

# ASH

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July 2, 2023

Misery is for the lesser among us  
But the better lifeted up by nature bring misery to the lesser  
All while borrrwing mirth  
Decay grows among the man  
Yet we the higher always to blame  
A way out cry the murderer  
Yet we've been lessened  
To a base grade  
It's blood you seek for  
It's sacrifice to offef  
The mind is hampered by the smoke of the time  
A way out, cryes out  
Yet there is a way to simple  
To even have to explain  
Look at what's in front of you  
That's not even hard  
All that's even required  
Its for you to search  
What's been told about you  
What you know to heart  
That you can repeat for  
Time and time again  
The required chanting of your speech and word  
The required chatting that is alltime same  
That is not for chanting  
The soul and spirit  
Mattering not chanting, Humility to see  
Chants the World  
Is that I seek for

not of this mind I confess  
humility to be offered  
As a sacrifice myself  
Because Is that I reckon  
What I am indeed  
A sacrifice I reckon  
Above, A sacrifice neverthesame  
The bile sets in  
And all I see is you as a scribe moving by  
All you are doing is quite fine  
And I never quite figure why  
But i gess that there are such things  
As piety among the man  
And If such things  
As a standard that is above all  
Derives or happens to emerge  
All fall to the same  
What to do is simple enough  
Look at what is  
That be enough  
The Idea and the real  
Are in a dance trance  
the energy and target  
Are blind, kind of  
Seeking eachothers out  
Is not that I deared but  
Am I In this sort and kind  
Anyplace, In this sort of order  
Of any, any way at all  
Mostly boudtful, I Just scream I guess  
Just a limping scream  
just a moan  
Just a screech, never enough  
Just Justify me dearly  
Hahaha  
It begins now  
A shore so wide so to go offvision  
And there is plenty  
And there is all in  
If you could ever live the same

See with your eyes  
That wich is  
I guess you'll have to guess  
It's a thing I just can't confess  
There is a thing  
Thats divine  
Thats mine  
I guess you'll have to guess  
I'll confess you it's quite banal  
A thing of wonder, Hooo please don't mind,  
Banality uttermosly  
That's what's inside  
And there is a side to believe in  
There is that ideal as such  
There is an appealing alure to the Ideal  
The Ideal is not only Ideal  
But it's more than all that  
This thread is real  
Of beholding, in our souls  
All the pain all around  
The Christ only could ever bear that  
There are the moanings of seven billion man  
The sheer energy of this makes it all but imposible to attempt  
my god tell my why  
All this explosive energy  
it's breaking all throughout  
We are divided twice everytime  
All along we stand the hard  
While we die along, everytime  
And there is too much to see it all,  
And yet we seek all the time  
You above all  
I see you and I in a sea of clouds  
And in the end I see me gone  
But there is a melow cry out  
Of those gone forever  
Of those thinking of final light  
Those needing, those that before would been alive  
I see it now, its onather cry out  
Its a cry of the ghost

Yet the pop is the cry of fucking dork  
A bubbly feeling of the teenager  
A jubenile sexual chanting  
A winnig of life  
Purified to the outmost, crashing allthesame  
I'll get you out of here  
But I can't dance