

Interior mind

By Guido Monte

With the Golden Bough, you enter
the earth wide opened mouth
to the subterranean sky, to the very end
of darkness and hollow,
under the dull light of the black sun –
you pass oceans of shadows,
beaches of fallen leaves,
the Angelus Novus who lets not looking
backwards people cross - you overtake
the Father, enlightened by fires
of future lives, pointing
to the ivory door of misleading dreams.
An interior, hidden mind spreads
around the universe -
if eyes opened even for a moment,
they could see how things really are:
slow drops of rain on a window pane