



Sky

Falls
Through,

Body
Erased.

Where
I
Was,

Graced.



You
Give
Me

The
Glittering
Pour

Of
Your

Prosperous
Infinity.

You
Give
Me

The
Beautiful
Nothing

Of
The
Free.



Where

Silence
Is
Being
Heard,

Loved,

It
Rushes
In,

Touches,

Engages
In

The
Impossible
Friendship.



The
Thank
You

And
Then

Grows,

The
You

Crescendos,

Goes,

Bursts,

Too.

Goes.

Then
Goes
The
Me.



Full
Eye

Of

Soul's
Skin

Feels
Ony

Heaven's
Aware
Still
Wind.



Stumbling,

The
Moth
Came,

Entered,

Became

Only

Naked
Flame.