

VITALITY

— HANNA ABI AKL —

Vitality

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LOSS

I have always been
For the anti-hero
The man with a dark side
The lone wolf
Who answers with a shrug
Of the shoulder

He who is capable
Of being a deserter
In an epic battle

A rescuer
In unexpected moments.



REPRISE

Here we go
Again
On another
Night
Thinking
About
Another life
And how much
Drinking
It will take
To forget
Or numb
Myself
To sleep

My gut
Wrenches
Like a sac
Full of stones

It weighs me
Down
And with it
My vision
My hearing
My taste
Are impaired

But the mind
The mind
Is always
Stronger
Rebellious
Defiant
It does not
Crumble
Under the quaking
Of rocks
It does not
Surrender
To the onslaught
Of the dead

And so
It begins
Again
Like a flow
From the gut
To the mouth

To the mind
To the eyes
Rainbows are
Drawn and
Quickly scraped;
Voices circle
In the room
And quickly dissipate
Into the thin cold
Walls

Where are they?
Where is she?
Where am I?

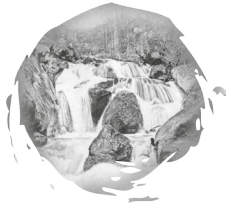
And the reigning
Silence
Is king;
It settles
Again
Reversing the
Aging of time
And bringing back
Painful memories:

We
Do
Not
Let
Go

Easily
Of those
We
Have once
Cared
About

And the silence
Remains

And the silence
Remains.



RUDIMENTARY

Demented
Men
And
Enchanted
Spirits
Were always
Meant
For
Different
Worlds.



POSSIBLY

Possibly
I look at them
Sneering
Wondering
Why
I couldn't have
What they had:
A couple
Kissing
In the train
Station
His back
Against the wall
Her kisses
Engulfing his
Large neck
He holds her
Like he holds the moon
He grips her waist