

Through My Eyes

Submissive to the freedom

I float through the blue
wanderlust sky



I stay and watch the day sink into
night.

I see omnisciently;



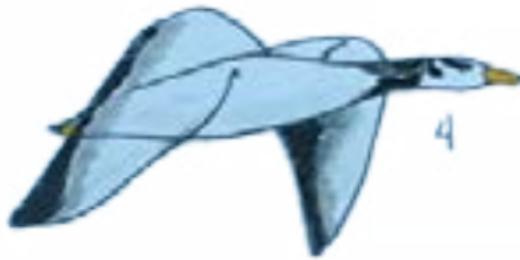
The slums that consume
our children
From the songs of their
mothers' hymn

The beauty
the youth
created



From the mud of the
earthliest tones

The society in which the
hell was risen
within the angels



By the ones who birthed our seeds

How it was wasted and wrapped

Within the depths of the abyss.



Life took them in
For granted; Presented
them. Sold them.

Dependent on the freedom



I float through the blue
wanderlust sky

As I marvel



Among the breeze of the
water

I see

Omnisciently

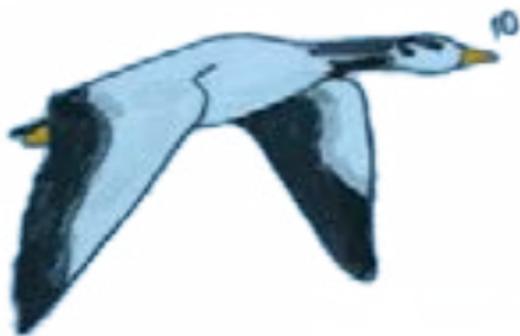


My Home

My home has been obliterated
by the ones who walk upon my
mother's land.

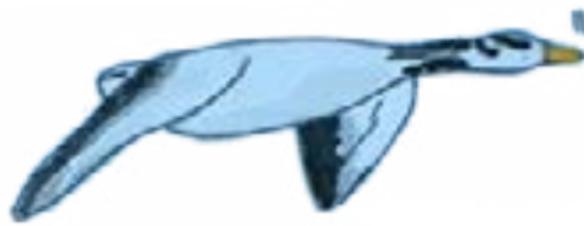


I have flown above my home



For once it was a wild forest

For once it was a naked slate



For now it is occupied by the ones
who walk upon my mother's land.



But I have accepted the terrorists
just like a child who suckles on his
mother's nipples



And I have accepted the unity
and the separation in which they
settled



And I have accepted the tears and
blood in which my ancestors have
exuded on the raw soil



And even when they have took me
from my mother's land,
they have not taken the roots from
me
in which my mother is instilled
within me.



