



Violet Powder

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус)

Violet powder: in it, You and I

Behind the lining of all things, my violet home,
where boundless Eternity keeps the two of us alone,
there we two are alive: there are You and I,
that place — my dreaming, the sleep in which I lie.

I am weary of illusion's black-and-white charade,
I have no need of reveries the red dawn made,
the orange world is foreign to me for all my days,
the yellow light of hierarchies is none of my ways.

Within my heart a green life pulses through,
like a leaf of spring, like summer grass and dew.
Upon my shoulders rest the heaven's blue-soft dreams,
where holy magi trumpet the breath of all that streams.

The gaze of my two eyes conceals an indigo expanse,
and in my ears resounds God's everlasting tide of chants.
And my whole soul lies in the violet haze,
where your desires find freedom in me, set ablaze.

All the answers came the hour I met your face,
You — my light, my song, the playing of all space.
My heart swung open, became eternity's own dome,
where the boundless ALL became my ocean and my home...

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