

No Argument

Sleeping at Last

Like starting war,
Like spilling ink.
Like the empty street
You swore you saw
Before you blinked.

There's no second thought,
There's no turning back.
There's no calling off
This avalanche.

Every day, now spent
Underneath white flags.
Every intention, eclipsed
By every stain of the past.

There's no argument-
Fairness is a ghost.
There's no argument-
It is a rare bird at the most.

But every sighting is proof.
And every heart-beat proves it too:
That only love can change the shape
Of such permanent truths.
Of such permanent truths.
Such permanent truth.