

# Home Sweet Home

Gazebo

Home, sweet home  
Two walls that I can stare  
Friends or foes  
Something they just can't share

In my own division of the space  
I can breathe  
Miracles of fame and money  
Haunt the breeze

An endless field  
Windy Autumn nights  
A Fireplace  
A fusion of burning hearts

And butterflies  
Caught in the traps of snakes  
Black snakes  
The tube trains like to stamp

Shades, white shades  
Protruding from my lamp  
In my own division of time  
I can breathe  
Prisoner of the supreme laws of biology