

## Lesion

# "Amorphous Forms"

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When the heat lifts up from the asphalt  
Everything seems faded and strange  
You can't distinguish the faces, those faces  
Who take shapes of amorphous forms.

They look like monsters, those  
Monsters that mind produces  
In the fear of a sad memory

They are the victims who keep on living breathing  
Poison, while they invalid burn is this heat.  
With the head bent between their arms they are  
All different but so organized in their petty surviving

I've a sort of pity  
When I look at them who react  
Passively to this slow end.

Torn and upset souls who have always been  
Simply parked on this earth,  
Are imprisoned by the human flesh  
Which is slave too 'cause  
It doesn't bear the pain in silence.

With humbleness, with bravery,  
In my eyes they appear.  
Amorphous forms, indefinable layer  
Of flesh so alone with a tired soul.

Who don't have a place inside themselves.  
Now the heat is between the sky and earth.

Motionless bodies look like pieces  
Of coal while the soul is choked  
In the tie of flesh.

One day,  
Someone or something  
Will pick up the remains...

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