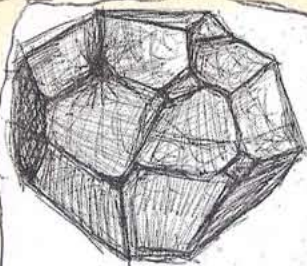




waves



sunken ships, these to the bottom of the underworld  
of your own design...up from dreams i have risen to  
the waking world into the most unknown fractions of  
what this may be...they are all walking on planks  
and into the sea they fall, far from the promises of  
the success of these wave's ways of always climbing  
up higher and collecting the material to bring back  
to their homes, and all that matters is these goals  
of the proof of their worth in the eyes of whose  
watching...but really whose watching? we are all  
part of this and all of this movement and all of this  
thought pulls on the souls of mine and yours and theirs

(that he wanted to stay  
what this may be we are all  
mine and yours and theirs)