

## Shai Hulud

### "This Wake I Myself Have Stirred (Warehouse Practic"

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Bring it on.

Afraid to turn, but I did, and met no maker at all.  
Only instead, reflections of a rippled self.  
I may at last see myself as good.

In a neutral pond unbiased and real, depicting only  
what is true.  
A distortion my hand has forced.  
I have created the wake.  
I may at last see myself as good.

Paint a fake scenario.  
This life has been a breach of contract faith.  
I kid myself.  
Moving through self-degradation.  
I turn to you for appreciation.  
So help me to help myself.  
So help me to love myself.

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