

Gambrel head
 question seated
 how I introspectively
 exist?
 Perceptually found
 as an outstretched arm
 with a hand,
 grasping in hot fits at the quarters of my
 skinned vat.

Conformist,
 just, defined.
 Subduing spirit,
 conventionally idyllic.
 Pale contentment,
 relied upon too often,
 hindering any difference,
 I'm stifled by you,
 you spoon.

Awareness,
 targeting eyes
 observing landscapes
 mass conformity,
 Amongst worldly life;
 Existence.

Heard heel and puttering
 stars,
 engine distant.
 Windy airs breaths,

Creativity,
 Abstractions unbound,
 unconscious motions
 and dream-
 Vibrant bucket-head
 catching
 lofting particles of ideas.

Smoothed fuzz of white tree refined
“unlimitationalismality”.

Fresh, real, scents and sense.

Filled with your
Neighboring component
for art,
Readily summoned,
Strong shifting change,
Buoyant tendencies,
creating,
abolishing
worlds, indefinite size
in a mind’s blink.

Maverick,
untamed
creature,
subversively
hidden behind
all other
Aspects,

my Rolo-desk
mind, flipping
M,N,U,E,I,R,
every now and again,
deep breath for a single howl
back under you all go.

Herein they lie.
A yin-yang schematic
Illustrating thought.
The half-lit mid section
Marked for poetry.
Reaching to touch
One or more of them.
Will I putter through today,
Or stride with strength into tomorrows?