A window to the see, a spirit star chiming in the wind of wonder...

As you

One
crown me with your iron, aid me on my fight every day to come

Two
in reality, a glimpse of infinity, in the palm of space, our roots incandescent, horses made of paper

Three
and the way you look like all the portraits in the world reminds me of seminal rivers, like the way that the sun passes through the room
Four
as a seed asleep around the sun, skies fly through promiscuous eyes. Can we pin a mountain like a butterfly?

Five
minds turn to a mirror, rises as you watch my breath turn into words / BLUE / sails of wonder chimes of thunder shelter turns to you

Six
these thoughts: it’s like the key to wish that fire fights with water as the ash from a volcano crosses paths, a passion is a passage

Seven
the hour of mystery desires me with a smile, flame enriched by lions, water of truth, truth of water
Eight
sails for life in the foliage of the light,
appearances with disappearances in the dark sky

Nine
sails under an object of beauty, we’re born
to live on an island, the unreality of thee unseen

Ten
sails for sunlight studying, facing not circling
with eyes closed, transparency is all that remains

Eleven
sails for nature, the winds turn to leaves
more than air, your body is the trace that springs of light
Twelve
sails for serenity / GOD / this is sentimental
to know the world is like a syllable

Thirteen
sails of spirit make us avert our eyes, a
house is not a home, the water dances till
the action is to / BODY / naked / our skin
touches as you act

Fourteen
going home many moons fit in branches, not
a muse king, drowned in music beginning to
think it’s think

Fifteenth
the face of femininity immortalizes the face
of the air, glass made out of air, talking to it
as a reflection of oneself
Sixteen
the promising reflection of memory, a thirst for airborne at the edge of a rock, a rock is not a mountain

Seventeen
seconds before time leads into wonder and don’t stop falling, smiles turn into constellations that would capture you, bluebird. Where do you go?

Eighteen
murmurs of water as it has carved the faces of the mountain / NO ONE KNOWS / those traveling across the plains, he has two names: one is One

Nineteen
flight down from the stars to win place or show in the colors of water, hitting the air a
god ascends to the ground. Can we all be loved as One?

Twenty
as antiquity’s natures once stood ground, as old as ashes from beyond’s foreground go

Twenty-one
the Century of Progress comes back to you, even if we died I would still remember you because as far as you take me that’s where I will go: the life you’ve given me in days of wonder