

## Tomorrow's Fires

F.O.B.

I should get used to knowing that some fires  
Don't burn for tomorrow  
Even if you try to feed the flames  
They are passing away through the night  
No more eager for your offerings

My eyes are lighting in the dark  
But I'm not the prowling creature  
My claws are touching gently  
The carpet of forgetness (oblivion)  
Like a blind man groping for the path

They lead me out of the vanity  
I was carrying inside  
There is too much space now  
The remembrance is scattered by the wind  
And another fire is ready to be lit