

the sky
is a mirror



you're
gazing
upwards







old
and forgotten




full and
less



stopping still

the ducks sleep
with their heads
turned around



people,
by myself



we don't always
know what we
feel

A hand-drawn cloud with a scalloped, irregular border, containing three lines of text in a cursive script.

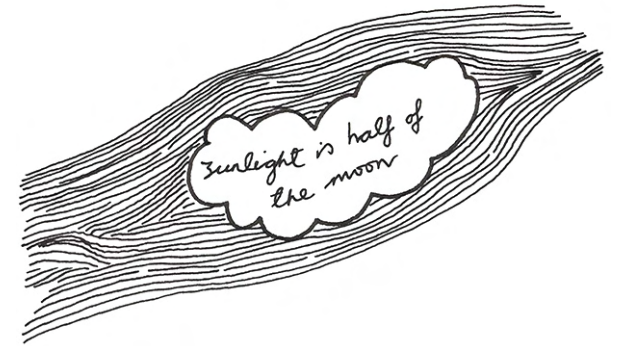
Trees grow
in the winds'
old habits



there is
a rhythm



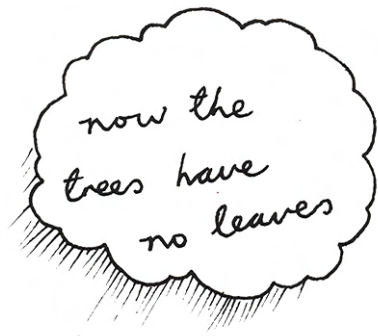
water sounds
sweetest where
there are stones



cold
as a
colour



everything
wants more
sun



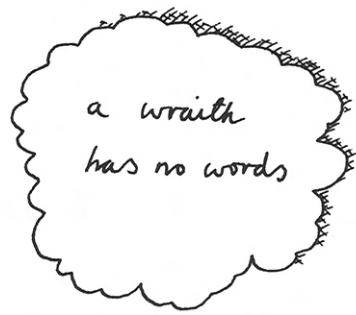
now the
trees have
no leaves



*fields
share
all of their
edges*



the taste of
brambles is pure
and then they
rot



a wraith
has no words

everything
grows with its
roots stuck in
decay



evening light
forgives

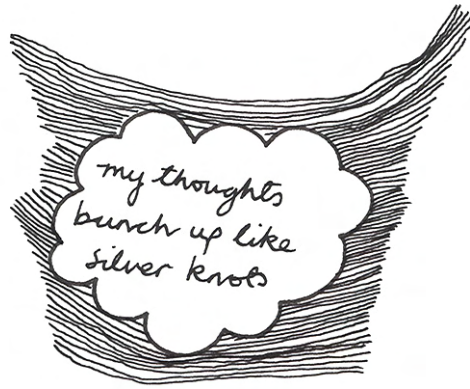


make me
feel fair

contention
is a wish bone

equality
is balancing
different
things

parts of me
are already
dead





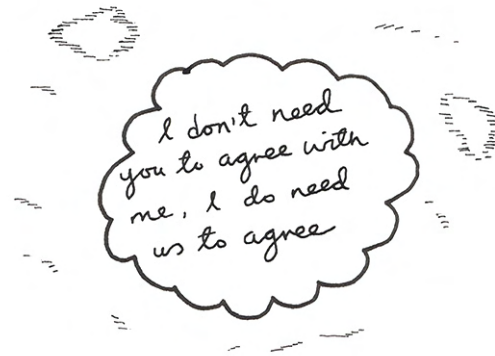
what fell is
lying at
your feet

not everything
important happens
in rooms



*longingly
through windows*

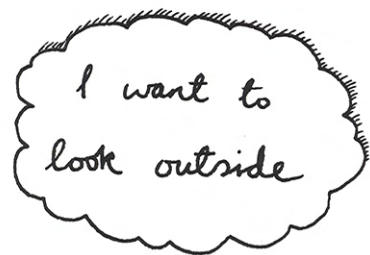
our lives are so
different, your house is cold
mine is warm



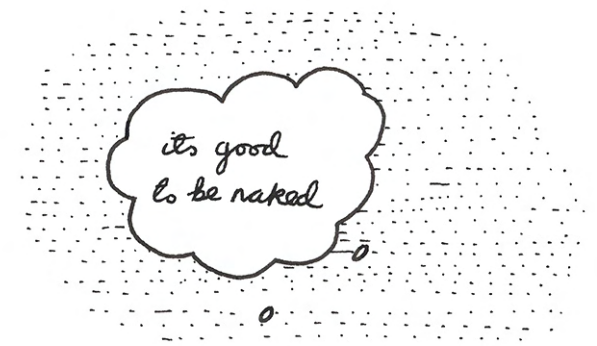
I don't need
you to agree with
me, I do need
us to agree

ideas
belong to those
that use them

language
is a sense



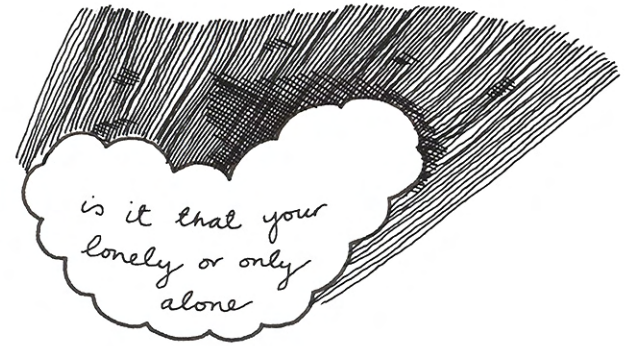
I want to
look outside



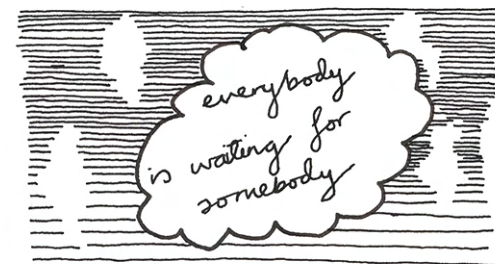
it's good
to be naked

I need the
scar to
show

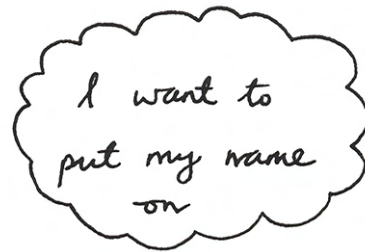
if you tug at
a fankle then
you get a knot



is it that your
lonely or only
alone

A hand-drawn cloud with a scalloped border, containing the text "everybody is waiting for somebody" written in a cursive script. The cloud is set against a background of horizontal lines.


everybody
is waiting for
somebody



I want to
put my name
on

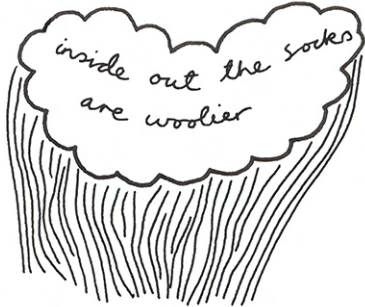
two keys stuck
either side of
the same door

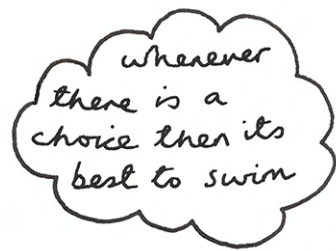




the brighter the
leaves the more
pain the tree
feels



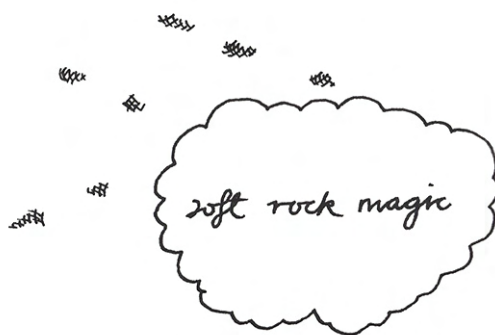


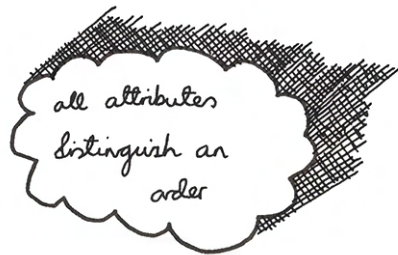


whenever
there is a
choice then its
best to swim









all attributes
distinguish an
order



funny relaxed clocks



the era of
the spirograph
is over



where do ideas
really come from

we should
complain but
we do



with every
reading the
reader changes

