

A MID T LUMBER

by Anton Regala

in time, the capital will hear of its lullabies,
that was built to strive among every mind
and restructualize the human self and its kind,
arching over the consciousness of the skies
as it exposes their selves in black and white,
unveiling the spectacles of dusts, and stars,
and thoughts, and sights it has kept and denied
from every thugs and proles that has bided
to the vices of the system, and clashed tendencies
with those of their classes and the high society.

and when such hour comes, when the tainted
has been undressed from its charlatan goods,
the exploited will emerge, insurrected, in its slumber,
and fashion the fabrics of concrete in blood red,
with raised fists, along the silhouette and hems
of the revolution, whilst interlocking with the seams
of the commoner's hustle as their path for liberation,
weaving their existence and struggle in the threads
of history, that will echo the beat of their footsteps
across dimensions and what is to be sewn.

