

Firstborn (Ya'aburnee)

Silent Planet

You bury me.

Glass clouds shed their autumn skin - kiss the mourning stems as they bow to the wind heads hung like wartime mothers as the congregants struggle to console one another. We're bandaged together, soothing the surcease. Huddled inside the fog - beneath the barren trees. Budding youth, unfettered by absolutes: do branches wither first when there's blood on the roots?

Can you stretch a moment into a thousand? Away from the quiet collapse of it all.

I know the Know who knows you, I see the See who sees you. I'll follow you into forever.

I memorized your pain, I put my thoughts inside your name. Little Light, can't you see? You're supposed to be the one who buried me. I tried to stop the flood. I tried to pull you from the tide. Now you paint the sky with distant fire.

The room lay quiet, sowing silence - watching lifelines stream through wilting arteries. Dreams crash with awe behind your roving eyes. How I envy the calm that occupies your mind. Drifting just above the flatline that keeps your thoughts displaced from mine. I can't divert the current, I divide and wash ashore.

I'll try to write you to rest - plant you inside my prose. Yet my resolve, does it shake beneath a four-foot casket shadow. The ink has spilled across the page, shaping surviving sun to shade. Valleys and peaks, in grief, descend into a ceaseless sleep.

See how the night unfolds - constellations welcome you home. Adrift in the river beyond our memories. You bury me.

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