

## From Sinking

Isis

His time there so long  
His fingers trace the endless walls he knew so well  
And there the breaths were short and hard and thick with salt  
And in this place he always knew he'd wake alone

Hands clutch in panic  
In this place he built of sand homes that caved  
The walls were weak with salty tears  
Through the cracks in these walls he saw the sun

The sun dripped through the cracks and died  
Shadows managed to betray

Like liquid was the sadness  
Until into the light he stepped

In this truth he knew himself to be  
From sinking sands he stepped into lights embrace