

Shai Hulud, Ending The Perpetual Tragedy

hear my words that i might teach you.
take my arms that i might reach you -
that i might reach
straight for your throat.

this is madness.
will we not be satisfied
until we sit drenched in each other's blood?

the shame of only two appaling options:
a taker of life, of a dead man.
this is why the wives, the mothers, and children are mourning.

love, as vital to life
as blood to heart,
conquers pain,
lest death intrudes by means of it's
flawed emissary, man

on this day, saints will be sinners.
there will be no victors, only bereaved.
this is why we morn.

leaving the world blind, eye after eye.

disease inhabits the environs.
famine feeds our gardens.
flesh is predisposed to die.
death needs no aide.

we bear blood to where we rest,
and still we are not sleepless...

and we will live such tragedy in perpetuity.

her loved one is dead.
his loved one is dead.
my loved one is dead.
your loved one is dead.

this is a tragedy.