

Atom Ariola

By Ease of the Unbroken, Written Backwards

Because it was only to understand how close you would not come. The actual reason some story of the trade or distances between us. To assay on only what might never go away. At the worst, nobody else and every one watching. This being past the unexpected, this somehow now still. Last the nearly, then the chance that will allow us to open. See my mother, purposing the wreck, departing. How many have come to this shore if only just to leave. The more they leave the more they come. The shore now flooded with some abundance of leaving. You going always where you go. And here am I who held out my hands. And always the voices locked in the trees. That whiteness. What I without changing want. What I wanted. I once loved how you might approach the damage I seem to begin with. Easy is need and should not take this many words.