

I Seek The Heart

I seek the heart
I aim to part that reddest sea
Before I depart
And the angels call me
So softly gently
Waking me up

My senses are no longer physical
I see beauty not the beautiful
Hear harmony within the racket

And without it

I taste my own hunger like sweets
I feel shivers between my molecules
The past is only an aroma to me

I seek the heart
I aim to chart that wettest sea
Before I go under
Surrender to thunder
Make snow angels
In the sandy bottom