

As The City Burns

Minsk

Can we transgress that sacred melody, that once lulled single selves into solidity?

Can we dance and dismiss righteousness joyously, and wander and err and proceed aimlessly?

There's no king of the mountain for it's crumbled you see.

And no one ascends to the top of the heap, for the logic of mastery has failed miserably.

Let us now wander, lose (our)selves as we dance.

We'll light a pyre for reality and all things dead, perchance.

As children we'll surface ripped loose from these millstones, and mourn as we celebrate, wander, and dance.