

Omnio? - Post

In The Woods...

These eyes, did I die behind these
cold blue eyes? Did I know
where to go?
This light, eclipsed in a worn disguise
did glow even though my cries were
driven by
those echoed lies No where to roam
Open my eyes, enlightened
the child that
whispered bardo omnio

Let me belong, eat my raw,
stick me empty with
your hungry claws-bring me light
can you feel the tension burning?
The soundtrack of our lives,
on an early April morning,
may be able to re-define
the standards of this restless emptiness...

Carved out of velvet, draped in truth
-to reach omnio
Let me be strong, let me
draw all the lines
that fall upon the floor-bring me life
let me feel electric tension
I am greater, taller and a thousand times
smaller
From a ghost that told you where to go
to a piece of flesh that need to know
And as I turned my fragile skin
-I reached omnio

I have gathered bricks throughout a
lifetime
to build a house where I will live
The door is where I write these words
-the window where I forgive
Restlessly I searched the hallway
for the truth of yesterday
But changes cast their ugly shadows
-the basement is there host today

is this the omnio
I have been searching for?