

## Flight In Formation

Rome

come here  
lower your eyes and surrender  
to the blossoms spring has brought  
to adorn our grief  
with the memory of you  
love stole away to another body  
to another thief  
to a world you are withering  
you are starving, draining its blood  
come here  
we know nothing of hatreds

nor their jealousies  
nor their enmities  
we laugh and dance in perfect composure  
this is our beauty  
of simplicity and severity of discipline  
be free of whatever they teach  
of whatever they preach  
free yourself of their entrapment's  
of their weapons of mass distraction  
free yourself from the bondage of time and place and status  
for what peace do they give?  
what truth do they reveal?  
what lie do they live?  
whose blood weeps from these wounds?  
detach yourself!  
detach yourself!

for there is a war  
deep in our hearts  
and that's where all battles ought to be fought  
come here  
lower your eyes  
and surrender