## Navigating Iota

## by Michael Tusa

I never thought that I would be here
lost in the static.
Wandering aimlessly
through the noise so
hopelessly filled with hope.
Peeking in through windows
having the odd dream and
regrettably counting the days.
It isn't real to me yet.
Tomorrow.
And it won't be, not at least, until it is today.
not at least,

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And even then i can only imagine as i am so dialed in

the microscopic subject of some everlasting gaze.