Two

by Timmothy Merath

i am two

one part me another part them

within everything is a little bit of everything else i am a sponge with eyes

i can hear a rhythm in the things you say a little melody in your walk

i have lost my sense of home and it makes me ill

i like to think about impossibilities while i drive things that could seemingly never happen

think about what you see would you rather be blind? and hear the world instead?

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