

The Sun Was a Lemon

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Earth is a triangle.

Earth is a triangle.

I saw it!

The field was orange and the fruits were called green.

I jumped into the ocean on a trampoline and swam.

I never got to touch the water.

So I was a tree,

I was never so noble,

Never such a noble human being.

Just grow and create, in the superlative altruism of autotrophy.

Then the war broke out,

and everything was easier,

For there were an Enemy.

But the Enemy was denied from his nature,

And the supposed war was born dead.

The confusion, grand,

a whole new era...

The most beautiful book ever written was called Milky Way,

And a mother from ancient Greece fed her baby with it,

in the blissful ignorance that one day the artificial,

would deprive us from the most precious.

And it rained on the desert,

First forest,

Then park.

Mothers walking their children,

The beautiful young people winked at each other,

and something new opened up in our minds.

I was listening to the radio

Why wouldn't I be in a waking state?

Only when the song ends,

I realized that it never existed.

Does that make it less real?

Are only dreams,

Altered states of consciousness,

not unlike acid.

That I said to God:

“Is this your dream?”

He didn't reply, I don't think he can boast of doing so.

To understand the whole of Creation as God's dream.

It's not so crazy, in dreams everything is possible,

and this is my dream.

My waking dream.

I saw images, I heard sounds, I saw paintings, I heard music.

They were all the same.

The Sun was but a lemon, And I touched it with her eyes,

But a drop fell. Too strong,

It made me cry.

Just a strange thought: everything is touch.

Right at the moment, the so-called rest:

Hearing, sight, taste and yes, even smell, They vanished.

It was all tact.

And I had a conscience, even though I wasn't supposed to,

Were they yet to be born or would they never be?

Then the wishes,

“If you carry a hammer, you gotta hit a nail”

Well says the proverb.

In his day I dreamed that everyone expressed their heart,

With the same ease with which they hid the beauty of it.

I was seriously injured, that in my waking life, this dream, on the other hand, simply...

I'm sitting at a piano, well, okay, now it's a laptop,

But tomorrow it will stop being this piano and I will write it on this notebook.

I have never learned music, not even in this dream,

But I play, and music sounds.

And not only that, I played music that I had never heard before.

It was melodic, it made sense but above all it was extremely complex.

I can bring it to memory, at will.

Now I know that those notes reflect the depths of my mind.

But not only that, there was a book in my room, a collection of poems.

This poem was just the first of them.

I must take a sheet of paper, a pen...

Transcribe it, while the sleepwalking lasts.

Before the effects wear off.