

UNDETERMINED MATERIALITY

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Within a realm of forbidding
Where masses continue; seething.
Confined in dear life; unwilling.
Unchain from strife; believing.

Here within lies another dimension
Of worlds so true, so full of tension
With feelings so true, we feel the pain
But little do we know, if it's all in vain

Here then, lays the blank canvas
The unfilled crevice, the quartz glass,
Without a whisper we imagine a single thorn
And so, in an instant, life is born

Oh, the enchant of the nude mind form
Wholly unbound, unrestrained by a lone sly storm
And yet, even in such dominance
We remain powerless by recognizance,
Without feeling the severe aftershock,
Bound by thought and mind; thunderstruck.

So shall the divine overflow,
And so shall obscurity grow.
Though light always finds its way,
Who are we to think, or even say?
For thoughts are easily misplaced,
Trapped inside our mental case.

Finally, as our phantom builds its crescendo
So its secretive voice begins to echo
A melody is heard within that is not ignored
Thus, a new meaning is naturally implored.
And so, is thy mind truly thine?
Or brought to life by a sensory lie?