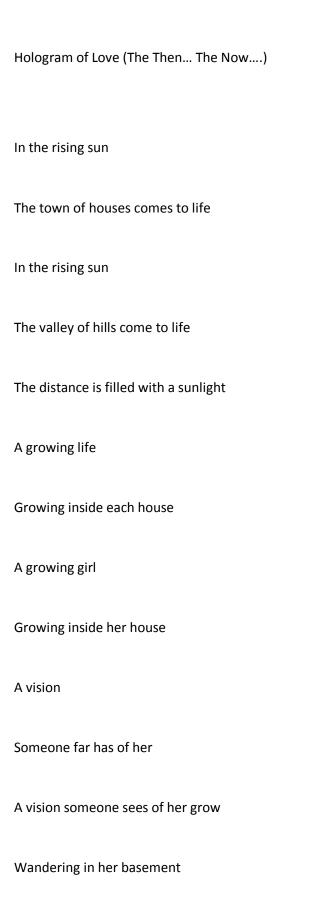
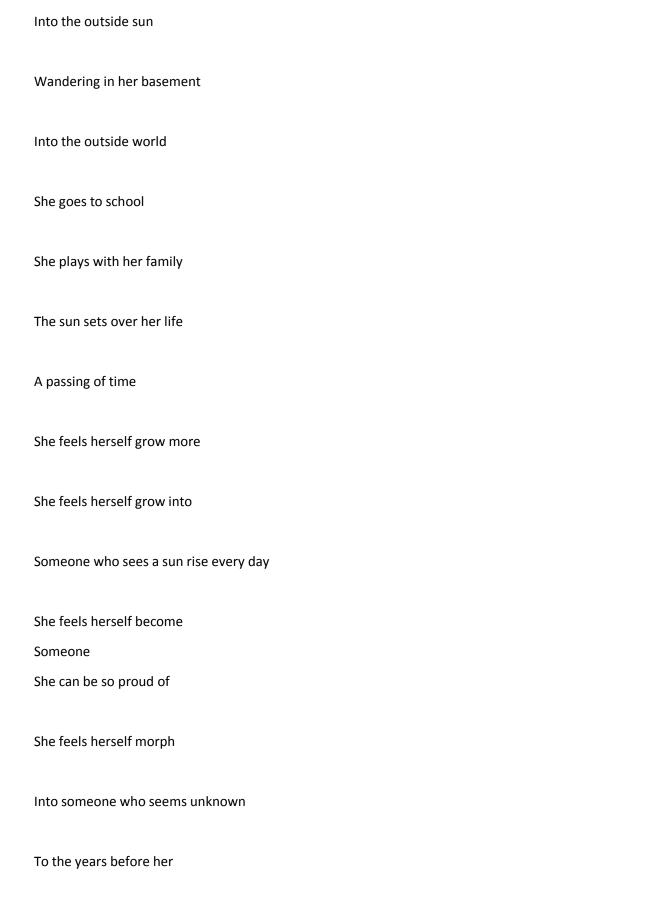
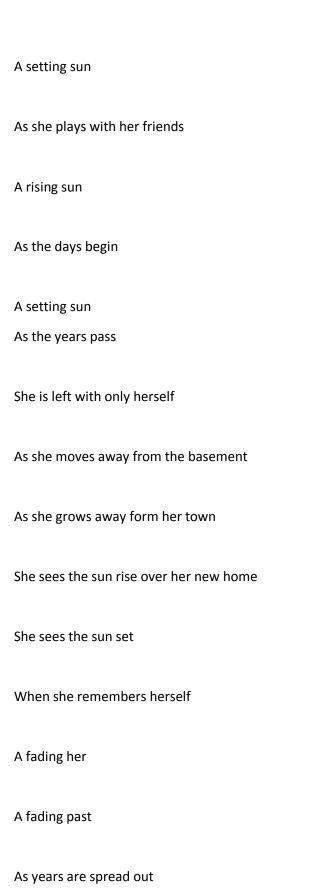
| Voices Noises A Flow  |
|---|
| Some vaices are created for the one they are directed at                              |
| Some voices are created for the one they are directed at.                             |
| Some voices are lies for the one they are directed at.                                |
| Some voices are truths for the one they are directed at.                              |
|   |
| Some noises were never meant to be heard. Some noises never knew they could be heard. |
|   |
| Some noises travelled to us when we didn't want them to.                              |
|   |
| Some voices travelled to us when we didn't want them to.                              |
|   |
| Why did they travel anywhere?   |
| vvily did they travel anywhere:   |
| M/a da wat linawi   |
| We do not know.   |
|   |
| What was created Was something we did or did not want                                 |
|   |
| In our minds.   |
|   |
|   |
| And so, life continues to flow, around us   |
|   |
|   |
|   |
|   |
| Reality   |
|   |

| Everything accomplished is grand.   |
|---|
| A writing wishing for something else so, so bad.                                      |
| But imagination falters when it doesn't lead to anything.                             |
| A writing Is it a nothing, no matter how living a sense it had a wish to be born for? |
| Floating out of a mind It's not reality.  |
|   |
| Home  |
| Seeing a figure on a hill   |
| It is a late summer day.  |
| The sun is going down.  |
| A sun set, so reminiscent of past days.   |
|   |
| The figure on the hill, finally waiting.  |
|   |
| Someone just always believed  |
| They could go home  |

| A figure on the hill, wishing for a sunset   |
|--|
| Smiled at that hope  |
| Someone was so far away  |
| Why wasn't the hill reached?   |
| Heartbeat of The Horizon   |
| On the horizon All is still.   |
| The birds chirp outside the open window  |
| A clock ticks, in silence.   |
| Someone lies inside the house Listening to the silence pulse its heartbeat around him/her. |
| A horizon that fades into night  |
| A heartbeat stops.   |







| On the balcony she stands                                   |
|---|
| On remembering herself                                      |
| The longing consumes her                                    |
| She wants to go back to her young sun rise                  |
| Walking to the town she grew up in, she sees it once again. |
| It's a sun rise day.  |
| The young woman smiles to herself.                          |
| She was never lost  |
| Something was always there for the girl to visit.           |
| For the young woman to come back to                         |
| She wonders what she is seeing                              |
| Her far away past is so faded                               |

Autumn's Shore.... A Season's Passing

On the shore, I, as a figure, stood on sand looking out at the distance....

She.... I.... saw herself floating over the sea.

A faded sight, made real by the fall leaves falling around her.

A fall leaf in the ocean.

A fall leaf, where she can't see.

A fall leaf, for her.

A fall leaf.... Somewhere off the shore.

She finds the fall leaf as it falls into her.... she glides it to the air away from her.

Standing by the shore, she moves back into a row of fall trees.

The park is lively, this time of year.

The park is a life, flowing with autumn leaves.

As the shore lies in front of her.

The sea at the end of the fall park.

She reaches the leaves....

Only to find them vanishing into the sky,

Flowing into the fall sea.

The trees in the park lose their autumn leaves,

As the season comes to an end.

And she goes....

To drown herself at sea.

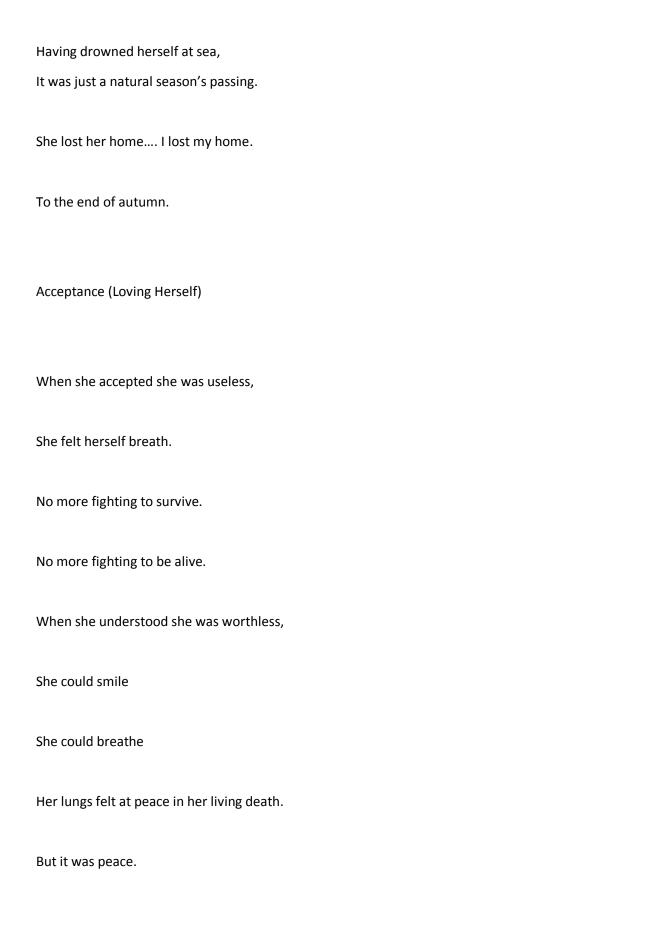
Her body and face are covered with fall leaves from the autumn park.

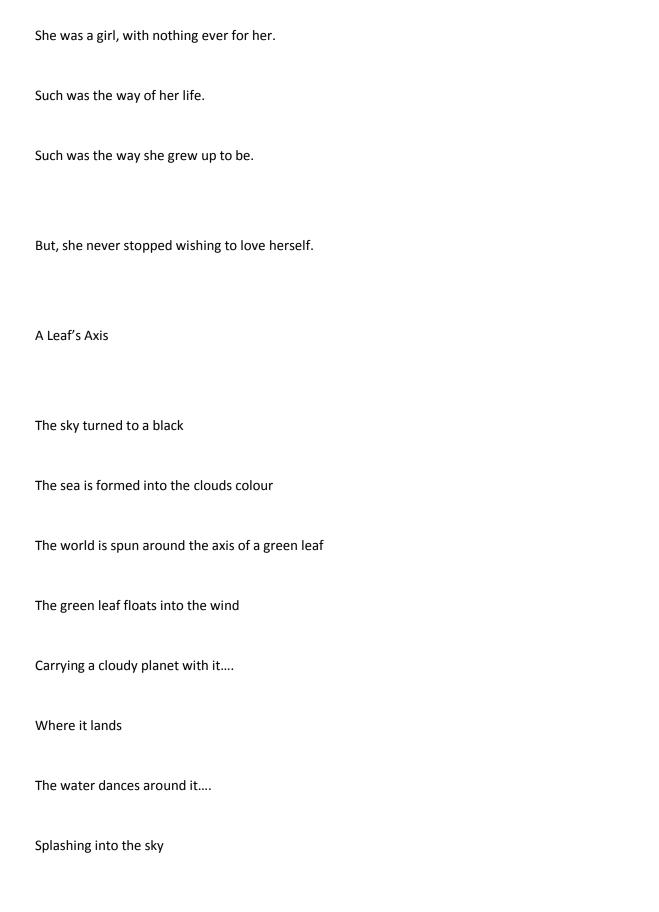
A distant season past her.

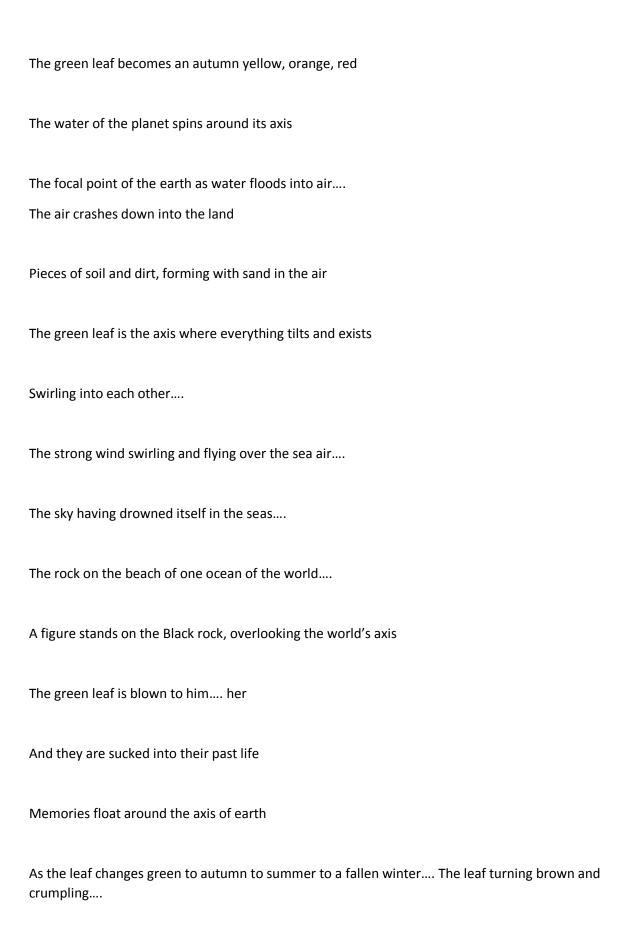
A kiss for her.... from the lovely autumn season.

The autumn season, I lived in.

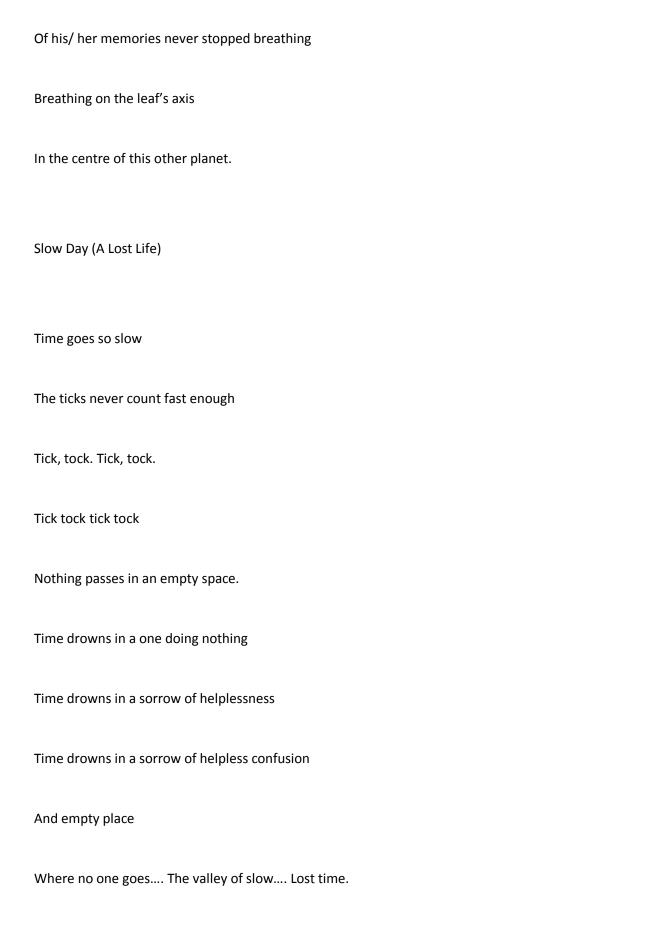
A home that left, when the seasons changed.







| It moves from bright green to bright yellow, orange, red                              |
|---|
| It flows into the air, and spins the visions a planet's spiraling axis  Around it     |
| The figure on the black rock is swept over with air and waves.                        |
| The green leaf stops in a summer,   |
| Bright light shining on an axis that makes everything turn and move                   |
| Through life  |
| The black rock is empty,  |
| Soaked and swept out to an airy sea,  |
| Where a bright sunset is rising over the shore of black rocks                         |
| And green summer leaves, fallen on black rock, reflecting a shine of amazing sunlight |
| A day in the future   |
| All of this axis's power is a long-gone vision  |
| But the black rock on the beach and the life  |



| Where do I go from there?  |
|--|
| There is no place to go  |
| I'll be stuck here with this ticking clock   |
| Of a slow time   |
| Forever.   |
| Lost in my own helplessly sorrowful  |
| Time   |
| A lost life  |
| Stopped Time (A Still Life)  |
| When he sat in a room, still   |
| She walked into a room, moving.  |
| Still as can be, he lay in his room, rotting like a corpse.  He had never wished to be a walking corpse. |
| Was this an end point?   |

| She moved freely around her room, full of energetic life. |
|---|
| Time never stopped for her.                               |
| She was so alive.   |
| She was so alive A long time ago.                         |
| He sat in his room, waiting to die.                       |
| She was a flow outside.                                   |
| Gun   |
| Holds a gun to her head                                   |
| Pulls trigger   |
| Air comes out when she breathes it in                     |
| A scent of lavender-rich air in her lungs.                |
| A fresh bullet, giving her a rich colour.                 |
| A breath gift.  |
| Ill Fate (Never)  |

| An empty, hollow inside          |
|----------------------------------|
| Full of bewilderment and peace   |
| An empty hollow space            |
| Full of shock and awe            |
| An empty, hollow inside          |
| No one but her                   |
| Can see                          |
| A touch                          |
| That gives no life               |
| But helps a gift of life         |
| In the most strange way possible |
| The touch of an ill fate.        |
|                                  |
| Seeking a truth,                 |

| The searcher finds a rainfall of empty drops. |
|---|
| A young woman is gone.                        |
| There's nothing left to search for.           |
| Her fate was never an ill life.               |
| Kiss  |
| A kiss.                                       |
| A kiss so soft.                               |
| A kiss for you.                               |
| A kiss for her.                               |
| A kiss for him.                               |
| A kiss for life.                              |
| A kiss for death.                             |
| A kiss for a cheek.                           |

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