

# *Delusion*



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## *Identification*

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Alluring stories  
that mesmerize.  
Powerful,  
and overwhelming,  
when taken as mine.  
Void,  
and insubstantial,  
when "I" is not around.

*Unaware*

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The delusion  
of no consequence  
makes our world burn.

*Living with a painting*

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Waking up, I look at you,  
motionless, waiting for the sunrise  
to shake you from the deep slumber  
and shine your colors into the room.

Yet, it's in this darkness  
that I savor the flimsy moment  
where you are only mine.

No eager conversations  
about your beauty.  
No finger-pointing  
to your genius.

Just me, craving the intimacy  
to run my breath  
all over your canvas.  
My eyes, eating your flesh  
as I imagine your juiciness.

I can hardly contain  
this savage impulse  
that wants to rip off your skin.

I don't know where it comes from,  
but I won't deny it.  
Not with you here,  
looking so fragile and tender;

inviting me to reach out  
with your delicate blush  
to taste your ripeness,

feel your velvety curves  
and explore every crease  
until I strip you to the core.

Yes, I'll bathe in your fragrance  
and lick your sweetness  
from my fingers.

Where will I spread the seed?  
I won't tell you.  
I'll decide that on my own.

## *Parallel Universe*

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Meandering passages,  
kilometric tunnels one inch wide,  
turning left, right, and branching  
stability the way to thrive.

A surreptitious construction  
of profound lines through the land  
extending for decades and miles  
cities with no fixed site.

There is a subterranean world  
that exists non-aligned  
to the ups and downs  
of the chaos outside.

A parallel universe where noise  
isn't heard but felt,  
where caring for the young  
is equally shared.

Complex patterns of dirt,  
yet simple rules to be safe.  
A place with collective intelligence  
where billions reside in grace.

## *Surreal friends*

*To my soulmate*



It was the big red fish.  
He was calling me  
with its vibrant, fresh rouge  
luring me as the bait  
in a fishing rod.

"No", said the fish,  
it was your delicate step  
who beckoned for my attention.  
The tincture in your slender hands  
from which I drank.

We recognized each other  
at a distance. Our eyes,  
meeting behind the veil  
of casual existence.

Kindred spirits,  
spiraling down the path,  
to the depths of imagination,  
where machinations  
are not disturbed.

I wouldn't know  
the longing of this connection,  
if it weren't for your blue,  
the golden aura that covers your fire,  
takes me back into the womb.

Is this the call of friendship  
that I hear? The mystic experience  
of truth. I had seen in it my dreams,  
the one in vibrant colors, I shall heed.

## *Just because*

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When young,  
life feels at the expense  
of almost everything.

Habits, whims.  
Lifetime decisions  
taken as inconsequential.

I took the class  
*just because* I wanted  
to walk home with her every day.

We practiced sports  
*just because* we would rather  
not be home.

With such ease,  
we mangle destiny,  
worried by trivial thoughts.

Later in life,  
all those micro decisions  
will lose their thread.

Until we remember,  
the power  
we attributed to chance.

## *Impermanence*

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"Someday I'll miss..."  
started the poem.

Innocent words,  
protected  
by the future tense.

How often  
does someday become today?

The longing  
for days outside time,

Moments of wonder  
within the reach of my hand.

Those nights,  
I never imagined myself  
without.



*Thank you for reading*

If these words touched something in you,  
your support allows me to continue on this path.

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