Putting Want to Rest

Not One Is Upright

We all try to redefine and recreate necessity. Set in motion bodies floating onward to the next reward, knowing but ignoring just how far we'll get and what we'll find. Realize we've built ourselves a home of utter disrepair. You've found your fortune in the barrel of a gun. You thief, you own nothing. To be alone or to be released is the question that begs an answer. Will I find something here? Breathe, stay, remind me of everything. Breathe, stay, there is more than one way so breathe. You have more than property to boast about, so dry your eyes.

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