

These dreams

Of dreams, always think,
Think of me, my body,
Think of how I breathe,
Amuse me my dreams!

One question I repeat:
“What is the spirit?”
“What is the spirit?”
“What is the spirit?”

Wonder if donkeys, sheep,
Vultures, and what creep,
Creatures, in vast seas,
And grass, and trees,
See the world as I see!

Do they, too, ask, repeat:
“What is the spirit?”
“What is the spirit?”
“What is the spirit?”

Last night with Hercules,
I flew like a bird,
But in time, I have sex!

What are they?
What are they?

The many books in shelves
With thousands of pages,
Both ancient and modern,
Tell me loud, clear:
“Ignore B. S. science!”

Freud is a nonsense,
As are his confirmers,
Followers, rejecters!

“What is the spirit?”
“What is the spirit?”
“What is the spirit?”