

Hypothetical

The sweet cherished long lasting “what if?”
that could have been
a maybe into
a certain reality
started getting older
Will it mature
or
Will it die?
No one can really tell
in the present current of events

The cockroach

I have been taught how to loathe them
the very moment I see them
wishing for their extermination
Until I have figured out
that I was longing
for that single moment
when I would spot them inside my room
I have understood it with these dark points,
the holes and the stains
that my eyes' edge would mistake
for them
Crazy quiver is possessing me
during those three seconds needed
for the bitter refutation
No! this was not a cockroach!

So, do you know why I fancy the cockroach?

Because it resembles to the corners
of my mind full of thoughts,
dark and disturbed,
those who usurp the space inside me
to crawl secretly during the nights
when I am asleep
And when suddenly and unwittingly
I apprehend it red-handed
inside my drawer
I get angry for it invaded my privacy
While the truth is that
I had let it in
But my wrath, which conceals chunks of pride and ego,
asks for retribution
whereas the wretched creature has been frozen
sensing that the giant is on to it

Numb and hopeless
it attempts to escape
but it cannot,
because my gaze is predicting all of its moves

it almost escapes, it is almost safe
but I block its way out
it can no more move
The blow, heavy and strong, eliminates it

The cockroach 2/2

A thought down.

Yet, I acknowledge
that the very instant I turn the light off again

a bunch of them
will reappear strolling around the corners of my mind

Till I –unwittingly again- turn the light on
or

Till I mindfully resolve to let it lit for Ever

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The Present Tension

She is, she was
 a mind's game
He is, he was
 a life's game

The Present declines
 into Past

Past is always less
 Falsely overrated

The Future revered
 Intangible futility

The Present, what then?
 It is, it is, it is

Value of Continuum instability
 instance eternal
 Now everlasting
 uniquely repetitive
 repetitively unique
 One channel
 Of mutual Paths

An unknown Hero
daily ignored
by the Sirens
 of Before and After
crazy ignorance
ingrate encounter
of what is rightfully
 natural and real

She is, she was
 a life's game
He is, he was
 a mind's game

spreading fear
claiming respect
Two dimensions of the whole

A child's game

The Present Tension 2/2

demure and simplistic
disorientation of the intrinsic

A twisted reflection
of the One Light