## Franco Battiato, Investigation On The Third

I sit in the manner of the ancient Egyptians, The palms of the hands softly resting on the legs, And the torso erect and natural, A minaret pointing to the sky. I try to relax and abandon myself, To lose all tension And anxiety.

As if I had entered a deep sleep But with senses ever more awake and aware; A great sense of well-being Pervades the body, the heart and my mind That so often chains me to its thoughts, It chains me.

Add vision
With closed eyes,
Subtract distance
And discover a third state of being
That expands and returns,
Divide the difference.