## Quinta Essentia

To evaporate without residue,

To leave everything without leaving anything at the bottom of the bowl,

Rising to nothing but a boundless potentially and absence of any ties.

To forget what was in the vessel, never looking back in the mirror of vanishing surface.

To liquidate every meaning,

To leave no film on the walls,

To dissolve into the infinite lack forever.

## Descension

What is left in the bowl,

Is the thick mechanics of the great real,

inert and bitter-sweet, suspended.

Memories of days encapsulating other memories.

Compressed frames and thoughts. Glittering brilliance.

Swirling straight forwardness of impulses. Maxilla of pleasure, Mandible of pain. Unfolding seeing, exhibiting expressions, resolving quietness, wondering intelligence, blossomed wisdom, realizations and rises. Solitude and despair. Muffled sounds and racing howls.   
All the questioned and answers that ever were,

All that, that is here for, myrrhed into essence,

Resting at the convexing space of no beginning and no end.