

Requiem: From Substance to Silence

Minsk

We settle for pleasure.
We revel in pain.
She will regret forever.
He lusts for a cleansing rain.
Set adrift and yet amiss.
Stranger in a strange land.
Falling eyes and outstretched hands.
Blinded by the desperate cry there where fate is eternally blind.
I await some sort of resolution.
It never comes.
It never calms.