



This book is dedicated
to my dad, mom, sister
and France.
We all.



BONDERMAN - GARDEN CO

STOLE 4 = 8261, 1493 (BAG TRAIL), 2805 (oct)

Where have all the bees
gone? Did they leave in the
summers when I wasn't looking?

Yesterday's bumble bee, now
walks on the lawn by my
feet; flowers gone perhaps.

They have gone to other
places where bees meet and
trade stories of hedgerows and
dances for honey. Perhaps.

Though maybe they have just
gone when we weren't looking.

Smiley bee, happy and
watching; buzzing.

Of all the wonders

least understood

greatest it is

most overlooked

Under spreaded tree; shelter

for luy and dry space

made perfect; her gift to me

the carpet calls to stay

and be company.

Today another morning under

God's sky, gleaming goes the leaves

On a tale of yesterday

that calls to tomorrow

without silence

where in lies the problem?
It is today!

/ Funny fish!
With spine with fins; flapping
flying in the sea
darting into and out of the
weeds, colorful fish
friends of turtles and even
the snappers!

Colorful fish, silly fish
so bright.

/ A spine dearest
a spine for who
for you? for them?

/ keep your memories
they are the dearest thing
whether they be in your mind
or your husbands wedding ring
a picture on the wall
a clock on the shelf
memories are everything
they make up
yourself.

/ The quickest way
usually the last to be tried
and after finding immoveables
un-moveable
is used with a sigh.

/ Stars in the leaves
twinkling on a clear
summers day,
a canopy of blue, green
and white
moves to the breeze
of mornings day
fresh as cold water
on fingers; frost bite.

/ Technology crushes nature
leave on elastic band
yellow, unknotted on the
side walk.
look down and leave it
there, could be a call

shaken from direction
perhaps; waiting.

/ True love, true love
on sale.

25 pence the cheaper
than a minty white
smile; expensive?

/ It spreads straight
from the fridge
oh joy; why keep it
so cold though
store the real thing
a little warmer.

/ Train tracks dancing in air

not speaking where they go
in-between creosote

to preserve what is unsaid; plainly
moving words into the unknown
branching through trunks
under oceans; past space
they hold birds for all to see.

/ Jewels they are sit outside

your parade. Ready for the

picking, almost; now

in reach. Tender soothes the

cold, in stillness; lingering

kisses worn quietly

by that day's worshiper.

/ The outside comes in
if you leave a space.
Un-drawn curtains hope
let ignorance accept
no plea; futures coil
unwound, regret, empty.

/ Caught in a shingle slide
in between the light
and the next drifts in the
wave.

Through my body, no existence;
an after thought of an reflection.
Moves all forward, stop and think
too long?
She will return on the up beat.

/ It's six degrees in
Nevada City, Fast, asleep
early hours just gone
early afternoon.

Chilly night; welcoming morning
just through the door.

/ The ruler; un-marked with
what measurement is needed
both sides the same nonsense
a waste of an edge
in an un-wanted scale
defined away from purchaser's
input; now simply the un-willing
consumer of it. Slave user.
A single definition; cancels itself out.

/ A scribble on a page

loops and twists; round
and around

looks so much like a rose

when the light catches

at just the right angle

what if that ink had temporary
gone. Impression remained.

/ Who do you want to trust today?

A man on the bus; talking obscene,

the driver of it; taking you there.

That route by which, they choose,

th faith, in the arrival.

given over, to another, of its

manufacture; known by only a look.

Do you trust, another?

Lack, of choice opening a
gap, replaced by fear,
for trusting ourselves.

The bus driver or a spouse
longer in the knowing
the eye sees in that choice, itself.

/ What if the square peg
were told it were round?

To fit in a circle
would take only more effort,
then its goals given
by whose posts it can't be
measured?

✓ Does the caterpillar look up when eating its greens?

To see more than the next leaf or a passing bird;
what it needs.

Why then should the butterfly think anything of its past diet,
or compare it?

✓ It wants you; do compete
don't gall for that, which tests your metal, when metal is not a substance.

It works on you; to be better
don't improve on it

hold what you may have

showing what remains.

It supports you ; to be sure

sly smile; mutual respect

blossom.

/ I kept the satellite dish
actually there are two
though unusable here, they are
I know; needed for when I move.
One sits in a plastic case
neatly packed by what passes
for a front door.
The other; under the bed,
open but wrapped
it's presence a reminder
of more.

- / Motion watched from a pair
of glass; happy on that face
tinged with falseness at first
but beneath stirs hollow.
- The two pictures from different
times, looking for past; un-experienced
to fill. Comes from the present as
it must do.
- Creating a past from the present
for consideration in the future
empty holes expanded with
less than vacuum; anti-matter.
- / The last poem I wrote, was
without dictionary. Proper.
Deep intake of breath; used a shopping
dictionary?

/ Windows on my computer

not on my wall. Why

some people have nothing to see
at all. No moving pain, or sash
to pull. No Never seeing first lights
the fear; overcome. Thrill.

These windows sit, until moved
each frames what might be
persued. Perhaps today, maybe;
who knows.

/ Passepartout grills on dresses

spinning, center fringe, stationary

creased perfect ^{to} invisible floor;

yellow, white, singular,

Bunched, fountains of spring.

/ Marmalade the cat

Marmalade the cat

walking around with a name like that

going into hollows, where you shouldn't be
stripy tail periscope, like it could see
tender ^{feet} ~~soot~~ on those hot car ~~rugs~~

using only souls pads, claws painted
to amuse

birds all around you taking rides on your back

your best stern eyes tell them

you'll never swipe back

watching, considering from morn to end

marmalade the cat;

my secret best friend.

/ Between you and me
is the cherry blossom
stored up for winter
waiting until the first springs
to appear. First.

My love for you perhaps needs
no sunshine. Like the blossom it
has perhaps, hopefully all it
needs in store to appear.

With the sun; ~~not~~ after a summer
though, flames will fall
dedicated to that first call
some for you my love and
in return a few for another
Season with you, our hearts
moving forward together, forever.

/ Pick up the bowl
and put it away
for safe keeping.
Though now may
seem fraught;
have patience
in knowledge
you are doing
the right thing.

/ Tepid porage is better than hot
piping hot porage burns
the tongue, and what is more
offensive; tastes of none, thing.
The longer it cooks the
more homogenized it results

in an predefined glue; perfection
passed as an agreed mess.

To eat that cold is more like cake,
flap jack perhaps, that also a mistake.
Tépid porridge; really just right,
a bit of cooked a bit of not
lets your taste buds decide.

/ out here on the sand dune
looking at the waves of
marron grass; feeling prickles
as it passes past.

The sea washes in around, four times
a day, more sand blown in
from heart unbroken bay.

Shells discarded, roots may find
paths made in dunes; ^{the} wind shall hide.

/ Mrs Sumner's fudge shop
sells it by the look; trays
on display below belly level
turn aware of the taste
crumbly, soft and chewy
mint chocolate green as ice
cream should be, rum and
raisins soaked days of June,
brought back to stationary car
bag kept crisp and folded
one piece here at no glance
taken on the ^{wrong} way back
three more a treat, five or six
^{envisions} entries ~~the~~ risk of dislike,
such a treat; connection, reason,
drive to be, have, keep unfolded bag.
Perfect.

/ If I give you this gift
would you wish, for I, too
add a receipt? A price tag,
still displayed; quashes spirit.
Should I stay in touch
for reason to remain it's keeper?
This said gift; believe.
Yours after the giving; experience.

/ Don't think that because you see
what sorrows you; standing fence.
~~That~~ ~~erects~~ steps mis-trod in mud,
Not ~~are~~ straightforwardly washed,
knowing imparted; little ~~then~~
Everyday's dirt; ~~it~~ always generated.
Only ~~a~~ space for ~~more~~, paths.

/ To take it back

The sit being wrong, I should know nice
But Rely on another's; measure, how they enter
though pattern perfect
diversity suffered much
too large a thing to wear
when the outcome is clear
in its cloth; to be drawn in.

pretty design un-moved in
over use, unworn garments

wardrobed on a rack with

others. Clothes to be worn,

special always, feeling of
new day; uniform be gone.

Together prints on linen

from
~~become~~ the seconds, minutes and hours.

/ The super-reload; a button all of its own, hidden with and extra key.
When the normal is not enough.

If the page seems not to update. Make it super!

Don't sit and fret; be sat if you wish, by all means.

But if the wait bothers so becomes more than content is expecting. Use the super reload; and change; everything.

/ When drums beat out of tune you'll know, disturbance.

Sweet is harmony; flowing changes of accordance three five from the root, found.

Given, allowed, yours to
redefined if that were
your wish.

Counterpoint through those
streets at night, deceiving lights
a puddles neon sign to closed
jars on an uncleared table
draws you in; rule box.

Another's selection, all different
yet the same; ~~not~~ not equal,
punch through if violence be
your bend. As ~~you~~ liked it
harder to shed. See beyond

~~that~~ mess; ~~is~~ already clear.

Take it child; don't refuse
even, to stand ~~by~~ near.

/ The up speaks to itself
shouts to the down; turns around,
Faces then back, to catch
an offbeat look; convinces
nobody.

Deeper goes the theory into
faster it turns, ^{turning} into curdled mixture
~~they~~ from the towers high
fail to fathom its simplicity.
All of the paper, all of the inks
man bourné difference; not.

/ Time zones, summer time zones
isn't it enough that it is summer?
To mark it with a special time
to have do be reminded; foolish!

/ Razamataz! Bring back it
the word, how it sounds
way you feel; saying it.

Razamataz,

A careful look, glance sideways
as if pronouncing it, got
you caught with your hand
in the cookie jar.

Crumbs everywhere; munching.

Razamataz, like aberacadabras
only equal; only more so.

And then some.

/ chocolate! Like Charlotte,
only people tend to
spell it right!

/ The sharpness of your focus
has always astonished me.
How so many rules and
equations can give so much
pleasure to push those unladen
crumbs around ^{your} ~~your~~ plate
let alone; leave the table.

Those particles that shine so
brightly do your quickness,
unaided by revision of looking
above; someone else's domain.

Sharpness, the f stop do
darken with more details.

Blooms and blends, forever to be
lost in the integral machine
till the counting ends with gelling.

2009. pabash bortha not at

/ Believe in that morning
your tomorrow; many come.
still yet. Build on top
of those walls you can't
pull down, always leaving
a little behind, as foundation.
lest to ~~to~~ erase everything,
to walk away from;
not to leave.

/ You'll have a belief
many for sure, the best
bought; in time consolidation.
Normality, to conquer without
swords or shields; armor none.
Unrequired; sweetness adapted
to take without tasting. Done.

1. Can not define the singular perspective of what began
love. Too ; loss. That since
dingy weather yielded to attraction; gained water.
The depth of every gift
given increases on each
moments chime. If words
could ~~can offer~~, those I would
write; instead dreams of a
future with us. Sharing
always now, ^{an} ingrate visage
cast from chances wake.

/ I'll plant some trees
here in this desert

Carpet, by color; texture.

It will soon be mine after

another coat of varnish,

golden, ya-glit perhaps?

Couts the drawers; stick when
opened. Each in a different way

And with sweets inside;

made more special,

to think about at school,

to come back to. At home.

/ Always make sure

you have things; right way wound

~~as~~ bits and pieces, all over

make an awful sound

neat and tidy as that should be

oh what a fast
lumbered on the lumaz
that they might prove.

/ wine and white chocolate
black coffee and dark
genou cake for breakfast
thats a good stand!

/ Peggy made hers of gold
encrusted; three times.
To be sure; it wasn't about
to hold anything,
Outside was beautiful, made
worse by completeness of vision
to be taken in small glances

with others of similar
design. An occasional thing
as ordinary in both respects
as bizarre to be so
to the plates it decorates.

Pegg's trophy proudly stands
on a discrete shelf
tiny, small, through the
back door's light it glints.

I Thrown out, twisted
taught to believe; rejected.
That hard edge never,
said much to me
wonder, tough; softer
silly, for me to speak,

/ A cup of coffee made by myself
a piece of chocolate broken
meaning nothing! Darling off
the shelf.

Enjoy a slice of toast
It's really only bread
marmalade for me; I boast.

We sit and eat, drink and
chew over the days and nights
lost in semantics; another's
choice.

Perhaps a book dresses the
table; could be a napkin,
another catches your eye for
a second.

What a length of gastronomie!

/ Nelly nim nolls glashes a smile
teeth white emerging from
yellow. Sits in red within black
clap a ting tongue; the only
^{etivation eluding}
~~elusion~~ outward louring.

Nose black as cherry, wet
^{the} to touch for an instant
Niffs n'ips!
before ~~Nelly~~ snaps.

Tongue almost bitter in the
rush; look of comradeship
between ^{the} snarles.

To want to stroke him is to
provoke him to fly at you;
do nothing is not, having.

Another growl his way
of showing; dog knot, wagging tail.

/ Big feet need big socks,

big hands may need gloves

surely is it that a winter's

cold bite loves a bare foot

big ones especially!

Charlotte big foot needs

among other things

big socks!

Not just plain ones, fury

warm and colorful, stripes

would be welcome.

Big enough to fit a big

foot, as a pair ~~ever~~ sweet.

Then we shall go out

together as a pair two

and look for fitting shoes. *

She takes his hand
by the finger, leading him
to another. This time
it shall pass, quicker
though the turns sharper
still room to recover.
Her hope that moves him
further, and she in wake;
closer. Though to find,
never. A glimpse, increases
the dances tempo loosing
turns to feel that breeze
generated, spinning with the
quickness that aims to slow
savour. To leave another
and touch fulfillment,

/ lets make a new day out of
monday. ~~lets~~ calling it a
different name. ~~for~~ every week a change
so its not ^{to be} boring; ~~and~~ Only work ^{recognizing}
half of it. ~~I shall be~~ ^{before} following
Sunday and ^{Monday} ~~with them~~
~~having herself~~ degrees ~~of~~ insulation. ~~between~~
~~themselves and that~~ By changing the
dates ~~since~~ we shall confuse. ~~then both~~
~~and every week shall be~~ a-fresh and
new. Leaving ^{those} last fortnight undefined,
in ^{may} these plans we ^{may} make, ~~get~~ ~~that~~ agree.

/ All the good pens seem to have
gone. Vanished never to be seen
for a season or two.

/ Life could be so good
I know others had their say
it's probably a little late
by the time you are reading
this.

But given enough time, and
trials - life, this one could be
so good, without question.
The others will give you
whatever you want to hear
in a world where all is ch
except decisions ; cost dear
For reason not for could
to ask within yourself
knowing life can be
Should?

/ When I was young I couldn't spell
or even say my 'R's.

I rested in this way a while
till one day found it quite bizarre
to change away, ~~from~~ do have belief
from those times, words were caught
not ~~set~~ with ^{happiness} ~~feeling~~, but a sense of grief.
To move away from days where R's
were all
and ^{to} see rainbows, rather than
the definition of another symbol.

/ Its only when using the spoon
you may realize what it is made of
the material; perhaps fitting, usage,
To order another; chance to take.

There we come up against
rub shoulders, we wither the
pens waiting for paper
to write only without ink
perhaps in the hope another
may see the etching

if the angle catches so.

A ball of st twine thrown
as one, so strong desire.

The horizon; faith
gravity pulling until decision.

/ Life can be , a bit bizarre
and , if you find this
how right you are. As who am
to say you may be wrong

that your entire existence
like that to lyrics on a song
a chorus or two with others
joining in. While you take
the lead to tempo; yours keeping.
And if by chance you hum
another tune. Cherish that
while composing.
Your rose despite ~~extra~~ fears
may fall on your script
exists and shall bloom.

/ I like to knit, though having
an extra to the word deserves
another t. And though knitting
I desire much. It seems to of
escaped me, quite how; the rush!

/ Until I can find a good green pen
so I will continue to write in red
the two dare say in battle
though not of I

to move the outcome; so.

The red is fluid and subtle
it holds a place in me for
I have grown to like it; not.

This pen, hidden, to be picked
up again and at this time perfect
Though its color should I feel
be green. Knowing that a change
would of been so the same
if this be green and that yet
be red.

/ The problem with relationships is people. The solution and the measure being the same it is you and the other. Meeting will always be easy, sustaining always a pleasure loving developing over one another the single reg only; that first chance so if a relationship be a journey let it be circular, if not so complete and if it be the one that travels let it be straight - heading without thought of what might of been.

/ They put a woman as a fashionista
Bags, carried; Luggage others hers
She represents dreams not perceived reality.

I live simply in a flat
with no windows
facing a view describable
as sky painted gray
two tree-tops, and walls
many walls can be seen
inside and out of this
the place we live
outside the people walk
and move; within their walls
a street takes shape
their god, small & a big night
mine a glass or two of wine
rebuked by my sister for
my time past, we have all
there - the past, present, future

sitting in chair, listening to
crows, watching others. On the
television - the other formal window.

Trying to make sense of
the very thing that tries to
of us. These walls.

Your walls. My walls.

No walls at all. But they try.

For purpose. These simple things
exist; helping definition of
nothing but a flat world
turned into two the reader
and the writer.

An entire life talking otherwise
to oneself.

/ He saus overhead of the waves
beneath those low hanging clouds
which move there in traces
through gain and yielding silent
under them watches the
majestic black-backed gull
larger; made defined by distance
over seas, to shorelines of rocks
his domain mostly alone; seens
beautiful gull casts me a look
to behold him an honor.
Being at the same moment.

/ To say a word; fraction
of that language. Given.
Babylon's tower never meant

to be built. why then question
nouns of the adverbs. of the end
of our sentences.

In other languages to speak of
the past. That of the future
to be now.

God. In you directing the spoken
of closeness.

Yea tho the be God, Evisions
of that not of you.
See without sight, without
this world - entirely
then the shall be saved.

/ I'm small & Charlotte
the Capitals seem so formal
not at all per

not only

for a person with only one +

but for all persons of many

names when at all possible

should be handwritten

not made to stand to attention

with big letters, making

that first letter super important

ready to boil down to initials

'ceg' as segway do something

else. Prob. Probably super impor-

a number or another code

perhaps a mark; all from

a capital 'C'. By now...
could of written my name beautif

/ Carefully chosen; once by

a group, panel of hired
expert in choosing
in knowing that which was good
to know, of benefit past
being well read in breeding
strong together, on jewellery
worn expensively, austenitiously
pearls for their history; ~~or~~ no value
~~added~~ in combination. ~~or~~ ^{singe} Fashionable
to be accepted, handed ~~to~~
to be thought of as choice
by one selecting the cut flowers
bouquets on display - to fit
just a small part, ^{what} of ~~the~~ needed.

Those

/ ~~You have had more than others~~
greater experience,

have been through hurt

and felt it.

To ^{then} ~~need~~ ^{aid} know and,

not to use that, against another

Stopping that
To stop those chain of events

; suggested

~~in their tracks.~~

To keep and not

repeat. To stop.

To begin. No,

~~The abuse.~~

They

/ ~~She~~ tells you who you are

perhaps a friend, your wife, brother

~~Screched~~

A perspective drawn onto themselves

fixed graph paper to draw you
into their global co-ordinates.

~~stems~~. Defining your references
by as ^{un} legal as water.

From that ~~their~~ conclusions ~~were~~
~~hit backwards~~
feel as spit ^{hit} towards onto
your mouth. Though spit be water
so words come with it also.

These those who dare shine &
lights into the darkness ~~of~~ after
~~most~~ anticipate.

~~Reflections yet arrive~~

haves-^{liquid} crystals reflected super-twists.

14 years of her and
12 counting of sister another
less rare are the moments
back to me,
but hope comes from
their gregarious More.
here back, gentle singular
as that other fades
what was needed to deal with
no longer required
has changed

/ Typing on a piece of glass
21st century at the start:
the rage; all. of to push
on a thing, that doesn't push back

to find meaning; the ancient quest
and words becoming gestures.

To have ten and use only one.

To think greater of less
and derive the old.

The ancient move.

To see oneself and all through
as singular window, its dimensions
defined. To not want to
be different, a simple train to
catch. To not consider ~~the~~
to be other.

The end unless others hatch.

/ Marmalade the cat

Marmalade the cat

All eyes love she gives right back
where are going with a face like that

just roaming around no dog could do that!

Soft and huggable

Tail strokeably adorable

Perfectly a moreable. To the happiest
from the grumpiest to the lone (NC)

to the of you. All the rest.

Everybody loves

marmalade the cat!

/ The knowledge used for war

knowledge and understanding
equations forced into hate

none such exist; as love.

the knowledge used; no

the knowledge pressed back
to simply delay.

/ Have pride in yourself
for outside of you; only marks
hear them. Listen. Observe.

Observe closely your words
in plain sight and hearing
comes your reply

for outside of you
it is still you

~~else see as you~~
~~thought tell no-one, tell you~~
that is so; as their words are
come from outside ^{tell you}
and not at all you ^{their own}

So is the mystery of the ages
used by man for this that you
live within and without

explore, and explore that exploration
- and yet; do not,

Culture is not your friend.
When ^{the} ~~saw~~ they ~~left~~ to believe in this
try the that.

When culture gets in your way
celebrate! As you have moved it so.

A friend helps you through your
Culture helps not and believes ~~not~~ ^{strongly}

Culture is not your friend
choice and such within nothing
the framework culture gives
to construct.

It's soldiers armed with tools
beat in on themselves

The law of ^{the} it. A wall

Both in ^{the} forward and ^{the} reverse.

Culture is not your friend. Friend

To take up a religion
To support a team
To be old or young
to enjoy or not
to go to school
to be educated
to be told so.
to believe.
to be in prison ^{until you see}
Culture. Is. Not. Your. Friend.

Welcome to; we wont give it a name
~~people you meet~~
~~the place where you are~~
~~those dogs down the street new and ge~~
that mail you may open
memories made, to be forgotten

the sky; neither here or there,
colored by a flute of nature.

So goes the moon, eclipsing precisely
the perfect distance

just enough spice?

So goes the dock leaf

living with the nettle

evolving by chance, true!

Chance being a certain.

So is the time when we die

as is your birth and now

ask yourself; any which way.

Who am I?

/ There's no such thing
as a circle.

Honestly, as far as ~~we can~~ anyone can figure. And figures, do go on.

Right now ~~there~~ there is no such thing as a circle.

Broken down into parts is only confirmation.

That it is; parts.

Bits. Atoms. Patterns.

But still; a circle is not.

Still.

Which is why there is no such thing as a circle.

It can only exist in thought as an idea, ^{represented} by whatever other thing

maybe more such.
Then a circle.

/ Falls covered sloping smoothed
grown on; left alone to view
only at the edge
that feeling of closeness
do something. Stillness reflects
the seas surface, its mountains
hidden.

Only sailors need that knowledge
to the land it is the same.

/ My favorite knife
is a funny thing to muse.
Knives being for ~~things~~ ^{such} horrid ^{things} usual
~~this~~ ~~was~~ ~~used~~ to open boxes
~~it~~ used to do everything; very
now it takes its place ^{in the} ~~among~~ ^{in the} cutlery

alongside my ~~eating~~ knives and forks
washed and cleaned ^(yes) used for the right/
the first time purpose
~~when first~~

Knife
my favorite has done it all, without complaint

because after it was clean
_(not)

was easy to see ~~this comes by gentle~~ best
in how it was made.

/ Be serious!

Everyone's so serious!

Even what you say when

you're not being serious

will probably be taken; seriously.

So be serious!

Apart from when you're alone.

Then be you. Seriously you!

/ Coffee beans whole roasted
crunchy as they are
my personal treat when alone
as the noise of the eating
~~quite appetizing~~ do another
I can't believe would be
tolerated by another
but if they exist, this person
who doesn't mind my ~~too~~ ^{loud} crunching
than thank you in advance
for giving me the chance
to take my coffee without milk or
yes, even without the water!
No ~~best~~ cup is needed, for
a couple of beans to eat
for a coffee crunch; complete!

/ Cheating, copying, lying
in the world of bluff universal
truth singular; hated.

/ The worry monster is coming
to worry about everything
it's job! The roads in the street,
people met; perhaps the weather
^(nb) tomorrow. The worry monster;
bare fur, Big eyebrows, bushy,
very bushy ^{with}, large hands/paws
sugar ^{and} needing them to carry all that
worry.

The worry monster is coming!
Quick! Go outside!
It's beautiful out there!

/ Two happy men

two happy men with beards

because they don't have to shave

that's when gather christmas ^{is so happy.} ~~bacon bacon~~

/ When your mom's doing the ^{housework}

when I was in engineering

Mom's were doing the housework

their plugs needing wiring

because of the cord pulling

had to be fool-proof

to disconnect the right way

to protect mom from herself

we were to wire plugs and

to see if mom would be ^{have them check} ok

by not a mom

when I was in engineering

mums did the hoovering
and needed engineers to protect them
whether they knew it or not
from themselves.

By

✓ It makes kill mess in the kitchen
for hoovering the floor, later.
So I do it earlier, reminder.

Wrong article. An article that
is arguing its proposed use
technology kills

But when the users only
see it for what it does.

So then, what will they
blame its effects on today?

/look! look at me! Can't you see?

look at ~~my~~ their bank accounts

They too got more than you!

Their ~~My~~ houses, ~~it's mine~~, it's magnificent
they ~~they~~ know who ~~they~~ are ~~them~~

Everyone tells me exactly who
those qualifications speak volumes
~~My~~ ~~they~~ are to who I am

each one a step towards another
predictable, perfectly hard to see
quite ~~who not~~ ^{now} per uniform

being those obviously made clothes

so that we become outward uniform
who are we?

we ~~at~~ they are lost.

/ why do you walk into me?

am I less visible than the wall?

Is it because you don't see yourself?

choosing friction to be more here,
so in this ^{the} moment?

In this particular space; we
share only attraction

and the pleasure do avoid.

If to have the choice of more
what will those choices be made of
can a choice be made

that does not already exist

if so, then perhaps it as I as
we truly invisible. ^{the wall}

/ who would be a

of giving and life
lett washing clothes or others
taking credit for what is made.

To see in a particular way
this Lapestry ^{mer} called life
un-able but competent to explain
secrets ^{kept} ~~stated~~ inside.

/ with all the hearts, love, and glows
still ^{never} ~~you may not~~ be one of theirs.
while others enter your life
still never one of their lives
still as one,
alive.

/ It shines before those petals
open. There only to celebrate
that seeding of the flower.
Stretching to the sky; given
from. To earth for purpose.
Her light. Gift of colors
so many becomes one to
the eye. Who be one?

Cascade beautiful surrounds
all of us. Layers of layers
framed in perfection that
only fails in extremes
perception. So it shines.
The future. While
you are now.

✓ And so they discovered the DNA
blueprint of the body
mis taken ^{for} life. Was the
building; empty of tenants
to use those plans to
forecasting insurance based on
~~inhabitants in the city~~
not yet found their offices.
And so the buildings built and plans
made on predictions of belief
based on cities within walls
of countries in a world.
Such was the DNA of man
how little perhaps it may really
contain. Only made quantified
by its completion. The lack of

knowledge that branch weighted
to be resolved by other roots
not yet planted.

/ Somebody nice

a Some baby that doesn't use you
or takes advantage

someone who can keep secrets

someone do love.

/ Close. Being near; not touching
air moving branches, without leaves
underneath polka dots splash green
to walk through, then your hand touches
the tree's bark. Warm; unexpectedly,
Alive, welcoming, Embracing.

/ Beckoning to give shelter; rain

t pours only so ~~as~~ we may. Share
mis ^d moments through each other and ⁱⁿ one
b place.

Le

Sc

ci

no)

Ae

m.

bas

of

Sue

how

con

by

about biscuits, eat bread
about eating too much
and too little, at the same
time as not eating the
right things at all.



Follow, but please don't
errors repeated; in vain
to understand and learn
comes after, the process.

That ~~which~~^{must} begin on faith.

Deciding ~~not~~ assuming;
heart epilogue to ^{God's} feeling.

Manifest in tomorrow's conversation.