

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