Living Dreams

Habitants of the earth
I mean the ones made out of it
I mean the ones that comes from birth
And can only leave by death

Traveling through times and space
On any path our gullible minds face
Across different teachings and faith
In such a diverse but simple place

A place where there is loss in profit
A place there is profit in how we loose
Religions write and preach these rules
But only the meek shall get the clues

The rest will do on the day of retribution
When we all have made our contribution
And this dream falls right out of our eyes
These bodies fade cos we really are our intention

just like your dreams, you don't need your eyes
Just like your thought you don't need your ears
Just like your consciousness you don't need your brain
What remains are your memories here to blame.

Christopher Huche
My Heart Found My Heart

Today I made my regular daily visits  
Of which I'm enormously grateful to it  
That's when I resent her presence in my heart  
My heart found a heart

For a moment my mind has rambled over this  
With thoughtful affirmation of what the truth is  
Again it hit me like a burst of consciousness  
My heart found a heart

She's so good to be true or maybe I couldn't get the lies  
Her body was the evidence but the truth was in her eyes  
Of qualities so unique that I couldn't even rhyme  
My heart found a heart

Even though I snob all attempts by her sweet small talks  
Made my daily routine checks and secured the locks  
Some how she always finds her way into my thoughts  
My heart found a heart

I have never felt this complete while we were apart  
It feels like she is the missing piece to my heart  
Since she completes me then it's obvious to say that  
My heart found my heart

Christopher Huche
Trapped Avatars

life is a puzzled wall-art for the mind
Painted over our eye with mysteries to find
Infinite space to mentally trap us inside
Even though there are frames to the sides

So we stare so hard through it's glass
Looking for the painter on the canvas
In the deeps and long walks to Mars
But what we seek only reflects on the glass

Now I see him sitting across the room
Watching over us but his face in the gloom
As freewill lead the Callous to their doom
In the realm we all shall return in the tomb

A place with shades that can't be painted
A place with texture that can't be felt
A place in an era that can't be dated
Is the conscience-energy that runs the earth

Christopher Huche