

Zenith of Infinity

There is beauty in complexity;

Flowing tapestry of
Translucent white,
Each thread
A separate entity,
Every one present
At once, in
This moment
Of time – this frozen moment,
Where motion yields to
Silence

(For an instant) it all ceases
To exist; collapsing into
Grains of fabricated thought
And apocryphal memory

A woven wave rises, floats
And falls with the wind's
Breath

The word
Casts walls around
Us like shadows in
An ethereal dream,
Fettered to our
Finite sense of
Meaning

Some things,
Cannot
Be spoken.