CONSCIOUS STREAM OF WRITING 🙈

Wilderness flowers flowers birds bees belouded beacons breathe breathing breathtaking space reaches to skies of blanket blue beyond a dimension of thought raging ravens unravel the mysteries of The unseen eye only to weep in sorrow and discomfort of past presents winds whisper without regret without faith without choice chosen for the path you walk there can only be you as I the oneness of creation changes time into a fraction of its linear chilled droplets of water cascade into the abyss pinballing echoes of silent memories before birth before knowledge before conscious being beginning or end same transfer sublimation of expectancy indulge into a waste paper basket reeling rolling rambling faster than tackyon dreamt before a dream say the fables cast into an ocean of unsynchronized waves crashing without mercy drained is the brain through corse sand a million microscopic radiolaria dancing to the rhythms of secrets past bubblefied reflections of reality accompanied by truth never to be heard with human ears cardamom guards of mainstream motion like pictures in Windows withering to Shadows of grey bleach pendulums of fortune overlooked by the wisdom of The windmills mirrored in a sacred circle beneath Broken dreams found not lost but misplaced in agate stone bleeding the tears of tomorrow relentless tortured spirit redeems some hope from this hell on earth saturated radiance regardless of colour or creed reaches out for help listen but it's too late time to die

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