

From Where Blood Comes

Five winds She commands,
And into us these winds She breathed.
First fire, that all-consuming passion;
It warms, burns, turns you to ashes.
Then comes booming anger,
The thunder on high, flashing,
Striking, breaking the blue sky.
After lightning has flashed
Envy seeps in, poison,
Vile venom in the wind.
And when the toxin is finished
You cry bitter tears; grey clouds
Rain acid, the sadness that devours.
Last comes the winter, frozen,
Cold, that fear of yourself,
The armor of ice around your
Heart that protects you from its
Sister emotions.

So now you know
From where your pain comes.

A gift, or a curse?

Both perhaps.

Without Her blood

We cannot know love.