1997

Threshold

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Veiling Ourselves

Look into my eyes and see.
Whole without you, I reside.
Where fulfillment does not hide,
in your shade furthering me.

My form still remotely proves,
fervor has not left me too.
I know, you know it as true,
back or forth, past you I move.

I need sympathies no more,
to comfort my worn out soul.
With diamonds, rocks won’t be sold.
At least the dead, can’t be poor.

I would cry you tears of blood,
if deserts did care for floods.

— Mohammed Khan

Threshold

The wall expands
It is
insurmountable,
Alone, I face
it.

Others were here.
The tracks
fresh and worn,
Many, they’ve seen
this.

There is light,
some prints
together,
Continue, in the
distance.

With a struggle
we conquer.

— Melissa Kriwox

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