

Life filled with so much love, how can one not?  
Life of uninhibited pleasure, what if these are not?  
Life stripped of all her honest beauty - a shallow rawness  
a bit of dieing in the making

an unwarmth crossed my path  
a beginning on the path  
of causation

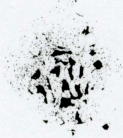
soft moss , know me well, I come to touch you

Like the twisting of  
a rotten limb on a  
strong tree

it is the heart, the heart  
and I hear an unbeat

oblivion to this less than can be

how,... how can there be more....  
it is such a forsaking emptiness  
- this cold, cold lifelessness...



Patricia