

i cannot identify the exact date
when instincts began sniffing around
the ideas of a soul.

i cannot identify the exact date
when the ideas of a soul began trying to domesticate
the wildness of instincts.

maybe the conflict of interests about what becomes truth
is not a conflict but just a singular interest
scored differently on the human sports scoreboard.

i can never really say when or where the game begins
nor how or when it ends.

one team comes out of the dark dancehalls
one team comes out of the cathedral lights
each of them wearing a uniform of different rights
worshipping the same thing.

i am not sure about the trophy for the victor
but i have heard the gossip
there are two depending on who wins...
one is made of tanned hides
the other is silver plated spiritual debris.

i cannot identify the exact.
wf.h.
2023