

Stream Of Consciousness

Textures

First ray of light
Introduction to being aware of
Taking turns in shifting from fiction
To living in constraint

It's real but changing
My form is changing
My consciousness changes

Waves of moments
Patterns of phrases, endless or elusive
They keep being continuous
Being aware of what it takes to live
Is keeping me sane, so sane

The art is born, the eyes wide open
Diffuse colors projected on your retina
Watch the play, divert the primal shapes
Primal shapes in disarray

The art is born, for we are becoming
Slaves of thought
Using the stream of consciousness

Prove the senses
Taste the ambience of feelings
And make contact
Here you are
Aware
In direct confrontation
With your inner self

The constrained reason
Has to be erased

Here I am
Exploring and expanding my senses

Constructive building, new minds
The tools are given
BY nurture or nature
Time to apply the physics
New seeds
These wheels turn forever
Endeavour after emotion
We are all part of this perspective
We recreate and we contemplate our answers

Conquer as you strive for a victory
On fortified feelings they are part of you

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Currents of emotions, electricity
Behind the eyes, machines are running
Organic, continuous
Conducting the sounds into feelings
Sights into predictions
Reliving, observing
The worlds endless exchange
Meridian of the moment