



## Through My Eyes

Submissive to the freedom

I float through the blue  
wanderlust sky



I stay and watch the day sink into  
night.

I see omnisciently;



The slums that consume  
our children  
From the songs of their  
mothers' hymn

The beauty  
the youth  
created



From the mud of the  
earthliest tones

The society in which the  
hell was risen  
within the angels



By the ones who birthed our seeds  
How it was wasted and wrapped  
Within the depths of the abyss.



Life took them in  
For granted; Presented  
them. Sold them.

Dependent on the freedom



I float through the blue  
wanderlust sky

As I marvel





Among the breeze of the  
water

I see

Omnisciently



## My Home

My home has been obliterated  
by the ones who walk upon my  
mother's land.



I have flown above my home



For once it was a wild forest

For once it was a naked slate



For now it is occupied by the ones  
who walk upon my mother's land.



But I have accepted the terrorists  
just like a child who suckles on his  
mother's nipples



And I have accepted the unity  
and the separation in which they  
settled



And I have accepted the tears and  
blood in which my ancestors have  
exuded on the raw soil





And even when they have took me  
from my mother's land,  
they have not taken the roots from  
me  
in which my mother is instilled  
within me.



