

Gregor Samsa, The Adolescent

We close our eyes,
wait for the night to come.
It just takes time.

This boy is why
we've come from far away,
but who saves whose life?

Day after day,
skin burned in deadly heat.
A fractional prize.

Night after night,
it becomes clear to me
that I'm wasting time.

We've tried and we're tired,
but there's still much to be done.
Let's not lose sight.

3 AM comes,
he calls them to their knees
and I pray we're right.