

Frame By Frame

The Honorary Title

Days bunch up in weeks, collaborate months against me.
The sheets are stained with evidence that our remains are now,
drifting away.

I share with complete strangers my most personal of pleasures.
I scribble tidbits of useless mind info- trash, treasure.
Spend hours, at my leisure, like sharpened precise tweezers.

Shifting through in the frame by frame
I walk the same path
I'll say the same lines
I do this every time
Do this every time

Dodging armpit stench aromatic
Wrapped up in my own self-induced stress panic
I think I am the only one in this shifting through

They'll collaborate in months against me.