## Of Fate And Chance, Coordinates

This is the outcome when they add more weights on the barbell and subtract words spoken to her an adjusted sight with a lens of testosterone but they can't see anyway because alcohol has filled them more than she ever will

We are the chivalry battling time with our thoughts carved onto paper let everyone gossip of my absence I've traveled the world for this

23 miles turn to seconds when that right turn slides the concrete into two choices always making the right choice and darkness accompanies me as I lay angling the ash flavored car seat until the light in her eyes knocks on the window

This is the last of idealism and of god's intentions but doesn't everyone sleep aside the lawn? just for a two hour glimpse doesn't everyone open the doors for such delicate flowers? to be given and treasured or do we not water them anymore?