

## FREE

I avoid mirrors, the fall in equatorial,  
fear what I would not be there to be  
for after years of empty hands  
with a face of round slaughter,  
I made the long meander  
into the den of the Minotaur,  
with my face in no disgrace,  
no double, not me, not three,  
no key, threw away the thread.  
Minotaur walked out of the labyrinth,  
unrecognizable, unfathomable  
the walking, talking center  
that the world cannot wall up.  
Soul valored human's true madness,  
knew where he was at all times.  
Why emerge from merge?  
He did, he did not flee, every inch,  
every solid inch of grass, the solid  
soil itself came alive and were his true  
thread out. Out of the underworld,  
poetries of the ten thousand beings  
in ten thousand ways guided him,  
until when in despair at the water's edge  
whose depth had no depth, told him  
he is not lost, can never be lost  
when he becomes soul's eyes, sees life

with life's eyes, his ears become eyes.  
The very thing he sought was seeking him  
to break the spell of the labyrinth,  
invent a new story and live the life  
that freed the unknown that moved poet's  
pen.

To give to those who are given you.  
Do as you will, as only free  
will they come out of hiding,  
nurse the wounds that heal  
with the sounds of life.