

Subtle Movement

Not One Is Upright

This is the life of doubt. This is a vision, so-so. This is the birth of the emotionally gone.
Our minds have no capacity for this thought. Of the never before, this break from the forced upon.

The heart is nothing but a line in a terrible song. We are falling and failing again. Corrupt.
We are left at the outskirts again. My heart has never been so full. These words will always fall to the ground.
Reprise, reuse, erase, consume. Bear with me, I have nothing more to give to you.
I've seen your face, so beautifully crafted (we all have our masks).

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