

And yes!,
fulfill me...,
as you perceive
already
the traces of my mind
in a sounded
room
we make future
out of apples
breakfasts thrown
over tables of glory
and sofas scattered
around this house
You produce a smile
with the electrical beauty
of night explosions
ten thousands volts
of an eternal now
which extends wings
over seas
made of all the colors
intent in writing
what poetry finds speechless
with a twist of the pen
love is born
life is done...

