

Honorary Title "Frame By Frame"

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Days bunch up in weeks, collaborate months against me.

The sheets are stained with evidence that our remains are now, drifting away.

I share with complete strangers my most personal of pleasures.

I scribble tidbits of useless mind info- trash, treasure.
Spend hours, at my leisure, like sharpened precise tweezers.

Shifting through in the frame by frame

I walk the same path

I'll say the same lines

I do this every time

Do this every time

Dodging armpit stench aromatic

Wrapped up in my own self-induced stress panic

I think I am the only one in this shifting through

They'll collaborate in months against me.

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