

I suffer from an inhuman condition
Almost empty of my empathy
Whisper mantras for compassion
I am losing the human in me
Maybe my mother was a Hydra
Maybe my father Unseelie
Maybe my family came from Lycia
I can't deny the other creatures in me

I am not whole
I am unkind
I'm not like Eve
But I feel fine
My blood is not pure
My body, untrue
And I'd rather be breedless
Than be like you

Too many people
Too many signals
Too many egos
Too much greed
Too many footprints
Too much forgotten
Too many luxuries disguised as needs

I fought with Adam
In the garden
I tried to warn him long ago
Now in this strange world
Who are the monsters?
How can you tell?
How will you know?

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