

Ephel Duath

"The Unpoetic Circle"

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It is quite ironic,
I can't slow down this run,
But this was my object:
To feel.
Here,
Without disturbances,
Lives the sound,
I want to close this cycle,
But is it equilibrium?
We are sliding but all appears so immobile.
And I'm so different from me:
It's so stupid.
Please sketch a portrait to define,
I will offer you our faces,
Incompleteness,
Indefinite resistance.
Here,
Without disturbances,
Lives the sound,
I want to close this cycle,
But is it equilibrium?
We are sliding but all appears so immobile.

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