

# Alive

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By the palms of God and Man.  
Dawns the whole of must and can.

A tug of war, edge to edge.  
The peripheral, we dredge.

The higher the steps we crawl,  
The deeper the final fall.

Inevitable it may,  
Gives purpose to night and day.

Our flower never settles,  
Without its seven petals.

Leash to control or protect?  
Who is fit to deem correct?

Head to toe diverge anew.  
Heads or tails we rashly spew.

By the fountain of somber,  
We pray upon their slumber.

Fearing for an explosion.  
We foster our implosion.

The love void of condition,

Our paramount tradition.

For there are many lonely,  
Desiring days so homely.

Can we reach for the beyond,  
And to each other, respond?