Me and my doppleganger swim together in a sea of undifferentiated
what ifs
Keeping strictly to the buddy system
for safety's sake
whatever we each do, we both do
Cutting each other's wrists, we show our narcissistic love
what if
I dropped a pretense
would it fall
if so at what rate, at what acceleration?
would it snowball
bring the walls a'tumb'ling down with it?
or would it freeze
refuse to let a moment pass without this sacrosanct facade
or would it be snatched up by my double
who's truer to me than my reflection?

The Way Things Sometimes Seem to Be

Let the rumours fly like horses, trot like sorrow
let stories envelope words, sentences lie beside truths
who had parallels and skews,
but no contrasts, no
matches, no
colors clashing, no
gauzy shroud, nor pagan likeness
parables on inky darkness, run down dripping on projected
maps of the world, save the poles, and lend little credit
to the ~~::liliddle~~ **middle**
masses, who hold the world, round like a tomato
on their shoulders,
like Atlas at a bad stage production
Like Shakespeare done with hand shadows, in pantomime
the audience is confused though,
they are blind with age
and cannot understand the soliloquies