

# The Khayembii Communique

## "AM1200"

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It seems those days have come and gone into the  
obscuring glaze of hindsight.  
We were just kids,  
grasping for truth.  
But what we had can never be replaced..  
.damaged but never undone.  
And now we take our time to see how we could have  
done...  
So much more with the proximity.  
Thinking that just maybe we were the ones who'd be  
able to set things right -  
but it's gone.  
Factions remain,  
but the overriding mood is dead.  
So I pace around at night,  
just lost.  
Do things like this come along more than never in a  
lifetime?  
20 some kids,  
living out and lashing out at what we saw,  
no way we could bring it back.  
Those moments will say where they lay.  
And I see a new horizon or at least,  
I hope I do.  
Now we take our new positions out in the world,  
we'll remember those times,  
those snowed in nights...  
dreaming, hoping, laughing.  
But don't remember it too well, because if it gets too  
vivid you just might slide further down into the valley,  
all moments left.  
Staring at the former peaks,  
don't remember it at all.

[Strummed to sounds not heard...to lies. I believed I  
could falsify love and I was right. Led with blinders I  
visualized the truth, and the sorrow that lives once the  
known was gone and I tried to identify the source with  
some semblance of dignity truest art; love. Should I  
fear, will realize, should I trust a fleeting feeling? what  
if this is just a facade...we couldn't stand do I rot or do I  
just continue to die... who would die and if this is just a

facade I could not help but fall. And with falsities fallen  
far from this circle - we began anew. ]

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