

The last days i remember, a distance far traveled from shore to shore, like a faint wisp, capturing the presence of ethereal luminosity around the central field. Coming now, from this shore, sands move me away from the tide, like dust from the hourglass the fades into melancholy. As each moment drips into the feeling that haunts the cold memory of death, so such does the cycle remain.

Many swords around me, facing in all directions, I cannot move, this is my last moment. Death...

Fires before the cool refreshing warmth of water. Like the drink that never came to me but sacrificed itself for another. Patiently one waits all there days for nothing to happen, but really, nothing has happened nor wever really will happen. It is just a field of coherence that develops through the central field of our periphery. It is like a warm forest that separates the layers of vegetation and growth so many things to not succumb to the distance that remains impure.

The lotus flower, as it swiftly slow goes around the rapids of life, it reaches never the ocean but just sees that strife is coming to it from the flows above in the harsh elements of time. It is so distant from what i s going on but the feeling is losing touch with all things that are, i can sense that things are coming to pass that don't even know how the are, it is situational bypass to system overload, but nothing will really come of that.

It is so sorrowful, this beginning, like the heart of a million shattered glasses, torn and ripped apart each on their own in temporal satisfaction. So many things are like the remembering time of patient waiting, as I know nothing particular just a mind that has not not mind to no mind in the mind.

Not mind is a place where one comes to see the darkness of reality, there is only interweaving shadows and shapes the construct a dark basis for death, like the capturing of a panther, jaguar, and wolfs a breast, but these animals are so cunning that we pass them by without notice. It is like survival of thing sis beyond what the mind can comprehend, so the wheel of fate just keeps spinning then. When time moves from backwards to forwards, it towards the things that are, the ocean that is, like the whiteness of light that gives hope to kids! But as the cshore comes down the the deepest place of what is going on then the things are ever present and strong.