Slave to Time

Any time spent inside
Feels like my soul just slowly dies.

But when I move my physical body
Out in the open world—I thrive.
I exist outside this passage of time.

The alarm rings, the clock ticks,
Waiting for the bell,
Existing to check boxes on a list.

You're merely a number, a bee in a hive,
Producing honey for the sake of it—
Just to survive.

But the birds fly freely, from tree to tree,
Not worried about yesterday,
Or what tomorrow may be.

For the soil provides them worms to feed, endlessly.

So rise with the sun,
Sleep when your head needs rest.
Stay outside all day long—
Don't return to your nest.

The ultimate privilege in this modern world
Is to simply have the sun kiss your skin,
And the ability to twirl.

To dance, to sing, to create new art—
Real luxury is simple.
You just have to start.

Disconnect from the expectations
And these notions of time—
You're not a human battery.
You are **divine**.

Dante