

# Prayer In The Poetry Room

Sad faces move through  
this haunting abyss  
where desperate echoes  
fill empty hallways  
as endless night  
stretches towards infinity.  
The cosmic cradle breaks.  
The long darkness begins.  
Barefoot in the grass,  
naked in the wind,  
we are all spinning  
searching for strength.  
On my knees  
with fire in my eyes,  
I am beautiful  
bright soul burning.