

Astute

My morning thoughts

They watch the nocturnal.

And I leave the everyday

I change the stage

Retrone everything.

I stand still

Everything flows outside.

I surrender to the curiosity of a cat.

Black, indiscreet looks for texture and color.

All essence is scattered

It invites me to feel the sun.

Deprived of thoughts

I advance about my intimacy

I discover it almost alien

The distant conquest.

I open my eyes well

I stretch my feet

Sigh,

I am where I want.

It takes a relief like a flood

Accurate shot to enemy anxiety.

Without pants

Naked in soul and chest

I light a cigarette,

The truth is pretty

The corners are green

Sex wakes up

I look up

When i make space

Everything returns to its place.