

THE QUARRY

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I wish I
were a bird that
doesn't know a
cage.

This Ark too
will sink, but

we will all
survive.

You will
float if you
have a pair of healthy
lungs.

Exhale,
inhale,
shout and
hide.

We are
mere fugitives no
matter where we
go.

Let the one
who has never been
saddened throw the
first stone at me.

Give me
another
glass of

fire.

The paradise
is always
drawn in
pointillism.

See my sister
who is still happily
in that tiny
box.

The worst
scenario is
that we all
forget.

Old friends
wearing
same clothes in
my dreams.

Life is too
long for those
who wish for a
miracle.

There are some
shores you cannot find
unless you are
washed ashore.

See you soon.