

# Resilient

## Inior

A step away from my spine  
sky turns from black to blue,  
Just a while from myself  
a mind plays in perfect tune.  
Slide on one of nine sides:  
The mourn will have a name.  
Call it passing pain and  
my crisis won't be late. And yet whose voices are these?  
Emptiness is my choice.  
Coming through those faces  
who's going to make next noise?  
Mood, gestures, needs, will, talk,  
please tell me what can I control?  
Here's me, defying my fall  
Just like I was never born.

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