

no more than a scent

by Juan Carlos Pareja

Art evades me persistently.
Tonight is no exception.

Outside, the bitter wind blows:
suddenly, an oddity comes to mind
a memory, a glance.

A mid summer night
heavy and tainted
under the neon lights.

A foolish smile invites me in
come through the threshold of sin
she appears to whisper.

Her dark, silky hair
melts into the
blanket of night.

Her thighs exude weakness
and her eyes, her powerful eyes
kindly request a cease-fire
of rational thought.

Calmly we fly away,
into the night and through
the Pillars of creation.

Electrons and neutrons
and even the quirky quarks dance
to the rhythm of us.

Glorious nebulas guide us
responding to my despotic
and all-mighty snap.

We travel,
unblinking and uncontrolled
straight into Leonardo's
immaculate hands.

Who receives us joyful
and victorious,
holding the taste of immortality
on the tip of his tongue.

All that I am
I owe to your mystery eyes,
I whisper to her.

Suddenly this never ending
blanket that I call solitude
unfolds
and I find myself again
in this god forsaken place.

Yet somewhere in my mind
Eternity hides, all of her.
Hidden from reality;
no more than a scent.

