

TOME

"Pull the plug."

The Drain's glug is greedy.  
Swallow the eye's glint,  
gone on to the next thing.

Lead footed swaying bodies watch  
as heaving dregs of sobs dig deep.  
All rivers flow / all roads lead.

Tune-in to the song of this current,  
discordant inasmuch as it is infinite mystery.

Leave floor, leave shore, leave surface, leave form.  
Leave home bereft above / below unknown.

Pull the plug.  
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