

CONFUSED

BOGGLE ONLY THERE IS NO WORDS, BLANK SPACES UNABLE TO FILL,
EMPTY AN INSIDE OUT, RUNG OUT AND HUNG TO DRY, HERE BUT NEVER
FULLY AWARE, BE IN EVERY MOMENT, EVEN IF ITS ONLY FRACTIONS,
ANY PART IS WORTH HANGING ON TO, MY LIFE IN A CLOSET, THE DOOR
OPENS AND YOU NEVER COME OUT, BLEED OUT TO KNOW THAT YOUR ALIVE,
WITHOUT BREATH, THICKNESS, YOUR UN-ABLE TO CATCH-22. YOU NEVER
WIN, RUSSIAN ROULETTE, HOW DO YOU HIT AND MISS, KISS OF DEATH,
RISE ABOVE THIS LIFE, RESURRECT, A PROFIT IN THE FLESH, BOW AND
FOLLOW YOUR OWN CLOWDED ROUTE, A MIST OR A FOG UNABLE TO SEE,
A VISION OR A PROPHECY, ABANDONED AN LEFT ALONE, UNWILLINGLY BREAK
FREE, JUST BE, BURST APART THE PARTS OF YOUR HEART THAT YOU THOUGHT
WERE SEALED SHUT-AND UNABLE TO CRACK, THERES NO KEY IN OR OUT,
SHOUT TILL YOUR ONLY SEEING RED & BLACK, HEART ATTACK, THE LIVING DEAD,
TRED UP HILL, EVEN WHEN YOUR AT A STANDSTILL, MOVE EVEN IF YOUR
CONFUSED, BECAUSE ITS ONLY A GAME OF BOGGLE. THERE NEVER IS NO
WORDS . . .

James Job.