

Bright Calm Blue, My Fictions

It's a fiction past down like vowels through our genes, descending as consonants of heredity.
This is the evidence built on me piece by piece, the subject redeems an identity.
How this public is witnessing every piece, it's effigy judges - saves.
Hung again until we're set free.
Let's celebrate a well known secret.
Save their soul and regret it.
My heart is set for the complex and something open, coursing.
Can't cut or bend around there's something, and my heart races.
When all my time is wasted, erased and bet on the same kind of coincidence we use as failure