

# Luti-Kriss, Sometimes It's Our Mistakes That Make

It feels so good up to my skin.  
One more mile and it is sinking in.  
I have tried to make mine a tree.  
And not have so much of me.  
God has stolen my heart.  
So I will write it down.  
I consume myself with invisible things.  
Escape. Congratulations.  
This is my escape.  
A pen and book and if the world can see what I got  
and then lets all have a good look.  
A fortunate one.