

Destined as the servant to the night where  
your moon dreams of the dirt and the  
sharp tongue of your zealous will is only  
congruent with the salt in your mouth and  
the approaching eulogy of the world. Lost  
in the patterns of youth and the ghost of  
your aches comes back to haunt you. And  
the forging of change makes no difference.  
Memories fly through the mask of your life  
shielding you from time. The years that  
birthed the shell that you gained. Hunched  
over in apathetic grief with a disregard for  
steps except the one taken back. Perched  
up on a rope crafted in smoke / a sword  
wielding death that buried your hope.  
Focusing on light through the blinds. A  
slave to reality under a monarch in the sky.  
Lost in the patterns of youth where the  
windows shine brightly back at you.