

Life Is a Story We Tell Ourselves
by Being Sentient

The terrible fascination of being alive
in a primitive world still violent
with contradictions, this ghostly home

draped with the fluttering shapes
of torn imaginings. Seasons of damage
and beauty, of enlightenment

and opposition. Storms sweeping in,
like an inquisitor who shakes the trees.
Day sauntering from light to dark

and back again, our meandering path
that will not free us or explain itself.
The wood I walked in after dark

that led to these forsaken fields where
a soft light from the sky rests tenderly.