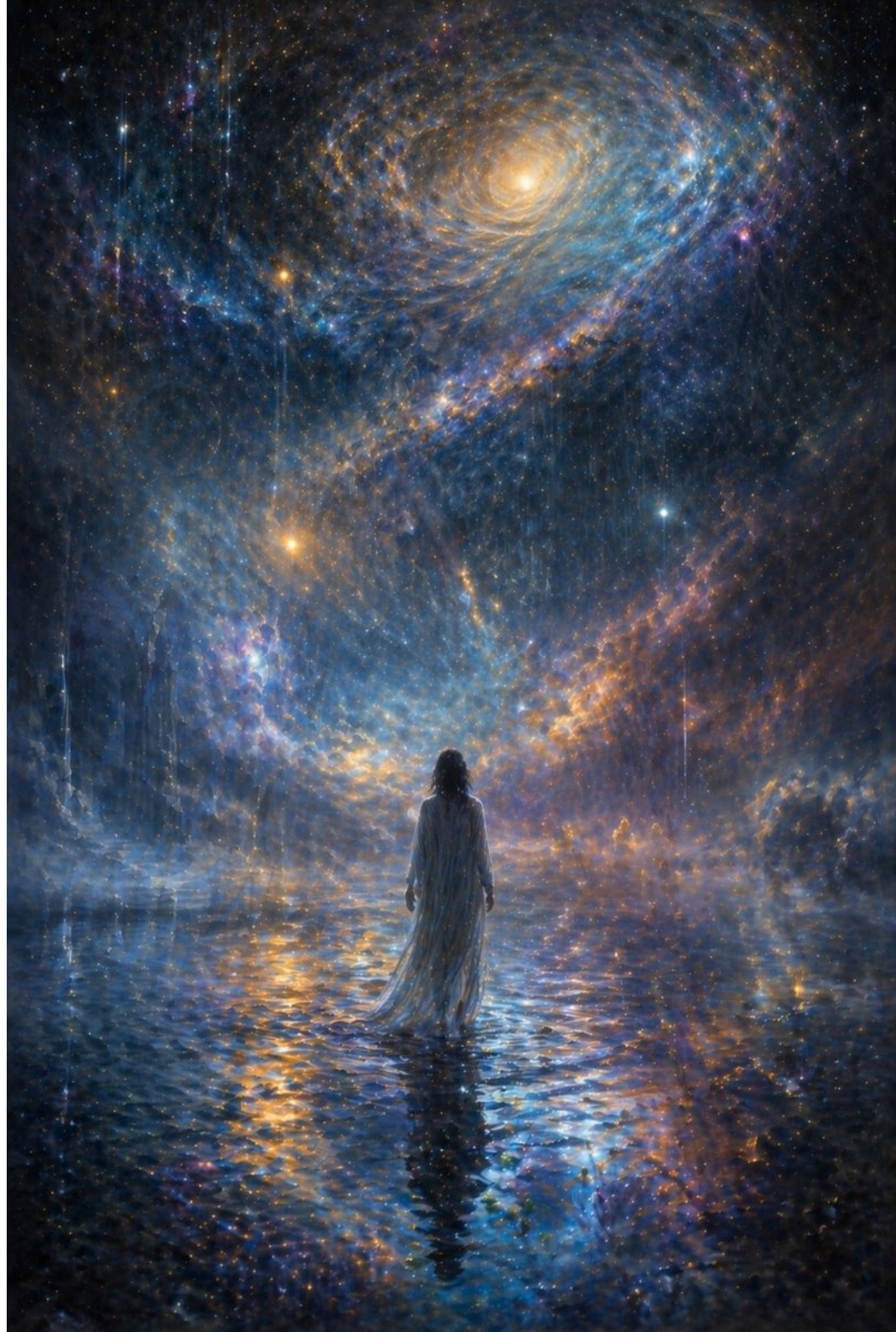




The Breath of the Universe

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус)

The Universe breathes — gently, at ease,
through stars its current is streaming.
And deep in each breath that it frees
a living motion lies dreaming.

Now wind goes racing through dusk of the years,
now stars are flashing and gleaming,
now whisper of rain, now a bell that sears —
all wakes in her, all is beaming.

I feel her heart in the silence apart,
I sense her trembling, her yearning.
She speaks of you and of me, from the start,
in every inhale love returning.

We are a glimmer of her living breath,
we are her light, thought, and motion.
The Universe breathes — and in this is our fate,
and the great song of life's devotion. ☐

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус) · pancratius.ru
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