

The Ghareeb of The Valley

Somewhere between the two mountains of mankind, sit a valley of the forgotten.

The outsiders of the flora and fauna of the motherlands.

The forgotten Ghareeb grow, like unkempt weeds, amongst the children of no lands.

They grow into themselves and onto themselves until they are no longer of the Pure Blood but are a hybrid of parts from the broken whole.

And in their phototropic plight, their soul's vines grow upwards, attempting at crafting a bridge between two places they are not welcome.

O woe for the Ghareeb! Children of mixed seeds and blood! Your Blood Light no longer carries the pureness of the Orient!

And ever do they grow out towards a fruitless endeavor; their epiphytic roots cannot burrow inside a soil not meant for them!

And some try living among the Apples and force themselves into shapes most unnatural.

But the Apples know their own taste. And in their apathy, they rebuke you, Ghareeb of the in-between.

Mother Moon made you from the milk of pomegranates. The Light of Blood and Crafter of Bones built you to thrive in salty waters.

O woe for the Ghareeb! Children of mixed seeds and blood! The otherness of exclusion cast such long shadows on your gangly limbs - reaching ever upwards towards the Blood Light.

But Mother Moon and Brother Sun see everything - hear your cries- and through their whispers
your sorrows reach the ears of the Creator of all Things - The Light of the Blood and the Crafter
of Bones.