

Number Twelve Looks Like You "The Try (thank You)"

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Immersion in the wrong sorts
This is my manifesto

Tingly body
Mind sunk deep within
An arbitrary conversation

Looking, seeing, and feeling the wrongs
A simplified overcoming of stature and belonging
Nevermore
This overcompensated, disillusion of downtime
And no time of babbling
I will set aside and overcome
With suds of porter in hand
A mild-mannered genius has come to save me

I seem to rise as morning draws near
Pushing through fields of tracks (green and alive)
The dew draws close to my hung down body, feeling
alone
But in the comfort of friends

If I drew this close to perfection
Every moment I would be the field
And I would be the green
A conflict of mind and matter
I would live in harmony beside you
But never alone

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