

Hieroglyphs Inscribed in the Future of My Soul

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Written for my Creative Writing class. A poem about my hope for the future...

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**Chapter 1 - Hieroglyphs Inscribed in the Future of
My Soul**

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1 - Hieroglyphs Inscribed in the Future of My Soul

Who brought you? Who brought you, commoner?
Who brought you to this place of living purity
Where no priestess may step
Where no vagrant may tread
Where none unworthy have ever left without harm?

Who brought you? Who brought you, commoner?
Who brought you beneath these alabaster ramparts
Into this pearly court
Into this milky breeze
Into these gardens and fountains seen by so few?

Who brought you? Who brought you, commoner?
Who brought your gold skin, brought your dark slanted eyes
To see the sadness born
To see the rage contained
To see the wounds that scar these pale secret walls?

Who brought you? Who brought you, commoner?
Whoever snuck you in through these ivory gates
Should be showered with stars
Should be laden with jewels
Should never again want, as I never now shall
With you here, in my citadel
I know not how I lived, pure and isolated,
Before you saw my pain
Before you showed me yours
Before we healed each other with the breath that we share.