

Mar De Copas

"The Bell And The Solar Gust"

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...and so the bell-maker flew high
Modeling wind and light
Tolling, he kept every soul inside
Once inside a time.

Toll, toll, resound, echoes too far
Wind is independent of time
It carries the truth in form of sound
Vibrating to the eardrum of the sun.

Burn, burn, ablaze, flares too fast
Sun becomes wind at last
Wind becomes truth in action
And tolls the bells of deception.

Untimely bell vibration
Fooled soul direction.
Time intoxication!
Fooled by the gust of purification!

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