

THE SOURCE OF REMEMBRANCE

When I walked through the gates of luminosity
I realized that what we take does not belong to us
Earth gravitational equilibrium, the innermost gases and minerals
they are substantial and at their place for a reason
When I walked through the gates of luminosity
I saw the forest on fire and all the animals flee
In the endless desert of the remaining ashes
I found the small footprints of our desperate children
When I walked through the gates of luminosity
I realized that what we killed will now kill us
All beings are from the same source of knowledge
Their death is the death of all memories
When I walked through the gates of fire and destruction
I suddenly became one with the powers of mind
Like a never exhausting army we walked down the river to the source
Thirsty I drank from the waters of Mnemosyne
And remembered the sweet curse of immortality.

© Anja Jaenicke