

## Born

Algiers

Ghosts in the discipline of the human  
Forces swimming within  
Brewing a tone ascending  
The fleeting passage of time  
The planet turned in on itself then pieced back  
Unearthed  
Born  
We all came from a woman  
Grew our bodies inside her washed in her blood  
First blood  
So how does the mother stand beside what she created?  
As the child takes labored breath like the first  
Last blood not like the first  
For walking, for playing, for driving, for breathing, for being  
Burying her feelings with the limbs she bore to life  
Her heart heavier than the body  
We wrap around these times  
We hold to be felt our brown skin shining against the sun  
Bright and seen, always seen  
Creating a shielding layer of strength to muster a life in the  
open  
Bright as a new sun  
One with blending colors strewn about  
Can we see each other through the mist  
A hazy new face caught in the moment of living  
I knew this wasn't a dream  
'Cause dreams don't feel matter  
And matter is solid in its term