

Shai Hulud, If Born From This Soil

This world is a burden
And it disgusts me.
I want to deny it,
Its inhabitants and their possessions.
I'm embarrassed to know
This soil produced me.

I'm dying to be elsewhere,
Trying not to belong in a nature
Of impulse and self indulgence.

A brother to none,
my kinship lies elsewhere.
I am separate and loyal to no one,
If born from this soil.

I'm embarrassed to know you;
you do not represent me.
a likeness only in structure,
Not in mind.

I vow to never belong to anyone
Born from this soil
A people that follows blindly
Will not reprimand me.