



Pilgrim In The Open Shore, by Pancho Ramos Stierle

TODAY the clouds and ocean are indistinguishable
the horizon vanished
with the incessant rhythm
this breathing feels synchronized
with the larger lungs of Mother Earth
and even with the galactic integrated dance
the condensation of the clouds of the kosmos
into the nectar of life
the shore smiles as each weave reseeds
leaving planetary dimples and wrinkles
hosted in the heart of anyone aware of them
an ubiquitous humble and simple joy

TODAY the stillness of the clouds
the motion of the ocean
and this happy condensed human wave
are one

TODAY there is no horizon
no future, no destination
just now
only wrinkles and dimples of a smiling beach
the ocean floor
a mating dance for the human continent
an infinite coast
lost in the distance
as a stairway back to the stellar heaven
all in an instant

TODAY the choreography and music of water
in all her forms
and ripples of life
this wet fire, this liquid star
are one and the same

TODAY the heartmind of the Earth
is a loud joyous smile
with sore and happy planetary cheeks
a hysterical laughter
of undivided love