

My mind bleeds poems like it never did
And ink rivers cry over empty papers.
Inspiration resurges from its ashes,
Words spread like a devotional song
In an ancient tongue,
And this vertical union
Separates a shared sweat.

Why are you back?
Our farewell was so sorrowful.
Why are you back?
I didn't call you.
Thanks for coming, I really
Missed you.
Thanks for coming, I never
Said I love you.

You bit the hand that fed your soul
You were not happy
You crushed such a sacred illusion
You thought there was not enough.

Now, like a snake, your skin
Is in contact with the ground
And you can see a phoenix
Flying higher and higher.