

## **Cursive "Proposals"**

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Let's get one thing straight,  
we don't have any answers.  
We are proposals in a cosmic nursery,  
and these massive stars,  
they're just little twinkles,  
if I can't possess them at such magnificence.  
So if you can really hear me  
and you really think you believe me,  
there must be some kind of privilege here  
to putter around with such an existence.  
You see on some stage,  
and you believe it's really me over there,  
there's a chance it's not really me.  
Maybe we're not ourselves at all.  
And maybe being is simply believing  
that each breath we take in  
must lead to another breath out,  
one more breath away from yesterday,  
and a timeline of yesterdays,  
filled in with love or with pain  
or whatever bullshit we smear on our sleeves.  
I've found my cause, and this is it.  
There are no answers.

Am I what I am?  
Am I what I am?  
Is that what this is?  
Is this all there is?

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