

The Khayembii Communique

"The Thirtieth"

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here i drown in artificial light, in a cluttered room,
which has never really felt like mine.
and outside, the sun is rising
which i know by feeling,
not by sight.
i stare straight ahead and i feel time passing.
it's tim to move out of this life and into the old.
and i try to fight it, i try to adapt,
i try to ignore the impending departure.
this chronic insomnia;
nothing but a pathetic revolt against inevitability.
a new begins and i can't imagine leaving the old.
while i know my time here ends,
your journey continues.
though you don't see it as such.
i hope that my time here has helped you to see that you
must use your life to live.
i just want to sleep in your embrace, until orders for me
to leave wake us. then we either drown or rise.
oh, were it only so that we could alter these facts.
usualy one has a choice but here we can't do a thing.
had we been given a chance to bloom.
but, for once, all we can blame is circumstance.

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