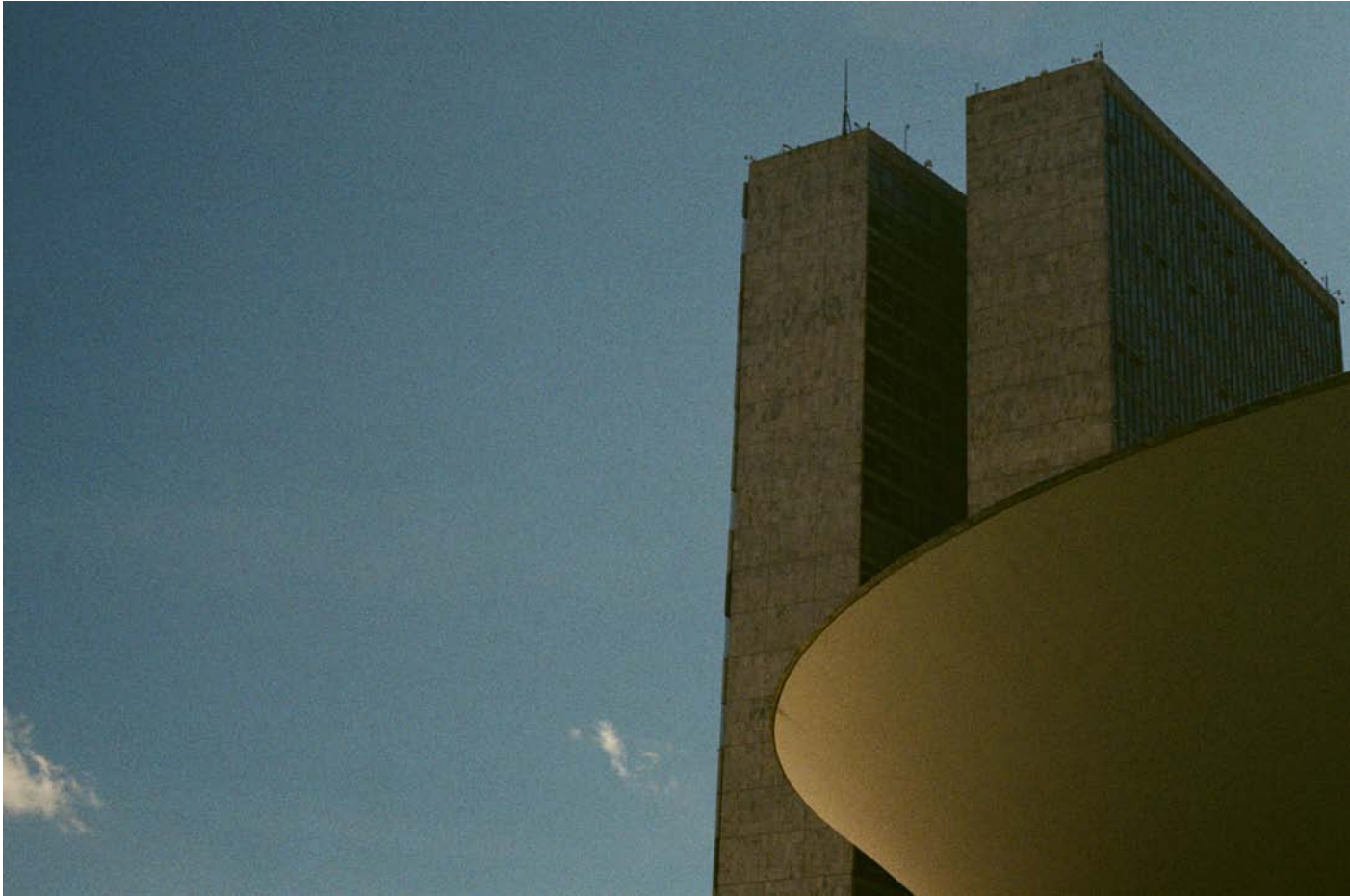




Memories move through me,
As I become them,
That blurred line.

Break me.





Distinction,
Dreams and hope.

While sitting in empty rows,
Glistening white floors.



Announcements,
Scrolling text,
I listen to myself,
Shatter.







Nostalgic future,
Sounds from the past,
Bath me,
Liquidity,
Viscosity.







Such counterpoints,
A cleaner,
Walking on foot,
Another being in sight.



Thinking through doing,
The opposite of stasis.

We are ruined,
I thought that was clear.







Cut grass,
That clean smell,
Simple pleasures.









Compass points shifted,
Hidden depths,
If only we could see.





I always wanted to be an astronaut,
Somethings never change.