

Without illusion

The self-deceiving years smoulder behind you
Their ashes are the warning keepsake
When in the moment your guard is lowered
And hated illusions crowd round you
Their memory rinses the mind

The state of freedom is a landscape
Where self moves clearly before the subject
Bending its eye upon knowledge with intense lightness
The sudden conflict evaporates like the morning dew
Before the gaze of the brain glinting without illusion

This achievement is perfect freedom
It alone brings happiness and restores
The future to a proper place
Nothing can take it away.