

until I am replenished

with

her love

A needle through my skin

again

RATH

in a foreign home

As if time wasn't real

think of development

humidity

inflating

my skin

I hadn't lived up to their expectations

white is purity

I remember saying bye to the people
who have molded me into
the man I am today

It all must change
the minute

you

step off

that plane

with an infant mind