

# Everness By Jorge Luis Borges

There is only one thing. It is oblivion.  
God, who saves the metal, saves the slag  
and encrypts in his prophetic memory  
the moons that will be and those that have been.

Everything is already. the thousands of reflections  
that between the two twilights of the day  
your face was left in the mirrors  
and those who will still be leaving.

And everything is a part of the diverse  
crystal of that memory, the universe;  
its arduous corridors have no end

and the doors are closed at your step;  
only on the other side of the sunset  
you will see the Archetypes and Splendors.

everness

Only one thing does not exist: oblivion.  
God, who saves the metal and the dross,  
encodes within the prophetic memory  
moons that will be and have already been.

t's all there. thousands of reflections  
that, between each dawn and dusk,  
your face left and has yet to  
leave in many mirrors.

And everything is part of that diverse  
looking glass of memory, the universe;  
staggering corridors which have no end

and doors that close after your passing;  
only on the far side of sunset  
will you see Archetypes and Splendors.