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My dreamy manifesto under the starry sky - cometward

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Abstract

Attention: This manifesto has in itself a magic power and it can finally refute the communist manifesto (1847/48) and its successors in the form of communist states. It burns a peaceful campfire!

My dreamy manifesto under the starry sky – cometward

by

Pawel Markiewicz—

Attention: This manifesto has in itself a magic power and it can finally refute the communist manifesto (1847/48) and its successors in the form of communist states.
It burns a peaceful campfire!

I am part of the pink eternity.
I enchant the poetic stars.
I dream with ghosts of melancholy.
I am a magician of dawn.
My wing is called Apollo.
I'm so enchanted so dreamy.
I am a sky dreamer.
I am shrouded in the most beautiful enthusiasm.
My dream enchants the beautiful world.
There is a magic dream in my wings.
My wings can do magic.
I like my dreams.
My dream is hotter than feeling.
Philosophical thoughts are waiting for me.
Philosophical sparks shimmer at me.
My philosophy is infinity.
I am in love with the infinity of politics.
I like a druidic fire.
I want to become a druid priest.
Modern druids beautify my existence.
An eternal spark rests in my poetries.
I am spiritualized thanks to poetry.
In politics you can be poetic.

I never quarrel with muses.
I fly in pairs like muses.
My wing would need starry rays.
With beautiful sounds fulfilled my dream of melancholy.
Poetic moment enriches my soul.
There is an Osiris chalice in my soul.
My friend Loreley is a philosopher like me.
In tender tears my magic life takes place.
I sometimes quarrel with tears of finiteness.
I would build a school for Druids.
The imagination unfolds in the moon.
I adore Osiris forever.
My friend Osiris likes the original beauty.
In my chalice there is Osiris' soul.
I fly to the land of Osiris.
I write a legend to the Osiris.
I drink a dew of eternity.
In the dew, I can refresh my soul like muses.
I warm myself in a gentle dew.
I cool my wings in the magic dew.
Into the dew fell my little shooting star.
Ambrosia is eternal for my sake.
In Ambrosia I feel infinitely beautiful magic.
I love to perpetuate this ambrosia.
An idea about ambrosia is waiting for me.
My tender thought must be enchanted by Ambrosia.
I, sitting, wait for spiritualized moments.
I sit there as if I were a musical angel.
I philosophize as if an angelic muse had touched me.
In the wind, my moment becomes like star-shaped existence.
This touch reflects my eternity.
The tender poetry becomes my temple.
In the most beautiful stamp of feeling I belong to you.
I can love all the fantasies of the dawn.
I'll show you my freedom of mindlessness.
I like to collect colored shooting stars of the angels.