

The living room

You wake up from the nightmare of a loss
of heaven within you — we don't sleep
We multiply in zeros

You welcome yourself in the entrance
You certainly know that the garden is full of surprises
We feel the time in circular softness

When we give up our light — our karmic seeds don't
store anything within — we know
when we remember
the great Eye remembers us back

You are opening your eyes — with a subtle
movement on the velvety cherry couch
Your sigh wipes away the flaws
of a completed soul.