

Benedict

"Listen To The Sand"

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The sand, soft and languid,
Appeals to the infinite.
Over there, in your neck,
It runs on hills, bare valleys:
And it flows, delicate,
Caressing each part of skin.

In the deepness of spaces
Listen, listen to the sand
And on boundless distances
Listen, listen to the sand
There's no beginning nor end

The stars, they multiply,
Sprinkle in the darkest sky.
Here we are, forgotten.
And landing on your lashes,
I can see myriads
Embracing each direction.

In the deepness of spaces
Listen, listen to the sand
And on boundless distances
Listen, listen to the sand
There's no beginning nor end.

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