

/\*

Words

simply leak through my brain

some float like pelicans in the rain

colloquial misfits create astounding mirages

annotating biblios accepting trite faux-pauses

dreams work like silly clowns

yet underground they make sad frowns

interesting creatures we are

you & i

yet in the end all we do is die

what an intrigue I have in these human conditions

absurd they are yet on this expedition

digital analogs are what we see

amidst

the hills

of what

we seek

words we want are above our heads

plucking them from the sky

as they shed

words are words

they go so far

with little meaning to them

yet

here

they

Are

\*/

—Jared i. Greene