

How did it GET TO THIS, FRIEND?

The two of us sitting naked with nothing to tell
us from the mad but this ~~to~~ ~~we~~ piece of
shrubbery we somehow call poetic.

Stacy
I need to
be going on

I'm so confused but not in a bad way.
I'm taking in all the new things happening ~~right~~ right now.

Feeling relaxed in my mind and soul. The music is very calm ~~and~~ and peaceful.

I don't know how my poet~~ic~~ self is or how I would describe it? 

Look forward to the weekend! ☺

I need to feel the earth.

Because when the mind is in
places I don't even know if they
exist, I need to feel the solid
earth.

I need the breath of the earth,
not that I need my own breath

When the night is filled with noise
I flee into the darkness of my mind.

Like stars I find glimpses of light, but
they disappear in the sound of reality.

THERE IS A ROAD that I follow, but
I never stop to greet the ones that
are on the same journey.

I am in the middle of a space that can't
decide how it wants to torment me.

I NEED TO FEEL TO KNOW
IF I REALLY EXIST

I NEED THE EARTH, MY SPACE,
TO REMIND MYSELF THAT
I AM MORE THAN JUST A HUMAN.

THAT EVERY BREATH I TAKE
IS MADE OF

STARS &

CRYSTALS

&

TEARS

& DEATH

& LIFE