

# The Honorary Title, Frame By Frame

Days bunch up in weeks, collaborate months against me.  
The sheets are stained with evidence that our remains are now, drifting away.  
I share with complete strangers my most personal of pleasures.  
I scribble tidbits of useless mind info- trash, treasure.  
Spend hours, at my leisure, like sharpened precise tweezers.  
Shifting through in the frame by frame  
I walk the same path  
I'll say the same lines  
I do this every time  
Do this every time  
Dodging armpit stench aromatic  
Wrapped up in my own self-induced stress panic  
I think I am the only one in this shifting through  
They'll collaborate in months against me.