

Howling Express Over Hypersea

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A star where a leaking moon exits
and a crack that leaks moon comes
and an isle
full of caprice

where they meet an eerily dancing forest
navigating with light
and trembling in darkness.

In the Hypersea
Interspersed with
plant roots and sand
Takes place
a dramatic reconstitution
into the habitat
Of thousands of elegant, marvelous anchors
And hundreds of trees.

As if a giant heartbeat
that penetrates into fear lurking
in underworld,
with a continued illusion
that cracks the reality's structure
a space that navigates by itself,
gleams on its own,
and trembles on
its own throws a performance.

In the peculiar pathway
Where the crescent moon becomes waning moon
And the full moon becomes half moon

Our light is
A mere accidental superposition, no more than a variable,
Of the Earth's orbit around the Sun,
And our own Terra-polis
Breathing with the land of life.

Circumventing the trajectory the light could traverse since the Big Bang
In one circumference
In one crust,
Between the circle, circumference and moonlight
Representing our land,
And each repeated layer
The sensory world creates combinations
Of permeated and layered meanings
And puts millions of in-between galaxies
Onto the stage.

Time,
Air,
Wireless communications,
And the different vacuum
that lingers

An escaping vector
In between a planet
And another planet.

In a perilous moment where a new moon swallows another
forms a clever hypothesis:
symbiosis is what gives
birth to a new thing and preys become allies.

The time is the fundamental discord
Innate in nature
The unfixed land and
Escaping spring,
The world of temperature and sound,
The world of circumference and time
Where objects fluctuate,
And, the all-encompassing sound ecosystem.

In the end,
Gaia is the head of time
Humanity's ear its living indicator.