

Tomorrow's Fires

F.O.B.

I should get used to knowing that some fires
Don't burn for tomorrow
Even if you try to feed the flames
They are passing away through the night
No more eager for your offerings

My eyes are lighting in the dark
But I'm not the prowling creature
My claws are touching gently
The carpet of forgetness (oblivion)
Like a blind man groping for the path

They lead me out of the vanity
I was carrying inside
There is too much space now
The remembrance is scattered by the wind
And another fire is ready to be lit