

dreams come through, walking around in the cold a petal deep
all that it was in those
points were confused
they said that the lowest spot of
legibility would be that ulterior wall
made up again by the distraction, blocking off something with something else
need for construction evident as i am in bed again
after people again
and i wont give up on my neighbors no
the story you tell yourself about wandering and seeing and engaging
isnt a lie yet
you see yourself in the same room

stop the culture polish the paper intercut two way sphy

this ill
not be when
knowing what im doing when
tighten grip hold
becoming something anterior, forgetting something told
once in no relation fried
you see in the end
eyes fail to i interpret when you can mean nothing more than you do
if you
not knowing what doing
you too
you too
work is taking

ok whoops
yeah not again
no reason
is there a reason
no
stop things that get poisoned over time

the thing im becoming is going to

memories and possession
stunted theres no such thing as missing
out conditioning waxing on and off
mixed messages are the premise of engagement

— Ser Serpas