

My mind bleeds poems like it never did  
And ink rivers cry over empty papers.  
Inspiration resurges from its ashes,  
Words spread like a devotional song  
In an ancient tongue,  
And this vertical union  
Separates a shared sweat.

Why are you back?  
Our farewell was so sorrowful.  
Why are you back?  
I didn't call you.  
Thanks for coming, I really  
Missed you.  
Thanks for coming, I never  
Said I love you.

You bit the hand that fed your soul  
You were not happy  
You crushed such a sacred illusion  
You thought there was not enough.

Now, like a snake, your skin  
Is in contact with the ground  
And you can see a phoenix  
Flying higher and higher.