

Consider The Thief "In Vitro"

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A fear forms I cannot name
Pulsing in waves of sine,
In gaunt rooms, in pallid light
And flatlines

In faith I drank as from a spring,
Yet a bane makes itself in me,
And thirsts for the very things
I despise

Though by no choice of mine,
I see through my mother's eyes.
I look to a newer world
With the sunrise

Where birthrights endow;
Not to burden and bear,
But bless and bestow,
And baptize as heirs

But I'd be received with sighs
As the bane of my mother's pride;
As a stranger inside her womb,
Yet outside.

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