

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