

Meta

Cire

This is meaningless.

A life into a metaphor seems pressed in one direction,
one dimension of conflicting forms.

Start to abstract from this fluctuation static forms,
eternalize and prophesize the random shades into accord. Never quite together,
always looking for some new epiphany to anchor me upon the shore.
Never quite together,
always waiting for some grand awakening inside to open up the door

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