

## Ants of the Sky

### Between the Buried and Me

My teeth taste funny today...they seem more jagged than normal.  
I've been told that I have been grinding them like the gears du  
ring my dream hours...

I wonder if it's just my thoughts fusing into one frequent drea  
m...

One which parts with the night.

(There are frequent amongst the walking crawlers).

I saw them dragging the other day.

Scraping their knees and elbows against the bumpy pavement.

Blood tracks have been filling the streets.

Seems the high horse is taking them all home...

I can't leave myself out.

Why should we sleep today...

why should we awake tomorrow?

We can just pop back a few and drift though this pre-  
programmed flight.

Across all oceans...a windy, noisy trek...

this seems to be what I've needed.

The view used to be better...lands are growing into one.

We wanted it this way. We were brought up to grow into one.

I'm going to fly up soon and seek other lands. The soothing air  
of flight...

a bird's eye view into what I've always imagined life could be.

Will it be sought after?

It might just be useless writing and ideas that laziness will c  
orrupt in the end.

Bones of dust need hardening. I think the prescription is found  
.

Sleep on...fly on.

In your mind, you can fly.

My teeth grin oddly today...

they seem to gleam more than normal.

Maybe it will be noticed.

(That's all we ever asked for. Grinning through it all.....)

(In the corner the thinker things: I seem more jagged than norm  
al.

I am the episode of constant wandering.

A nomad in my own surroundings...this hand produces the nerve.)

Walking dead.