

## Faceless Times

*Stefanie Xitco*

You say you find me tempting  
As a figure of rebirth  
You swallow all my questions and  
Claim them as your search

You seem to want to hold me  
And show me what I'm worth  
I travel with devotion and  
Make gold out of dirt

Your industry is lovely  
As you dig to build your soul  
Honesty sheds mysteries  
I wrongly call my own

Don't haunt the night with empty,  
Heavy body bags of hurt  
Just listen to the voice inside  
And follow what you learn

As you trip on vacant temples  
You no longer call your own  
It is without these castles  
You learn to name a home

Even though I travel light  
I have room for you by my side  
It is to you I wake and rise  
I search for your face

in these faceless times