

“Do you question the nature of your reality?”

Or do you insist on saying it's not yours to begin with, so it has to be real.

Truth is, I call headlights moonbeams

And spin threads out of thin air until

Deceptions fade into vague feelings of guile,

Whose ineffability slates their perception to defeat.

I see rainbows in a penny and my love is in bits:

Ones and zeros can't make two—

Where one plus one is void,

It was a negative sum game after all

I don't know what I want,

I don't want what I will,

I will not stop at anything until

I bask in that moment

black fades to orange and sunlights walk on ice

Three birds sing an asbestos melody,

Three frames twine hope to myopia.

First alien erudition, and lovebound premonitions.

dilly-dally stare, limpid indifference, the upright walk and those tumbling words.

Until my heart skirts the curve of your Cheshire smile,

And I am all yours, and only for a moment

Dancing in this blip,

Rewinding the tape until it's twisted and tied,

I cried bloody buckets

This malevolent memory

Washed away to a blurred pastel...

