

## Requiem: From Substance to Silence

Minsk

We settle for pleasure.  
We revel in pain.  
She will regret forever.  
He lusts for a cleansing rain.  
Set adrift and yet amiss.  
Stranger in a strange land.  
Falling eyes and outstretched hands.  
Blinded by the desperate cry there where fate is eternally blind.  
I await some sort of resolution.  
It never comes.  
It never calms.