Latin Roots

Fugazi

Lying on our backs,
This is your parents' bed,
A good place to be laid 'cos it's so neatly made.
Staring at the ceiling,
Vein to vein the lines look the same
As the ones that you're seeing,
And then you start speaking:
Rracing your father's footsteps in your mother's shoes,
Going up and over and across your latin roots.
Point points back to its origin,
Across the world cogs are clogged with the sand,
Here the air breathes freely and our tongues work loosely,
Border approaches border,
You're using your hands and smearing your r's.
I'm looking over my shoulder,
Strained resistance to scour the door for
your father's footsteps or your mother's shoes,
Coming up and over, cut across your latin roots.
It's time to meet you makers.

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