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in the ceiling

to smoke
a shard of heaven
and see her
come alive
her naked body
is dressed by the words
that blinds in sleep
as that of untranslatable
alphabet of tears
carried tenderly
from a lost childhood
protected, by the
importance of an invisible
contour
through labyrinths
of intoxicated blood
from the
heart of the poet
who is stuck
between everything
and invented
a language
as that of
a love
which eats time
like a saviour in hell
he sleeps
below a mirror
in the ceiling
smoking the dream
made of her

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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