

Decameron

"Eternity Too Short"

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World of shadows too blind to cry
Worms crowded together to weak and want
Running from reflection to reflection
We measure the world with measure of our blindness
Can you see while looking at the shadows?
Can you touch the shapeless illusion?
Can you hear the echo of words never told?
Can you taste your own transitory notions?
One color of earth shimmering with different shades
Shapeless shadows independent of the light
Kneeling n the ruins of sacred towns
Crying on ashes of refuted truth
We shall remain and dream again
And moment of awakening is too short to recognize

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