

## **Zenith of Infinity**

There is beauty in complexity;

Flowing tapestry of  
Translucent white,  
Each thread  
A separate entity,  
Every one present  
At once, in  
This moment  
Of time – this frozen moment,  
Where motion yields to  
Silence

(For an instant) it all ceases  
To exist; collapsing into  
Grains of fabricated thought  
And apocryphal memory

A woven wave rises, floats  
And falls with the wind's  
Breath

The word  
Casts walls around  
Us like shadows in  
An ethereal dream,  
Fettered to our  
Finite sense of  
Meaning

Some things,  
Cannot  
Be spoken.