# Occident

## MÃ³a

Mercy me, the night is long.
Take my pen, to write you this song.Lord: is it harder to carry on,
or to know when you are done?All my life, I've felt as though
I'm inside a beautiful memory,
replaying
with the sound turned down low.Long-life, show your face.
Slow-heart, curb your taste.
Smoke me out of my hiding place.
Long-life, state your case.What in the world are we waiting for--
building glowing cities 'long the shore,
where the wind batters in,
baiting my kin like a matador?So much value, placed upon
what lies just beyond our plans:
waving my handkerchief,
running along, till the end of the sand.Long-life, speak your name.
So tired of the guessing game.
But, something is moving,
just out-of-frame:
Slow-heart,
brace and aim.Breaching slowly, 'cross the sea,
one mast--
flash, like the stinger of a bee--
to take you away,
a swarming fleet is gonna take you
from me.The universe is getting loose:
sodden spread,
from some leaden disuse,
rushing, unhinged,
towards diminishing lights,
like a headless caboose.I'll wait for you,
'longside the ocean,
and make do
with my no-skin.
But then, Long-life,
will you let me in?
And then, Slow-heart,
are you gonna know him?
Long-life, speak your name.
I wait, while I decry the wait.

And when I die, may I relate:
Slow heart, congregate.To leave your home, and your family,
for some distortion of property?
Well, darling, I can't go.
But you may stay
here, with me.

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