

The Push and the Pull

Still Life

I feel this empty like bullets deep inside me. I made a chair a place to dig them out. I drove these answers through my hands like nails to fill what I don't understand. And the days fell like sand. Leaving scars where they land. Kept inside we build ourselves of stone. Without shame without pride, even stone is broken in time. And my chair my place has long since turned to sand. Without shame without pride, even stone is broken in time. And the truths i've known have all since turned to lies. All will be forgotten. I feel the sun against my skin. Alive. All will fall in time. We were born out of dust only to return. Make of this what you will, but reap what you sew. Nothig

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