

silently

out of mind

sliced in halves

diving head-first into traps
with sharpened sticks
bottomwise

no matter what

when a hind a golden hind of fallen foam comes out

one hint

one clue

one little signal too transparent

- it's gone

walking a fine line

sweet spirals

no end

this is a one-way

a dead-end

a roundabout of circles

you havent felt this paralyzed & paranoid & petrified
in years

the deep thoughts at deep nights

the doomed doubts

the doubts

to think is to already act

2009
somewhere
(under the rainbow)