

Fahredin Shehu**"Elixir"**

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Elixir

There's only a dew of elixir in the bottom of the empty cup sleeping as lamb
Now they call it heart, I call it polluted spirit, and you may call it ruby pomegranate granules
But we the simplest so called human entities jointly may only Love and this is sufficient
To suffer for the thousand years and a day more

The one who cares not is the luckiest mundane ignorant but I'm the one alike who outpours his
quintessential not knowing for whom
Not knowing for what reason a purpose never show its glamour in advance
For warning, for love or even for sake of its purest manifestation

In times when words were queued in the thread abundantly curved in bobbin from the human scalp
The necklace of verse is fading its shine no sparkling truths gurgles from its spring to obey our
thirsts

We the thirsty souls for divine morsel wandering in here as the spirits of suicide victims
Empty stomachs of enfant terrible only for the grasp of the truth they never hear even as the sound
of insect

Never as the sound of falling frozen spirit in jade that you may later see as the Galatea of divine
maternal essence

A cornucopia of latent blessings waits

A deficit of Love outbursts proudly displaying its genitalia without a drop of shame
I wander as a working bee searching for the nectar of wisdom to feed my Queen bee
And bestow her eternal life with the royal jelly leaking elegantly from the bottom to the navel

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