

Why? What have they done?
Who has the culprit crossed and forced in another year?
Why have some gone, but we are still here?

Sitting in a circle of clouds. Enforced.
Upon my head. Above my eager eyes.

Misplaced. My mind abandoned. Seized to substance.
Abused in months of excess. Heat flashes of memory.
Breathing in good health. To stop the nightly excess.
Pounding on the walls of the temple. Beside the cross.
Bury me in the bay. Tempt me with throated swords no longer.

Oh, I am weary. I am tired. Tired of leaping.
Collections of caskets. I am lurking death.

An animal. A curse to myself.
Harms way for those I cherish.

Done. Forced in light.

Versed, as the child, on and on.
I am home.

I am home.