

Brett Fuentes

"Wells Crowley"

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Space is traveled
Invisible
Mixed up tempo okay in time
Microscopic millions watching
Scrutinized and studied

Maybe hog tied wild in my head
Exploration, land still to objectify

Intolerance
Evidence of

Impotence or so it's said in time
Memorize what?
I can't comprehend
Fighting drunk on bogey tales

Maybe hog tied wild in my head
Lady of my sweet dreams
Never seems to come back again
You see I am in blue without seasons of you
Wrestling with the writing angels that keep bickering on
my shoulders
Yes I've promised myself I would keep my sanity
And so is me, reluctantly

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