

Old places fade hard, and no matter how long you row upstream
the water still makes waves that carry the rest of us away.
You are what you weep, from your head down to the sleet.
Fell, tripped up the stairs to the place void in all intents of home.
Watch with your heart, run with your gut,
ever so careful not to lose the fragile beauties of motivation.
A whir of warning winds signal back to birth.
Watch with your heart, run with your gut,
ever so careful not to lose your mold.
"They laughed all to the untrusive music,
they danced hard enough to wake from a fiction-based nap,
they killed me when I couldn't be a source of entertainment,
strung like a puppet to every degree of debt.
in social contribution by the migraine."
Our fight keeps using a voice that needs rekindling.
I promised wet weather to myself.
From the moment I set foot into my own autopsy.
Past all the summer,
beyond the urine-stenched conglomerates of those without a set of eyes to make contact with.
"There is but the utter of all necessities,
pushing ones that brimming light through the dregs of apartment life.
A necessity that leaves me short of breathe in the end.
Watch with your heart, run with your gut.
Primate winds blow me back to old bloodstreams.