

A Sestina To The Unknown

by Megan Forrest

My arms outstretched to find something resembling faith,
littered archetypes lay drunken on the staircase, call it debris.
I must leave significance in my wake.
Midnight runs amongst the transportation,
mornings spent perfecting a savory bake.
Maybe purpose can be found when one is sleeping.

But I don't want to waste my time sleeping,
too much of my life has been spent searching for someone to grasp my faith.
I am dried out, a tomato left out to bake;
bits of me strewn on the sidewalk, debris.
I'm just looking for transportation
to my next mistake, where I can wake.

I don't want to leave this life behind when I wake,
but it's painful to think I may spend this life sleeping.
It seems I must find rest on the transportation
that relies on where I draw my faith.
Churches seem to drop debris,
hidden in the crust of their brownie bake.

Maybe this existence is the oven where we are meant to bake.
Where we are to simmer and never wake,
or perhaps we are meant to be the debris.
Get cut into pieces and allowed to continue sleeping.
I'm not sure where I put my faith,
I just don't want to get off this transportation.

It seems I will never leave this transportation.
While the thoughts of where I'm going bake
inside me, I shall work on where I will lay down my faith.
When I reach my destination, I know I will never wake.
I'll spend my time avoiding sleeping,
so that of which makes up my meaning does not end up debris.

So what if my body becomes the debris,
scattered along the stars as entertainment among the transportation?
Everyone is too preoccupied with sleeping or not sleeping,
concentrated on whether they've perfected their sweet bake.
I want to leave something grand in my wake,

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convince the people around me to hold their faith.