

Moon

Devilish Impressions

It's the last gasp... In winsome silence I rested on the house of the passing world to fulfill the tragedy of my own life, among thousands of forgotten existences. It's astounding, how many tears had to be cried out, how many grains of sand penetrated through the fingers of cruel time, before I came here deprived of the rags of ignorance left with just a stubborn picture of deadness or life that's waiting for me... I curse that day when Gods sent me that gift staying on the lonely particle of my Ego. I curse that sword and scales laying in my bleeding hands. So me crazy, protracted note is gnawing into chasms of my consciousness tearing into pieces the memory of the deepest dreams, crushing and smashing everything inside of the eternal element of duration of the fantasy that I created against the unfriendly forces' will. The only thing I remember is the immortal, horribly bright Look, secular essence of life and death. Just like the lonesome lightning that brightens impenetrable darkness of the dead horizon. I remember the abyss with no beginning, with no end, abyss growing bigger and bigger at frightfully fast rate, to finally reach the dimension I couldn't conceive even in my mind's eye... And then was only the silent scream that snatched my drifting body from the embrace of the Silent Ruler of The Infinity. Now, I know what I really desire! Unsheathed blade of my liberation that shone with silver of the saddened moon... In the dim candlelight I find again the stairs leading to a stage. Slowly, my hands are scattering the thickening smoke. I'm reaching the next steps. I can't stop anymore. There's only one moment left... Only there I will find longed-for tranquility.