



Meteorites and other poems...

The genius, whose unearthly sensitivity slams into our lives – like a meteorite – changes our history and destiny, makes deep wounds, or the talent and skills of this person walk into our life-paths as a shining and wonderful gift. We do not understand these objects – the meteorites with interstellar stardust – where they come from, what messages and imprints are they transmitting to us from other worlds? They roar above and then fall upon us */like the incomprehensible and inexplicable talents and brilliant creators.../* as Celestial messages... who understands this? *Maria Geszler Garzuly*