

1.

<...> *Barns have more to say, more to whisper, the deepest secrets no human can decipher.*

*The skin is brighter, the sun is further away on the horizon, and the fields are free to run, jump, fall, swirl, collapse, shout, cry, laugh, die, resurrect,*

*live again.*

*I asked today how come you ended up this way, she was more than pleased to tell how blessed her childhood was. See, I never wanted to leave for*

*the upheaval of my youth, instead I stayed here, in the fields,*

*where I was born and will die one day soon, she speaks with confidence in her tone.*

*Thus, she never entered the bustling city, never saw a homeless bum,*

*nor the lights shining from the bars when late at night desperate souls drink their sorrows away.*

*She never left.*

*Telling tales of city life they can only produce a laugh louder than the squabble shout.*

*Lady, you should reside, follow us. You breathe the meadows, your feet, your arms, your back, your neck, every vein pulsates the urge to remain with us.*

*I recognize these phrases, they keep on praying onto me, begging to join the bygone path. <...>*

2.

<...> *The morning, where a being is woken up by the sounds of bird symphonies and an ear cracking shout of squabble, afternoons-*

*the sun cracks our fragile bones who seek for shadows over the manzanas, and the evenings- when everything gets still, where everything blends into the meadows when*

*a being goes to sleep.*

*Humans settle here, they don't ask where this being comes from, they don't mind what tomorrow will reveal, they say if there is sun, each morning everyone must wake up.*

*The east side is different from the smell of*

*the west.*

*They don't mind how each one dresses up,*

*the clothes are older than the memory one carries within those ball-shaped heads. <...>*

*<...>The question stems from the conscious mind I keep on pushing away. What is the way of living on this soil we humans have built so well. Did the fields become too shabby or does my being cannot commit any longer to the false illusions of the boxing mechanism.*

*I guess the being will find out when the appointment will be scheduled.*

*But the being wants to know more than it can take with this mind a deity has enslaved.*

*Any sort of produced concept spikes as the hardest drug a junkie affords in the streets of concrete but a junkie feels satisfaction, while I feel the forgery of mirages.*

*Kierkegaard questions the labyrinths of faith while I ask why he asks, what if faith doesn't play the role we think it operates so well, what if religion is a substance for the people from the fields to entertain their still Sunday afternoons, what if a priest is a clown, what if a believer is an act.*

*When they left for church, an inner rebel could not join their circus show, instead we climbed trees in order to be higher than those priests. <...>*