

# Kaddisfly, Osmosis In C

I wrote the dry spell  
I built the fences  
I built the walls  
Chopped the wood  
and poured concrete  
I made the fortress around my hand  
With frozen ink that melts to rain

This rain, it waters the root of  
Thoughts and swells  
As vines of words begin to overtake my walls

My fence  
My fortress  
My hand  
And with my watered pen...

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