

Tricked into some fodder about this oasis.
This conversation of new beginning.
Having enlightening talks over common interests.
Chained together (forever) to push onto the celebrated platform
.

I've boarded myself inside. I've refused to exit.
There is no ocean for me.
There is no glamour.
Only the mirage of water ascending from the asphalt.
I gaze at it from the oven of my home.

Confined to a house that never remains clean.
To a bed where the ill never get well.
I cough ceaselessly into the night.

The remainder of my humanity is drifting spit through the cold.
Sitting quietly in scorching reimagined suburbia.