

## life revisited

the possibility of first impressions as feeling a relationship entirely.

wholesome smugness affined to inevitable karma.

no words,

like,

lost in a moment

--trying to see the moment.

perspective is unstable in that way:

a tool like a lantern,

exposing some path

but it's also a shoulder shrug;

an escalating drama of evolution that would cease interest in expansion if a destination existed.

## **paper asses**

the statistics of time:

there was an imagination of paradoxical environment,  
destroying to recreate;

fashioning to accommodate plastic.

ducks swans feathers boats

**id**

an interior traveler, I am--  
I am a great space  
do you need a lot of space?  
I am a lot of space  
further,  
new territories are finding old routes  
it's a lost feeling  
mainly because it's invisible  
like digestion  
mapped chemical abstractions hover  
over  
seas of chaotic dancing ash, shards, knots  
hands packing, vein-tapping, hard souls catch a beat  
mother nature laughs at how poorly we treat our feet  
further,  
its dullness procures colorful words  
without grey--  
I would probably pray  
and be comfortable within tall walls  
given a cell  
I could feel so well in assignment  
alignment with duty causes the ego to swell  
but you see, this a warning  
a foreshortened story  
of all that will lead you to hell.

## Hemingwayesque

It was a mistaken destination.

Out of place, surely.

Eyes gazing up at screens of male competition fell to survey.

Sipping, stirring, and sadly staring.

"How was your day, sweetheart?"

Oh.

Another rum-gun for insight, please.

"Let's go outside, my neighbors will be here soon."

This is when gracias became grassyass,  
nothing could make sense,

language was torn apart,

every word had the desire to touch.

"Do you have tickets?"

To what?

"To what?!--the gun show!"

Oh.

"You keep going around the question, do you believe in God?"

What do you think the end of the world will look like?

"If the President came on the news,  
right now,

and said we had five hours to live,

what would you do?"

Not you.

"I'm bored."