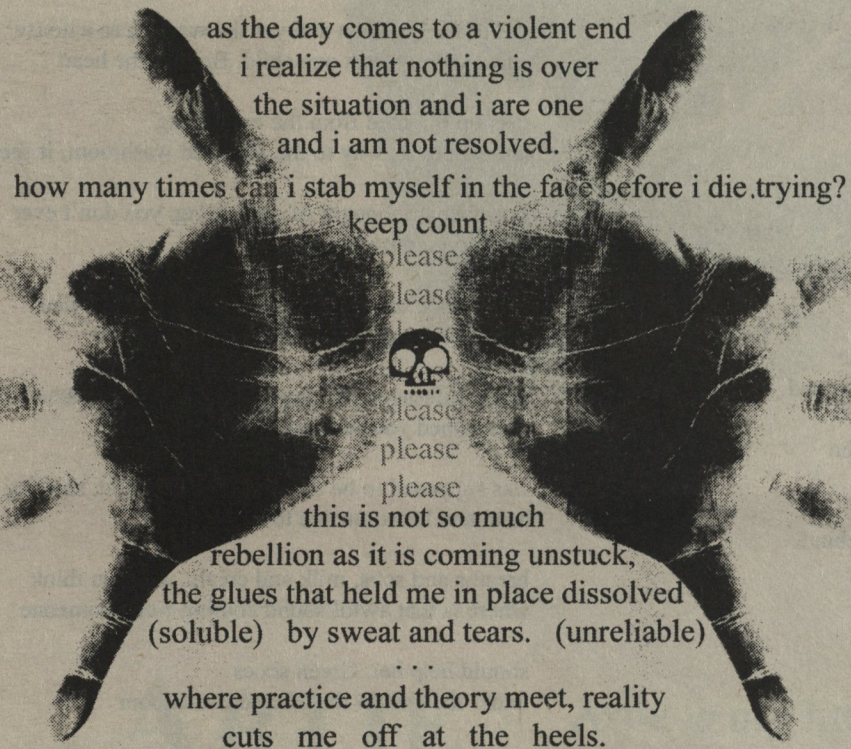


...follow my stump-prints home.



as the day comes to a violent end
i realize that nothing is over
the situation and i are one
and i am not resolved.

how many times can i stab myself in the face before i die. trying?
keep count
please
please
please
please
please
please
this is not so much
rebellion as it is coming unstuck,
the glues that held me in place dissolved
(soluble) by sweat and tears. (unreliable)

...
where practice and theory meet, reality
cuts me off at the heels.
and peace of mind passes me by while i limp on both legs.

if you wish to pursue this...

(jonah.)