

PIECE OF HEAVEN

A JOURNEY IN POETRY

TO

BELOVED YC

PIECE
OF
HEAVEN



HALFWAY OF OUR JOURNEY,
I FOUND MYSELF IN A SMALL BOAT
IN THE MIDDLE OF A SILENT COLOSSAL LAKE.

MOONSHINE LIGHTS MY PATH,
POLARIS IS HIGH AT MY NORTH.

FOG SURROUNDS OUR CIRCLE,
BANISHING FAITH & HOPE.
HORIZON DESATURATES, LIKE AN
UNTREATED MASTERPIECE.

PATHWAY SEEMS TO BE LOST
INTO THE DEPTH OF COLLIDED WATER.

AS COLDER IT BECOMES,
THE WEAKER THIS LITTLE FORTRESS IS,
SO I AM, SHOWING SIMILARITY TO A HERMIT
IN A LAND OF THE UNKNOWN.
DEATH IS CLOSER, TIME BECOMES SHORTER.

SINGULARITY OF THE MOON AMONG
THE STARS, GUIDES ME OUT OF THE ABYSS
OF THE GREAT SORROW.

AT ONE POINT,
I REACH MY WHITE LAND LIKE ARC OF NOAH

VIRTUE OF THE BLUE LAND IS GONE,
MY BREATH IS TAKEN AWAY IN CONTINUITY.
ZENITH ABOVE MY HEAD,
EAST STAR OF THE THREE MAGES.

CONSTELLATIONS & CLUSTERS
POSSESS NO DISTANCE.
DREAMING HIGHER THAN THE YOUTHS,
SUFFERING MORE THAN THE ORPHANS,
TIRED OF THE SAME STAR.

SWIFT WIND STRIKES THE LIVING.
PARTICLES OF ABSOLUTE ZERO CAST MY SOUL AWAY
MY STEPS ARE BARELY VISIBLE,
EVERY ROOTS COULD TAKE ME DOWN



SANDS COVER MY NAILS,
MINUSCULE STORM OF THE SPHINX.
I REACH THIS ISLAND OF THE HIGH LAND.

FIREFLIES CAUGHT BETWEEN MY EYES,
LEADING ME INTO THE DEPTH FOREST.



FREEWILL OF HUMAN,
NOBLE GIFT OF GENESIS & CREATION.
AND WE ARE NOT AS SAINT AS YOU,
ALL HOLY ANGELS & ARCHANGELS.
CAN'T A HUNTER PULL THEIR ARC TO THE AIR
AND THEIR AXE TO THE LAND?

FIREFLIES LEAD MY WAY
LIKE 72 SPIRITS OF SOLOMON,
SINCE IT BECOMES DARKER
DID I FALL TO THE SAME PIT OF LIE?

AS HIM, WHO LIVES IN THE GREAT BEAR,
LAUGH LOUDLY AT MY DEAD END.
O LORD, I COULD NOT FIND MY SIGHT
TO YOUR RAYS, THE EVIL ONE DRAGS ME
TO NADIR.

QUINTANY OF THE SAINTS IN MY HEART,
PILLAR OF FIRE & CLOUDS.

EXHAUSTED BY NOCTURNAL CHILL,
I CONTINUE TO MAKE FOOTSTEPS.
THIS FIGURE OF YOUNG LADY,
COMES INTO MY SIGHT.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

SHE SHINES BRIGHTLY,
EDGES OF HER BODY ARE LIKE FIREWORKS.

THOSE EYES OF HER, GIVE ME WARMTH AND LIFE,
FLOWERS DECORATE HER HAIR LIKE ROSARIO.
HER SMILE IS LIKE A MORNING LIGHT,
SWEEP AWAY ALL NIGHTMARES.



“HIS BLESSINGS ARE LIKE POURING RAIN,
WITH SEVERAL STORMS” SHE SAID.

I ANSWERED “AND WHAT IS YOUR DUTY?
TO TAKE, OR TO GIVE?”

SHE SMILES AND SAID

“YOU ARE LOST, I AM HERE TO TAKE YOU HOME”

SHE WALKS SLOWLY,
WITH ME FOLLOWING BEHIND.
SHE LEAVES SPARKLING TRACES OF LIGHT
AS SHE STEPS.

FEAR COMES & CONQUERS MY MIND,
FEAR FROM MY OWN JOURNAL OF LIFE.



LIKE SHE IS ABLE TO READ MY MIND,
SHE SAID TO ME “AFRAID NOTHING, I AM NOT
ANOTHER LIE, I AM HERE TO BRING YOU JOY AND
GUIDE YOU HOME”

WE ARE WALKING IN THIS FOREST
FOR A MOMENT, AND WE REACHED
THE EDGE OF A CLIFF.
A CARPET OF PINE TREES.

“WHO ARE YOU O GREAT LADY?” I ASKED,
“I AM THE ONE WHO CAME FROM THE LAND
OF THE EAST, FROM THE LAND WHERE
THE EQUATOR IS LAYING IN ALL SEASONS”

SHE TOUCHES MY HEART WITH HER RIGHT HAND,
AND I FEEL WARMTH OVERFLOWING.



PLANET'S RAY IS SHINING FROM THE GREAT STAR.
WARMTH AND ENERGY ARE IN ME,
REPLENISH MY DEPLETED SPIRIT.

ONCE AGAIN, I FOUND MYSELF IN A SMALL BOAT,
HEADING MY WAY HOME.