far away that they become monsters.

The invisible bliss  
Won the battle from the youngest seed.  
Triumph in red gloves to keep smiling.  
Confused identities, fragmented wills.  
That is what monsters do: eat, eat, eat  
Until their body is full of death.  
I know the origin of each step,  
In silence, I have dug my toes deep in the ocean  
Fearless, in the lake, as I dream,  
In the lake, in the lake.  
Now I see.

Where is my beauty?, I ask to my chosen sea,  
Which shakes all of me like sweet sand,  
And I admit this is the freedom we never had.  
Oh, insomnia, you are the poison in the fragile rosebud  
Trying to become bigger, all at its time.

Those songs sung by the euphoria  
Of the Gods and Goddesses of the bright Olympic  
My symphonies are made of light  
And so are the beating stars,  
breathing though every inch.

It's a whole scenario of precious manifestations of a higher purpose.

And I keep my nostalgia inside my left pocket  
While I cry, submitted to the edge of glory, ultimately free.

I don't know how  
Along the corridors of my lost friends  
There are lonely people walking straight  
Until their feet hurt under rulers.

The miracle of life.

How can I learn to see the beauty?  
There is beauty  
And the need to walk away, too.

I cannot learn to love my nightmares, and that keeps me hopeful.

There is beauty inside  
An angel has arrived to my feet  
And sings from some calm earth in my ear.  
The sweetness this world lacks and needs has always been there.

The fortunate dead always revealing  
The mystery of the show and its hard curtains in tears,  
A raw blessing, like the loving meat of a dress of golden silk.

Bleeding from inside my chest yesterday  
A new-born made of the skin of an orange,  
Graspy brain, morality's ache, an illusion to taste  
The love of the touch.  
Its perfume is forgiving.

When I view light  
and I do not know why  
I keep riding at night  
Even if my eyes hurt  
And my lids fall in Heaven.

Sometimes I am robbed by the rage, and I burn to ash,  
Down the road of my mind, a solitary path,  
A priceless star,  
Like a diamond that teaches me to lull  
the wood between my arms  
with my own nails and tears.

I only have a ten dollar bill.  
If the ticket to Heaven is as cheap,  
I can find a good sight and kiss the sailor's feet.  
Promised land, empty arch,  
No expectation, but infinite dreams.  
My folded attention, a sacred relief.  
I reach the sky with a mind that knows no key.  
My green, green, green, green safe with eternal walls.  
Tulips tell me beauty lies inside.

In the end there is a lake,  
In the lake, in the lake, in the lake,  
There will be.  
In the lake, in the lake, in the lake,  
I will be  
Happily dreaming.