

FOR WHOM...

I live in a world of cliché walls

In a room without windows or doors

“In these complex and troubling times...”

“We are all in this together...”

Death sinks like pregnant rain

drops into a stream of confusion.

Stretch marks of concentric waves shock my consciousness

Twirling me around to face myself.

“Like Ripples On a Pond”

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Neon lights tap one letter at a time on my bedroom ceiling.

C- R- I- S -I- S / O- P- P- O- R- T -U- N- I- T- Y

O -P -P- O- R -T -U- N- I -T- Y / C- R- I- S- I- S

I strain to see daylight thru the stabbing silence of the night

3...4...5 o'clock---SLEEP

But GOD IS LOVE.

LOVE IS EVOL

NEVAEH/HEAVEN

The Rubik Cube multiplies.

While Sam Cooke sings “It’s Been Too Hard Living

But I’m Afraid to Diiii.”

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