

# Two

*by* Timothy 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?

