

## One Word

Persefone

Amongst the shaking  
I had once found myself still  
Navigating a storm  
Full of austere simplicity

Caressing my full being  
This vessel I carry

Alive and latent  
I could not distinguish  
All the parts of me  
Even so  
Inside I was all empty

Obscure and evanescent  
The secret sound will prevail

I keep dreaming of the one word  
That can't be named  
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I embrace the state of thoughtlessness  
So I become one with the whole  
As the one word  
I too was born in emptiness

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I long for the moment  
We no longer use hollow tongues

Existing through my whole being  
This empty vessel I carry  
I am not one face  
For I am many  
I go beyond  
Every tie  
That binds us to  
A realm that  
Never ceased to lie

Become one with the word  
Become one with the word  
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