

Túlio Pinto

I look at my hands: a world opens up:

They read the magic words

Inscribed in the balance of forms.

I scale the summit of the limit

And touch the instability of the universe.

All and nothing, light and dark, Me and others,

All entwined for an instant,

At random.

From the peak of risk, I lean out, but too far:

I fall, with my eyes only

And with my hands grasp a new now.

New balance, new peril,

New peril, new potential.

Forms, they are allies,

And I still have my hands.