

From above we pass

I look outside of the window

*above
the clouds
nothing recognisable*

The places

*I couldn't visit on this return.
over Jerusalem now
land*

After the eye can no longer take on the world
vaguely, it looks vaguely
as though hidden behind a shield of shadows, and

after it sees its truth glaring, as though after it sees nothing in truth, it closes
it's waking up against the morning sun, its lid to the light, after disaster,
remembering all of this now and how it happened so quickly

I couldn't then understand I can't remember anything!
when home,
one truth,
pure emotion,

this moment of anger How could anyone survive life
without once saying,

I want to go back to my mother

I'M CRYING OUT TO YOU NOW FATHER

YOUR LOVE FOR YOUR CHILDREN IS
VAGUE, I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN
TRACING THE MARKS OF THE REAL

WHAT CAN I SAY TO YOU?
RESTLESSLY STANDING BY A MOTHER
LOSING HER MIND.

MAYBE I AM AS UNAWARE OF YOU AS
YOU ARE UNAWARE OF ME,

TROUBLE TROUBLE

RESOUNDING SOUNDS