

Fires

The fires were built on the essence of darkness to ward off the devils. The man who destroyed these fires must not have known that ten inches of light sitting above a half sun would release out of itself less than absorption and the dark of young; so little roots will hold the lightness of death. He must not have known these still legs would open the confinement of dirt, that spoken closeness still by dark will close their skin like hypothermia, that you would sit there in the crowdedness of many moments walking your hand along the rough surface of death.

Culture

My own utopia

The familiar smell of the place i belong

Filling me with comfort and calm

The freedom to do and touch

The memories of my parents using blandishments to send me to bed

идти спать! They would tell me

Their dreadful past echoing through their language

A life much different than mine

So far away it doesn't seem real

Like a far away universe drifting millions of miles per hour through
endless void

Slowly moving further away

Their culture being peeled away like a fresh tangerine

Not much left for the new generation

A sliver of the language holding on for dear life

Sleep

I yearn to sleep, and sleep too little
I see a dream, and see too many
I don't see time but know when to wake up

Dreams of the world. What is real?
What is the truth? Is there any?
I yearn to sleep, and sleep too little

Some restless nights of endless turning
Time seems infinite until I awake
I don't see time but know when to wake up

My eyes fly open, my mind starts racing
What time is it? Am I late?
I yearn to sleep, and sleep too little

I start getting up, everything yelling "go back"
I'm not strong enough to resist. What is 5 more minutes?
I yearn to sleep, and sleep too little
I don't see time but know when to wake up

Service

Don't judge a servant by his actions

For they listen to a voice

Mother tells them to jump off a cliff

They will soar through the clouds

The voice piercing all else

Like a needle through fabric

A life as a servant

To succeed is to follow

To fail is to think

To live for yourself is forbidden