

## **Harvest**

Blood does not choose where it flows.  
It just goes, it just goes  
Where it is needed, where it is found,  
Quenching the roots we put in the ground.  
And then what will happen when the harvest comes?  
Nothing but feed on roots and rum,  
Consuming the essence we were given,  
Swallowing the sins we have bitten  
Off from the marrow of the weak and the ruined,  
Never to question what we were doing.  
This is the way our ancestors fed.  
This is the way humanity has led.  
It's fate, and oh, how it takes!  
Young thieves playing for the highest stakes!  
First came the stone, then the water  
Now we have made Mercury our father.  
Let us rejoice, we have stolen all!  
Now, time to host a most excellent ball  
Of shimmering smiles and cutting gems,  
Pots full of wilting roses' stems,  
Tables covered in bone and shells-  
Let us not awaken from this sweet siren spell.  
Raise our goblets to freedom and drink,

Never mind our wine has turned to ink.  
Set our thirsting forms to sway,  
Dance the empty hours away.  
It is a fairytale of most beautiful ire,  
Told by our basest desires.  
Or perhaps it is wisdom,  
I seem to have forgotten,  
With a stomach full of pomegranates long rotten.  
The garden is blooming,  
The sunset is looming,  
The harvest will soon arrive.  
Pull the thorns and roots from the mud,  
Set the blood aside.  
We are the harvesters, we are the providers;  
Learned from the raven, hyena, vulture and spider.  
Pick with our fangs and suck with our tongues,  
Don't spill a drop until we are done.  
Let the blood flow,  
Oh, let it go, let it go, let it go.

### **The Value of Bones**

My grandmother's dead,  
What a shame indeed,  
That the world is now with little less greed.  
But not to fret, my favourite pet,

Her final legacy has not yet been met.  
For while the lawyer reads her final verdict,  
I watch her children lean with fervent  
Hunger for what might have been,  
With all the tears of heartbroken kin.  
Their hearts so heavy with wanton grief,  
I imagine it must have been a relief  
When the suited man did confess,  
They will not be weighed by her golden crest.  
For you see, within her coffin she kept  
Every coin, correspondence, and debt.  
How happy they must be.  
They cried such tears as to fill a sea.  
But as they left with eyes so somber,  
I found my night so empty of slumber.  
For what a shame, my dear grandmother must feel  
Weighed in death by her jewels and seals.  
My heart weighed heavy, as did my eyes,  
And so, I consulted the readings I did find most wise.  
Crawling away from daylight's coming,  
I found the Modern Prometheus to be cunning.  
But his wit could not distract me from my dear departed's call,  
I understood what had to be done,  
Once

And

For

All.

So dawned did I my shoes and shovel,

And tranquil as night, I left my hovel

To do a deed most charitable in esteem.

I returned at dawn with gold and dreams.

### **Time**

Time does not discriminate.

It grinds and groans within our bones,

Whispering wisdom and memories lost

Preparing our warm corpses for winter's frost.

It comes in the shape of wrinkled pages

And words that have not been said in ages.

It breathes alongside us, in perfect rhythm,

Always there, and impeccably hidden.

It flirts with madness and crows with senility,

And shares its marriage bed with cruelty and gentility.

Time is neither harsh nor calm,

Rather it stays there holding our clueless palms

From the moment we shed our first coat of suffering

And freely give it in most humble offering.

Time does not discriminate,

It loves as gravely as it hates,

Only an enemy to those who run from their fates.  
Always in fear, always in horror,  
Never wishing for the endless tomorrow.  
Running from a hill of boundless night,  
Waiting till the old clock begins its twelve strikes.  
But time is patient; time is anxious.  
Time leaves not itself for human action.  
For you see, time does not discriminate,  
Time does not care nor wallow,  
Time is not a thing to be tracked or followed,  
For Time has empty eternity, and Time will never arrive.  
It ever waits and wants, running by your side.

**A Lament as Found in the Diary of St. Anthony of Padua**

I cannot find it.  
My condolences, truly;  
I would have never imagined  
the rules to be so unruly.  
It seems a tragic irony of fate  
That I have come at an hour far too late.  
But I thought that I could-  
I thought that I should-  
I thought that my brothers and sisters would  
See beyond their own desire.  
See the world past the wire

Barbed with deceit and arrogant will,  
Dripping with poison that only fulfills  
A wickedly true reality.  
I have lost the way of morality.  
Would you like me to apologize?  
Or shall I merely romanticize  
Of what might have been or what could be  
If only I could have been able to see  
What was right in front of me.  
What I always knew, what I always feared-  
My family has gone to forever revere  
An idol of shade and contentment  
While I watched and sobbed for a lamented  
Christ, Guru, God, or Father,  
I wept openly for my lost mother.  
I have lost it,  
Perhaps it is my fault?  
I kept my presence in a dusty vault  
Of books and piety,  
Notoriety  
Drowning away the calls of a society  
Praying for my aid.  
Praying for a world I thought to have made.  
But I ran

and I cried.

I spent my immortal virtue in desperation to hide,

And now when the sun casts its glance on me once more,

I long to return to a time before-

Before the water grew thick with pestilence.

Before madness was met with excellence.

Before the pagan words of Hermes rang true.

Before I lost my way to you.

They beg for me now; I beg for you here,

Tell them of the future they should not fear.

I have lost It.

I am sorry, truly.

I never understood the consequences fully.

They favour my foolishness, they resent my dread.

Never mind that I am long dead.

With my legacy written,

And my tongue well hidden,

They worship what cannot be.

They have lost what I cannot see.

I have lost it.

Forgive me.

I know I never can.

They all seem to have forgotten I am merely a man.

**Wait**

I have seen it happen time and time again.  
The gates will open, and then it begins.  
The world is running,  
Crawling and climbing.  
Gasping for something.  
Merely surviving.  
The roads are heavy  
With runners so ready  
To take what the other has.  
I let it pass.  
I will walk my way through the waving grass.  
They say that I am foolish to stay,  
Stay away from the rush and fray.  
But I am not still, I am not silent.  
I am not conformed to a quiet  
Race.  
I know my place.  
I know my path; I know my pace.  
Patience is a virtue my mother knew best.  
She taught it with every breath in her breast.  
She sat me down when I tripped and fell,  
Told me the secret to life's curious spell:  
"Life is long, a race is short.  
Don't try to rush it, survival is not a sport.



You'll find your destiny, it will be fine.

Slow down and wait.

Take your time.”

I come of age in lightning speed,

Learn how to write, learn how to read.

I collapse and fall,

take a breath and stall.

Lightning speed is not for all.

I know what I am meant to be.

And for that, I will wait patiently.

The world pushes closer,

In time I grow older,

The streets only keep getting colder.

But my heart thumps at a tortoise beat

Feel time pass bellow my feet.

Let me wait.

I am willing to wait.

I am not slow; I am not late.

I am perfectly certain of my fate

Don't worry, I know of the grind.

I face a relentless uphill climb.

I'll take my time.

I walk till my soles are sore with salt.

I pick up my bones and climb the asphalt.

Take a step-

Breath.

Take a step-

Heft.

Take another until my smiling death.

Yes, patience is a virtue

I shall adhere to.

I'm not collapsing just so I can get through

A finish line that was never for me.

I know where mine will be.

I'll wait patiently.