

*On Leaving The Anchorage For War.*

Why should home feel safer than war?  
Is it closer,  
like brothers fighting to breathe,  
lost in the same womb,  
hungry for the same air?

Warmer, then?  
A dying star flickering  
over a duracrete tomb-turned-fortress.

After all, what is left of a home when it's lost?  
Wars are closer, warmer, bloodier;  
more familiar to the beaded sweat  
and straining hands clutching burn-scar sides.

Home is a house of knives.

I ate this morning among the Subjugates  
humbled to slaveship, watching the mindlessness  
consume them—there is no home for the lost.

There is home among the stars, Sigma,  
where the knives are too far to touch you  
and the voices of the commanding thrones  
beg for nothing—not your life, not your mind.

But it is an empty home there, Sigma.

And today, among the Subjugates, alongside  
their armor-shielded husks, I stood.  
They listened to me like children ought.  
They seared their skin to save mine, by  
instincts instilled, mindless of my life's cost.

And now, again, I hate the blaster-scorch,  
the helmet-hollow, the death-hum of a saber.

And now, again, I fear what I know:  
Against the yearning for home,  
War is still warmer and safer.