

The Number Twelve Looks Like You, The Try

Immersion in the wrong sorts.

This is my manifesto.

Tingly body.

Mind sunk deep within.

An arbitrary conversation.

Looking, seeing and feeling the wrongs.

A simplified overcoming of stature and belonging.

Nevermore, this overcompensated disillusion of downtime and no time of babbling.

I will set aside and overcome, with suds of porter in hand.

A mild-mannered genius has come to save me.

I seem to rise as morning draws near.

Pushing through fields of tracks (green and alive).

The dew draws close to my hung down body, feeling alone, but in the comfort of friends.

If I drew this close to perfection, every moment I would be the field and I would be the green.

A conflict of mind and matter.

I would live in harmony beside you.

But never alone