

# wheel poem:

October 14th 2009

The high roads touch the ceiling  
you know their great minds never reach them  
you know they weren't asking for themselves  
but there they were asking  
you'r'a gonna have to provide some reasons why  
you are asking you were there  
were you not?  
I did note some of them were crazy  
some of them were viciously sounding  
[out of their minds  
how did you know that  
they were out there?]  
outnumbered  
every time  
who can accept loss  
you are what you fear  
we are our worst enemy  
that fits like the glove we wear  
fear is not beneath the skin  
but on top of it