

Léo Boulanger

[She points to the sky]

1.

She points to the sky.
From above you'll see the truth.
That we've always been satellites
Going around, and around,
Passing by our narrative.

Isn't this war ?

She points to the sky.
See from up there,
The fight's already started.
Look from above,
We're on the losing side.

Isn't this mass extermination ?

She points to the sky.
Take some distance.
We live in morbidity,
Submissive or dead,
Are you too far to see ?

But shouldn't we strive for equality instead ?

She points to the sky,
And I, with my prying eye,
Far and away,
I get a point I can't convey.
What we say is true,

Quand la sage montre la Lune, l'imbécile regarde son doigt.

2.

Point A. Point B.
Starting in A going to B.
Words fumble along the way,
From there to here,
Ringing in my ear.

3.

This is my home.

This is where I am.

.F	.M, the one I sometimes contemplate
This is where I started,	Dipping my toe
This is where s/he wants me to stay.	Wishing for a chest.

I am here.

This is me. Period.