Narcissism...
There is no Mirror for what I am
I could have been the red that caught
your fall at your base point
A joy in your head and a girl in your bed
Prone to your heart, Godless, Wondering Still
Only commitment Remembered is to the
Small. Arise of being one with my intention.
Determined to create work of the heart and hand.
Relief with compassion, Convincing Lives
Many Wonders
A Woman so to live Where most Sympathetically Nothing.
Cannot be held with the pleasure.
Seek out Someone, Character, the compassion
the youth, the wizard, light in a covert
Compete in three fortune, I appear
Like unto a mirror, seeing a distant ground
To participate in Reese own myth without fear of
Exploitation. Underlining the progress which
have given away those that “shadow and terror of
the world in pursuit of another kind of happiness
The sentiment to protect that labor down to
What might be, what I do not know.
Finding salvation at once own god
Gods
Happiness to worship that did not exist before this process
Strengthen my heart only like unto a heartstop
Taking a voice, a voice, a voice, a voice, a voice
Library Nothing to be, nothing.
Library Nothing to be, nothing.
An absence that desires being rich, conscious dreaming
The potential to heal. Thus leaving after a silent shrine.
We leave, leaving the potential of becoming a presence.
Now one understands the absence of the present.
Another presence, the shadow. Remembering is being.
Including you can see. Further, bringing a child into this world
Without practicing being a father to all things.
If we were to do all mother rather or rather future
saving that we are all boys disguised in older bodies
the stereotypes of what makes a man smile.
And a woman, sexual could breathe into a promised less superficial union.

When I tear down the image I have of myself
A dream I have in my head, a conviction a fantasy
About seeming attractive. This ultimate lack of to
Marks something, worthy of being looked at. Permission
To become invisible.
Facing two million years of procession
That have insisted to get out of yourself
Or to know another other than your self.
Stick your neck out.
They call me... a female artist.
She nazis, she is not expect this...
Because in that is the resemblance of
Something dreadful. A case openness
We cannot forgive.