

## Kindred Spirits

In search of kindred spirits,  
I feel the caving essence of natural limit.  
There is bound in all.  
I have only found bound to be demeaning.  
Bond, shackled, imprisoned...is there even a difference?  
The world  
vexes me.  
for knowing that though natural limit can be substantial,  
It is unimpressively similar to the relishment from a flash of nostalgia—  
a hearth of joy and wonder erased, instantaneously,  
by the sadness from the realization that this reality has vanished—  
long gone to time's apathetic machinery.  
In my search, I have found that nostalgia has given me an unnerving comfort  
within this limitful world.  
You are given a snapshot of a distant reality  
that You may repurpose and romanticize.  
You can reimagine the natural limit.  
Almost as if You are shaping a new world with the primordial sand it formed from.  
I am afraid the ethereal and fabricated is all that is left for me.

My painted world,  
you have betrayed me for you too have limit.  
Limit through the fact you will never be awakened.  
My kindred spirit,  
I think it is time I rest beside you—unbound and nonexistent.

The weight of several moonfalls bear upon an exhausted cadaver—  
something once filled with life.  
The ghastly foot of dejection depresses it.  
I look to the familiar with spite.  
Why must a disgusting sprite  
skulk in the light of an unimpressive flame?  
If only the indiscriminating devices of nature  
would sweep this restless soul away.

I reach into the cadaver—I reach into myself  
to find meaning...  
nothing—nothing is there left for me in the hollowed.  
Hollowed it may be, I realize that dejection's imprint remains  
in long-lasting spirit upon it, and with it,  
it provides thing to the devoid.  
It provides echoes to the mute.

I am not mechanical.  
I am man.  
I am feeling.  
I am able to hear the echoes.  
They rage softly within a medium filled with void.  
My kindred spirits bubble quietly within bound...  
they wait to be unshackled to reveal infinity.  
they wait to be reconstituted with meaning.  
I wait to see the beauty in my kindred spirits.  
Maybe one day their nature will change.  
Is it possible that I just need to reach over and abet them?  
Maybe one day I will stop waiting for an answer.

- Tayseer