

The sky is burning
We reflect
The moon is radiant
We deflect
Silence is welcome
Nothing further needed
Sometimes glowing
Sometimes without regret
Rivers tumble overhead
The sky flows beneath our feet
The ground gently weeps
Birds call
The trees fly
Naked and afraid
The world turns
And turns
My eyes water and sting
Bones break and become fire
The fire becomes ash
With rain ash becomes clay
From clay we are born anew