 Untitled

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And so it starts,
A single interdivision.
Self-sacrifice for progeneration,
Seeking for that blind light,
Knowing every dawn comes after a night—
And sunset is just forgetting.
While destiny's illusion laughs
A crescendo of falling cries
Shades away the buds of wisdom.
Black is not a color
Until it's been awakened,
White can never see itself;
The light hurts my eyes
But I daren't turn away.
Will you watch the stars with me?
They are brightest when you look;
Though do not ask me what they say
When they speak, it is for you. Can you hear it?
Can you see it? It's waiting
For you, if you can reach it,
As if you've done so many times before
Lost and found in the memory of a dream.
Let's play a game,
Catch as catch can
Fighting against with the soil—
The sky can't run forever!

Celestine hides from the celestials;
Your bindings are not real—
Reach out and find something,
Enlightenment perhaps will do;
Only life is not relative.
Learning is growing is knowing,
But how big is omniscience anyway?
Moving slowly seeds a dance,
And passion in pieces is
Shattered intensity is power still.
Do you really think you can drown?
These branches are ever-higher, ever-wider,
But you are not yet the master;
Your leaves do not see enough—not yet.
Time can be such a bore,
And maybe now I can be tired.
Laughing is a miracle in rays,
Tears are the translation of clouds,
Yet souls are stored in the heart
So in the end you are still here—aren't you?
Desperation begets strength but neither may die;
Stand firm in the grains and spread your arms wide
There is someone out there and it is you.
And YES—
Cry havoc! For here the blossom's burst
And all creation faces your eyes.
What makes you think that 'now' is an end?

Mai-Anh Tran

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