



POEM

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In between Where It Started and I Began

It goes so quickly connecting
Forbidden angst

Don't provoke me
Clearly it would end better.

I can output without your mess
Malleable, a little brown sponge
Filled with the things you pretend to be
It's my major retrospective.

The first and last time I heard it
The ticking stopped.
Metronome, by the stone, of your beat.
Controlled constraints put a hand in
My chest and pull,
And pull with fingers never seen.

Fein of my eye, where is my stone
Ebenezer, raised before it
Rebirth, can't you see

The revisited yellow surroundings.
Cells packed together are worth everything.

It suspends the air,
Dripping, forming, waiting,
For the call.

I died a hundred times for this,
And felt nothing for it all.

Paralyzing thoughts, filled with the emptiness of your ravages,
Provide for nothing of my own.

It's my retropulsion on the surface
Without the saturated disease.

Sinuuous bleak streams, it's all lost
From end to end.

Connecting nothing
Pointing to never—the cast is broken.