

Passenger

Periphery

As we grow and while
She nails in the prophet.
Among the day she saw diamonds and ghosts.
The ground is betrayed,
The lifeless the resperated fall to dirt.
Behold as the water flow within.
The roots of life now sprout to this.
Bent and stirred up earth.
The diseased shall see new light.
Forget the figures.
Sever the distance between,
Who we are and never will be.
The shift of "true man kind".
To see us truely shine.
This would bend me.
As I fold in time.
But the holders of survival,
Would blind me before these eyes could ever see.