

# Theophany

Unprocessed

Still all feels so close  
Light around us, glances  
A silent scent of cinnamon  
We so far from now

Every look of gold  
The warmth  
Broiling streams of lechery  
All the world extincts, fades as time  
Pain of desire

And this night  
(We coalesced with us)  
Was to be our life  
(Before dying in you)

And tomorrow  
I lie at the end  
Of the quiet alley of our time

And I flow back to my  
Theophany