



rhymes rhyme

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"Untitled (though, is it)"; published: Britain (the book, herein, constitutes mere [free] literature)

## An Edge

It is uneven underfoot, such that, it seems that every *nook-  
And-cranny* is felt by the feet but too squeamish to ever look  
Downwards. Stood still, dwelling on each piece of grit as if they're boulders.  
Speech is with slips of tongues. Holds the breath, as the dusk mixes bold blurs,  
It is a muddied blood colour with cotton-wool-like clouds dabbing  
A light; a flood which does dull the dyed skies, as sunlight was dragging  
Down everything with it. The ground, found now as the limit, propounds  
Sounds of that, as this cliff crumbles; consequently, with it, fumbles  
The feet to be on solid ground and reaches for that thereabouts.  
Each cacophonous crash of stones is an omen of cracks to bones,  
That, it's known, splinter into shards and on dirt, twinkle like the stars;  
Light to dark. Scurries though, to stand on land and buries the two hands  
In the dirt, hanging on that cliff, on a verge, clambering to live.  
With that earth as all that exists, then, by words, of a tongue, one spits,  
To unearth gifts to tongues, hence, written, the words, word, world, doesn't differ  
Much. An *iota-of-difference* can mean the world. From such grit,

Gets up, with eyes closed, yet with images seen, rather perceived, scribes  
A dread to write of deadly life, to end that sight of *head-for-heights*,  
An edge, described, to tend to fight the endless plight of senses spliced  
With the weather and of whether they're tense and tight, like a tightrope.  
They were never something to trample on. A glow, with a light, shows  
A pupil of an eye as dark, with thoughts like the moon in the skies,  
Where, it can illuminate why dark exists, it's because there's light  
(Where, it can illuminate why light exists, it's because there's dark),  
Knows darkness is not a bad thing, as a shade to the blazing sun  
Can indeed be such a blessing. A blackness of skies shapes seasons  
Near to white; a balance. Can't cite sunlight to only convey white  
Across the world as it can tan. Wanders to want to see daylight;  
To near jump only displays fright. Didn't jump; it's not a play. Finds,  
A martyr does impart the sentiment of senselessness, as it  
Was once a feckless easy means to ensure death to enemies  
To those warring because of dreams of others to just love the world.

To hate love was of hate and to love hate was of hate; to conclude  
Therein, hate seems to pervade but that falsely pertains to logic,  
As love rightly shapes that *of-the-heart*, that can convey a blood-like  
Darkness of an eclipse. To write, harnessed it, a *mother tongue*, which  
Upholds a time to close the eyes, alone, to cite an open site,  
So, glows of light emboldens sights, as shown with life, where, globes from lines,  
Within the skies, does show that lights lets those with minds behold a sight  
Of a lit moon, with shrouds to light rays to that moon, and with that view,  
Light, by itself, might lack a true means for pursuit of real knowledge.  
Gleans that, with the moon, a homage, not of bondage but of bonding,  
In the midst that was beyond it, is to never give up on to  
Unshackle oppressive shackles. For that to impact on the world,  
It's as unique as fingerprints and with that feat, begins to think,  
To so nearly have lost it all was so eerie because to fall  
Would mean to be that of a fool, for who's to say, what's possible,  
For who's to say, what's possible. *Feet-on-the-ground*, as it is called.

## A Realm

Treetops arch over to one another and shapes a shape of paths  
Beneath. A glow of a sun asunder. A weight to tracks, with that  
Of tractions, shows trails weigh a ton but seemingly tells of a tongue,  
With meanings once felt with the lungs, when breathing the air that becomes  
As one with the body. Oddly, a gust of wind begins to move  
Small stones, although, the stones might use air to move and therein, alludes  
To stones having life as air permits movement with humans and thus,  
Life, as one knows it. So, stares at grit; with it, presumes that the dust  
Once was something of size, as grit, from stones and boulders, can exist  
And grit can erode to a sand and then grow to boulders or stand  
As cliffs. It might be the same with humans decomposing, where, plants  
And the suchlike can live and with it, humans might live, to give. It  
Seems to have begun with no end, if it even begun; that *sends-*  
*Shivers-down-the-spine*. At that time, a lone black bird perches on trees,  
With beads for eyes; a seam of life, that seems to tie heart-beats in time,  
And cheeps, as cries, could speak the minds of these that fly, to be alive.

The path, as black as those birds' eyes, contrasts that of untold dirt. Finds  
Seeds that shimmer with faeces proves these creatures do indeed teach, do  
As one does, so crops can grow and with that of nature, ideas fly  
And they think of a time to time; cites that the wheel can be revealed  
Because from slopes, rocks can roll, yet signs of a zeal of humans feels  
As if the whole plot was shown but with that foretold, stops *to-go-with-*  
*The-flow*. Blows out and *knows of nothing*, yet knows not even that, as  
"Nothing" exists as a word, so wanders to believe of blackness,  
With trails, no one can tell of neither a beginning nor an end.  
Compelled to wander, as they breathe, as it seems a breeze, sort of, then,  
Perceives these moments, as chosen, might invoke one's own destiny,  
With every breath, as breathed, that does impress on scenes, as seen, but sees  
Those wings, that flap, conveys a breeze that isn't a breeze. The heart pounds.  
A word abounds, with opaque sounds of fears, and fierce from hearing growls  
As a snarling exhalation, like the start of a mutation,  
With nails as claws. Stoops to the floor, as to nearly go on to haunt.

Picks up a stone, gripping it hold like the muscles around the chest.  
The leaves rustle. An owl-like neck looks back though and with that of trees,  
As scariness, rushes to leave. Ground barely in touch with the feet.  
Reaches the start outside the woods. Beats of the heart in time with that  
Of the woods. Stood by a rock-face outside the woods and then engraves  
It with "*If going down to the woods today, then take, rather, leave*  
*It, to stay safe*", with a linguistic sense of purpose, and said as  
With that of a nursery rhyme, words can describe blurring of lines  
Between the imagination and that which is real, conveying  
An imagination, so real, and such contemplations reveal,  
That of life can seem mystical. They wonder of these limits drawn,  
To only believe if it's seen, yet it doesn't seem as it seems  
If thoughts are unusual; this distorts perceived trueness, as with  
Derangement, though, of to say that, with playing with sand in play-pits  
And creating earth-like shapes, which seem to each have life, they state it's  
Not exactly as that of humans but neither is that of trees.

## A Bridge

A shape formed, like it could well break, yet a day lights it, with slits laid  
By tree branches. The breeze slants this old weakened bridge, with beating twists  
To rope-like vines. A broken sign forebodes a time to toe the line,  
Yet walks across that haunting cross, that talks of not be storming on  
That slat-like path, and opens that of slackened latches under that  
Broken sign. It is broken because of what was once spoken. Seems  
Just yesterday that it was told: would one jump off a cliff if told  
To do so; no, was the answer. Boldly, one holds, in the hand, a  
Horizontal stick, as a gate. Hurries on to the bridge. Cannot wait  
To be across the other side and speaking of true *doves that fly*  
*With olive branches*, to those whom, sadly, live stranded, where, the view,  
*Roses are red, violets are blue*, might lack a true love because some  
Roses are red, not all are, thus, to try to sum, all, some or none,  
Was a problem, and colours are far from the only aspect of  
Roses, yet logic can come-through like leaf-like shoots in concrete. Views,  
*Roses are red, violets are blue*; both are flowers and have neat hues.

Across the bridge, luscious green grass. With that image, just to see that  
As that, though, the brittle bark planks split to sharp shanks but roped bars, yanked,  
Do hold, and thankful for that; that can also shape problems, as hands  
Must hold onto vines, as roped bars, to hold on, with time, to cope. Starts  
To realise, that, real as lies, they, sadly, find the feel of vines,  
As bars, are inescapably taut, partly from grasps straining these  
Rope-like vines by trying to climb over splines to have freedom. Minds  
The torrent of water below, abhorrently forcing a flow,  
That's crashing, smashing into rocks; a massive panic, to the drop.  
*Ashes to ashes, dust to dust* and that to a human body,  
If subject to the waters below, in literal terms, shows that a  
*No-go* exists. Kissed farewell to the side that deprived wishes. By  
Every sinew of muscles, moves to bid adieu to struggles. Chooses  
To go back in the direction they came from. Clings to the wrecked  
Rungs. They'd begun to crawl back to the one side, understanding with  
*Failure* like that, where, a life slips, scares the mind with care, to just live.

Back to seeing the broken sign, that does speak of a hopeless time  
To have an actual heaven. It seems that when that was said then  
It must be true, though, trusts the view of the multi-colour roses.  
With that same old lull, to know to promptly paint those flowers showing  
On that side of the bridge. That bridge needs collapsing; that is that then.  
The ropes are cut. It opens up the gap like lips once sealed with tape,  
Then peeled to break the suffocation. Reminded of still to paint  
Some flowers, so that colours makes them heavenly, yet meant to be  
Done with words, which could go across lines, once described. Took down that cross,  
A crucifix, as a broken sign; using it to promote a  
Fire by rubbing together the two sticks of that crucifix  
And with that, summons-up weather and feels it as cloud movements drift.  
Knows to not just go with what's told, or shown, just because that was told,  
Or shown; *the heavens* ain't off-limits. Thinks, to not have conceit (to  
Not have excessive claim of any virtue) and paints roses with  
That of blueberries, violets red with lips which then bleed, by that said.

## A One-to-Three Scale

Ornate shapes decorate arches, engraved, gravely, by late artists.  
The staid stains of glass panes darken, yet shade illuminates parts of  
A building inside, where, someone's revealing that life can come from  
Wine, a blood of life; that someone, turned water to wine and begun,  
With the objections to those with fallen-halos around their necks,  
A resurrection, as told, that all whom say-so, one then protests  
Against. To cross things out to set things straight, that, boldly, set a page:  
With a pumpkin carved for a head and with lumped skin, scars that's off-red,  
A flickering flame breathes, to see, and assumptions start, it's not dead;  
That trickery tames these which seem as pests to so-called helpless souls,  
So "pests" really have felt the cold. Unrest looms, which is spelt, as shown.  
Maggots creep from the jagged teeth and that seems the only motion  
Displayed from its own devotion to stay, to then show a notion,  
To pray, that is, to live in fear, to steer clear of prickly stick arms  
And yet, a "pest" quickly risks harm and from its clothes, swiftly picks yarn,  
But that one crow remains unscathed and then, that was told, with a phrase,

'Til that scarecrow was left a-frayed. Soul-sold humans go to then take  
That "crow" to the grave, as the omen of late, and they are risqué  
By closing a shape, as doors, so it can't escape but still, a stray  
Type openly refused to pray, as those ones could have used the clothes  
Of the scarecrow to clothe those in need and to give the sticks to those  
With no shelter, yet never did. Sees an alternative to that  
Of their altars that don't alter: scenes that emerge get written as,  
Gazing at a crystal sphere, conveying such a mystical non-  
Visible presence, appears a miscible darkness, with clearness;  
With it, then questioning whether something, or somethings, does peer in  
To the cosmos like to stare at a crystal sphere, with humans sensed  
And seen as if it is there with that of a microscopic lens  
And like snow globes, it tends to be shook, so it looks like it's lost, then,  
People choose their own destiny (and thus, rightly, be left to be).  
Gazed into a crystal sphere, conveying a mystical spirit,  
With questions, as all that exists; simply, a sphere with air in it.

That stray someone begins daring to try to air such an air in  
Said crystals, where, to breathe a breath, wisps sprawl all over easels etched  
With knowledge and the mists released lets one be at one with the trees  
And so, says, a one-to-three scale, with belief, can thus be detailed:  
If a human has a talent, such as, slab-laying and can lay  
Three-times more slabs than someone else, with eating, say, one apple, they  
Could both agree that the human with the talent of slab-laying  
Might well receive two apples for three slabs laid and with that trading  
Both the people would have one apple as extra, as to sum that  
As, the human with the talent of slab-laying can lay three slabs  
With one apple eaten, whereas, that someone else can lay one slab  
With one apple eaten, thus that someone else can lay three slabs but  
With three apples eaten, as such, a real *must-have* situation  
Can be, especially if that someone else can, say, source apples  
Much more efficiently; that's *all-well-and-good*, so to speak, though, all  
That for a scarecrow, with that laid, sadly, might mean that they are "lay".

## Learnedness

In a classroom with a lectern, but one that looks like an altar,  
Was a lecturer that lectured. There were stacked books leaning over  
To one side; a *leaning tower of pieces*. One gleans that how some  
Do teach a class is like to preach and, for instance, sees an outcome  
To be that in the mind, perceived, and if different to that, it is  
An anomaly. Quite naïve as inference of facts is with  
A religiously adhered to outlook; evolution clearly  
Once took the place of genesis. Revolutionary ideas seethe  
And books do face a censorship by those with doctorates and if  
Its look isn't right, then there is, too often, doctoring of it.  
Outputs, with to cite, have bearings; to put matters right is glaringly  
Obvious, like, beware that of "osseous" can be jargon  
For "bone" because some terms snare the non-laureates and looks hard on  
All those, the ones that wear square hats, that is, the ones that declare that  
Can build, because that can't be so when still, just those with hats and robes  
Can spiel on topics. With a scroll, to try to ascertain the cause

Of something, entertains such thoughts, that the cause, or causes, occur  
Before the effect came, wherefore, the source, or sources, beyond-the-  
Present, from the past, as is thought, highlights something before "before".  
So, there might be an endless source, or sources, to a source but they  
Seem to just sense the warmth that's from the sun in the sky; of course, one  
Might wonder if, why, it's not from celestial light, though, a dunce  
Says, for instance, lions attack other animals that trespass  
On its territory and by that, it justifies violent attacks  
By humans but sees, humans are not lions. Indeed, to the stars,  
One can look and see that as sparse, as a dot-to-dot of the shards  
Of light, like, "Survival of the fittest" cites a rival and to  
Then fight against another, to *come-out-on-top*; that said though, with  
All the speed, strength and size of creatures, if they're shot, by one, wheelchair  
Bound, they could not survive (that's simply in hypothetical terms).  
Moreover, there should be no word to describe that named misnomer;  
Knows that, humans cannot just "learn their lesson" for grave mistakes. It

Seems, cress seeds needs some light, water and air, amongst, perhaps, other  
Things, where, one seed with a covering and one seed with no covering,  
One can see if light determines whether cress seeds then grow but  
If there's a cress seed exposed to light, it might also need water,  
So, that's with four experiments, by such types, to grow seeds, or to  
Not grow seeds, by that. Sees the view of whether that is ethical,  
Although, these are seeds, not humans, and it's said it's adept to call  
All unfactored variables "extraneous variables"

And are two seeds truly the same, for if they were identical  
They would occupy the same space and kind of merge and form one seed;  
Thus, finds absurdness for said schematic to be truly achieved.  
So, cites from that, to use instincts but that doesn't mean to not think:  
Notes, non-violence first and foremost, yet self-defence (to defend) though,  
Where, it seems that, everything, known in the cosmos, cannot be told;  
Notes, non-violence first and foremost, yet self-defence (to defend) though,  
Where, it seems that, everything, known in the cosmos, cannot be told.

## A Mirage

The sand shimmers as dust of stars, as a gift the desert imparts,  
But one is left ever so parched, such that, spit was more like a grit  
And the present lets that afar near exist as nearby, where, slips  
In the sand do belie the image of any [non-dry] liquid  
To behold, as sand pours into footprint holes, that are forged by such  
A heat, scolding hot. Scorned to touch the world, yet to resort to clutching  
At straws, of the sort that might break a camel's back. Dawning thoughts  
Makes the travelled paths have a form, as strands, ravelled as a hard taut  
Mattress to not rest on. Blood seeps from the feet like a red carpet  
Outstretched in the sand and comely, perhaps only for coyotes  
And such though. In the mind, perceived, but it isn't a sight to see,  
Like to speak of, to like to eat, rather ingest, a liquid, or  
Food, is so tempting and to see no bulls attacked by picadors,  
Whom, gripping a stick, picks on poor animals and they wander in  
The desert with such conjuring of said words, that are enduring,  
And efforts of to endure it causes expressions that's gormless,

Like skin is stretched on a frame of bones, as with tents, as a place called  
Home. As of yet, with no place to go to and upon the wave-like  
Stone, where, water wells in the eyes but there isn't enough to cry,  
Though, enough that it blurs the sight, then sees that of water in sight.  
A hole plugged with water, so goes on their knees, with water held like  
The hold beholds a grail and gulps it up, as old thoughts repelled life  
Whilst of a closeness to it like a flayed oil spill in the sea  
But that toil, still, it's with *tides-of-change*. Spoiled swill can be seen  
As blood from the body has leached into it. Upon the paths, each  
Foot moves slowly as the sand grains grate the skin and so, one can't stay  
Staying in that state, as sand drains the life like to pour liquid on  
Sand and the sand's pores soaks it up; left life-like because of that. An  
Image of a poor one, that trudges on with a picture, in hand,  
Dragged behind, imprints on the sand as a line, then picks it up as  
With thee sight of another one, a beeline is made for that one  
To speak, cry to, of any hope to provide some water but no,

The one without the picture can't. The other one, which, in the hands,  
Grasps a picture of a deadpan glance, says it's worth millions and  
That they'd trade it for just one cup of water to drink but with such  
Worth, thoughts that it would've easily bought at least a million  
Clean bottles of water if in a civilised urban city  
Therein, describes absurdities of that desert, where, words of please,  
Then turns to pleas. That search to be with water is diverging these  
Ones quite quickly from that of crossroads, as indeed to blurt out of  
Nowhere to drink helps no one and so, shares nothing but hope, but a  
Hope, where because water hasn't been found yet then there's surely such  
A fountain elsewhere pouring out water that is so desperately  
Sought-after. It's merely a scene thought, with blurs, as disparately,  
Sands amassed, or footprints in the sands, are, by air, dispersed to leave  
Flattened lands and with that, just collapses. A body that looks as  
A sack of bones. To that one though, all black was known but as the glow  
Of the sun blazes, then awakes as see-through rain splashes the face.

## An Expression

Light can be seen to be fading, like when retreating waves break, then  
They are as one again; changing to stars, which gleam as mainstay gems,  
But as one, as with the sun. The stars are like sequins on fabric  
And thereby, speaks of such magic; the seas, it must, it must have it.  
Addresses the blue seas, sees just that. A glass bottle, it wobbles  
But doesn't topple. To bob all that way on that day; was fate real,  
Whether discovered or revealed. Humans can alter the outcome.  
Out comes the glass bottle. It's bunged. With a message in it on some  
Paper. So that was it. One wonders, the day of when it was cast  
Out to sea, for when was the last mouth that breathed into it; was that  
The same as by whom that was written; and was that inside forbidden;  
And was it meant to be hidden; was it something to be hid  
Of. With all of these questions, riddled. So, pulls out the bung. A fiddle,  
Of sorts, to play, on the bottle. They pull out the paper; what  
All the fuss was for, now to find. On the tattered paper, thus scribed,  
Was a mere definition of equality, with that thereof,

Equality: respect for other humans not simply because  
Of [natural] skin colour (and respect for other humans not simply  
Because of gender and respect for other humans not simply  
Because of any appellation that they might claim to have  
And such), whilst at the fore, respect for other humans according  
To their expressions [language]; wherein, each and every human should  
Have opportunities for there to be expressions of theirself.  
Where, one female added, as coitus, to one male can equal three  
Creatures, or four or five, and so on and so forth, when it is deemed  
There's been procreation, thus, never just *one plus one equals two*;  
It is variety and it's beautiful, with the seas, a blue,  
Therein, threeness can be as one female parent, one male parent  
And their offspring, such that, an odd presence might well be inherent  
To everyone, yet with an oddness, unto oneself, oddly spelt.  
So, a sperm, to an egg, as a zygote, might develop into  
A human, or two, or three, and so on and so forth; to conclude

Therein, oneness can be as a sperm to an egg, as a human,  
Hence, with procreation, there's never just *one plus one equals two*;  
It is variety and it's beautiful, with the skies, a blue.  
In the darkness, three stars in straight-line can convey a threeness too.  
The people, whom seek of a way to speak of, to be and behave,  
Is needful, yet free to protest but speech isn't only, no/yes;  
There's a third option, indifferent. Beseeching, that said can't oppress  
As with words, often there's differing of opinions and some might  
Not want to give an opinion and some can be like a sun light  
With refraction by a prism to a mass of light; opinions  
Can be like this and are given on just one thing, by impressions.  
Nonetheless, it is once again, the message that is, with the waves.  
Light can be seen to be fading, like when retreating waves break, then  
They are as one again; changing to stars, which gleam as mainstay gems,  
But as one, as with the sun. The stars are like sequins on fabric  
And thereby, speaks of such magic; the seas, it does, it does have it.

## A Discourse

Stood up, staring at a glass window, one barely has a glance at  
It when thinking that it's manufactured from heating up sand and  
Goes outside, as there is more to life than science, whilst their thoughts are  
Showing signs that can be spelt out like a séance, through a force to  
Their hand, writing from their spirit, by them saying words, with pauses,  
Between each alphabetic letter, such as, with the acronym,  
BODMAS, or PEDMAS, and it's meant to pertain to the order in  
Which mathematical functions, in equations, should be performed,  
Yet it doesn't add-up, such that, the arithmetic of three plus  
One, divided by two, would thus mean, division should have been done  
First, according to the rules of BODMAS, and so, one divided  
By two is a half and adding three, afterwards, would result in  
Like, three and a half but three plus one is four and then divided  
By two would, of course, result in two, not three and a half. Scribbling  
That, three-parts water, one-part cordial, two portions of it, is  
An example of applying arithmetic in real-life and,

Ultimately, it's appearing parenthetical, as, clearly,  
Functions should be done in-line with the closed brackets drawn; the adding  
Of some juice before subtracting any dirt from the water seems  
To near prove that some things cannot be reversed and therefore, perceives  
Those rules as broken and some might suppose they were disturbed, like an  
Occupied sign hangs on them, whilst engrossed in, preoccupied with,  
An abstruseness, disorderly thoughts, rogue ideas. They're surmising  
That people have been disliked but it isn't necessarily  
Simply due to names describing them, as it could be due to greed  
Expressed by [some] humans, or because [some] humans seem to agree  
With those humans whom expressed greed; hence, the saying, the company  
One chooses to keep could well be a reflection upon oneself.  
They do not engage in violence simply because others have wealth,  
As wealth can result from care for [all] others. A new day, same sun,  
And they're conceiving of light from the wonders in the world like some  
Fractals, as fractions of an image, increase in decreased size, as

Smaller aspects are refined and actually, they're seeing a  
Bigger picture, more defined, with a mountain peak then comprised of  
Lots of triangles and not one massive triangle providing  
The outline. Atmospheres of earth retains oxygen and stops it  
Drifting off and that sphere mustn't be left with fractures by toxic  
Gases from factories and such, wherein, science, when done properly,  
Can give life opportunities to thrive. Navigating the  
Masses of factors, that the dusty texts in academia  
Presents, in fact, reveals it is like a climb upon a mountain,  
Assessing, and then determining, a clime upon a mountain,  
With equipment, which can count the effects of elements found on  
It, through the advances in modern technology. It isn't  
Like they've licked their finger to see which way the winds were coming from,  
As well as moving to, yet they can tell, from their gut, what is what  
And shows their true-colours like a shadow, not to dull a light but,  
Rather, effusing a writing, as ink on that page describes them.

## A Wishing Well

A circle of slabs to waist height; to purposely have displays by  
Tossing coins into the water, with poise, for an entranced thought to  
Enhance the views that span this life. One stands anew with hands to write,  
Like to have understandings why the sky is as it is, with time,  
Merely any movement, to which, if it is consistent, then it  
Can be used as a construct-of-time; 3-dimensional structures  
By, forwards-backwards, leftwards-rightwards and upwards-downwards, with a  
Fourth dimension of that of time, for perception of that of time,  
In effect, is that of the mind. Drops two pennies into the well,  
To which, the once still water swells, with rippling concentric circles,  
Then, it's close to ending, then, all is still, though, the ripples exists,  
Near real, in the mind; calling that time, in a realm, in addition  
To tangible 3-dimensions, though, that in that realm had occurred  
In said real-world 3-dimensions. So, therein, it tells of a blurred  
Line for that of time, with the 3-dimensions and the directions  
In addition to it. It seems, with sense, there is comprehension.

For entities which are frozen, then, time, perceived, might speed up for  
These entities which are frozen, yet to try to go back in time,  
The entities might move in reverse but still represents movement  
And thus, additional time. When the coin is picked up from the well,  
That ploy depicts that, from the well, if there is one coin, then two coins  
Cannot be taken; hence, an absence of negative quantities.  
Hands stop the shaking of the hands, yet debt, an exception, it seems.

To teach, minus numbers can refer to directionality,  
Namely, backwards, leftwards and downwards, though, that's from an arbitrary  
Point; with it, therein, starts to see a point, which is, like stars which seem  
To be joined as constellations, so too is learned foundations,  
Yet if a metal pendulum were to represent a construct-  
Of-time and was near to a sun, it might indeed then, simply just  
Melt by the scorching heat and thus, there wouldn't be the swing of a  
Pendulum to represent a construct-of-time and with that, a  
Sentiment that lets humans have discussions of the lit sun, as

Oddness. Notwithstanding standing in society, time does seem  
As that of the consistencies of the movements of entities  
And with temperature, quantities of the movement of entities.  
Ponders, minus numbers can refer to directionality  
And that the square-root of a number is merely one vector of  
One side of the square, as a shape, which is formed with said number of  
Units, so the imaginary number  $i$  seems rather odd;  
In any event, it then seems problematic to describe what  
Side of the square, and therein direction, the *square-root* pertains to  
But squares might not form all shapes. Mused, that a straight-line can be said to  
Be defined as: the shortest distance between two points (forming in  
The mind, completely straight-lines), yet thinks what straight-lines are formed of; that  
Question seems quite circular, as shapes, such as, squares, already have  
Straight-lines but a cylinder, comprised of circles, that are flush, forms  
Straight-lines, yet circles can be formed from straight-lines, hence, circular thoughts,  
As with rotating a straight-line on one point, a circle can form.

## Of Pot-Luck

With a cold hard coin, in the hand of an owner, cloyed to demand  
An exchange for something that can greatly change the humdrum that spans  
From life, the owner has its hand so tightly gripped 'round the coin that  
The white of knuckles are showing but cites the flipping of coins that  
Describes the struggle of knowing of why the spun coin is going  
To land either heads or tails when there's a rim-side that might well end  
The spinning or why it is said that getting ten consecutive  
Tails in a row is a one in one-thousand-and-twenty-four chance,  
For, to be told of someone that got nine tails and then before that  
Tenth coin toss occurred, someone else came to watch and spurred that a tails  
Would be next but a fifty-fifty chance was perceived; with this, it  
Seems statistics can vary. Very in keeping with the unknown  
Of such probability; wary to speak of this because some  
Hold it, odds revealed to thee, as firmly set as the coin held in  
The fist but the coin, as felt by that grip, then might well coin a term,  
A flippant, flipping heck. Helps with an image, but employed with words,

Where, one says of to conceive of a throw of the coin can be like  
Tossing a pancake and one might well determine the outcome by  
Watching the flat shape be spun high up in the air; such a touch therefore,  
Causes some to stop and stare, yet to win a jackpot is rare  
Indeed and so, a thought of randomness might be, so the *powers-*  
*That-be* can be pleasantly surprised too. It is known, a *power-*  
*Of-three* can be with edges of coins because still, those whom scour  
The world for new finds they can enjoy might well never see a shape  
That has just two sides, yet some that join sights after death, leave in place  
The deed to lay two coins on their eyes and if they're smoothed coins, then they  
Might believe two dimensions of height and width but no depth in space.  
One sees that view, a senseless short-sight of that, might have left a change,  
That once again, sadly, won't change the world, as improved, and conveys,  
It seems inane that someone pays, by those means, to go to a famed  
Pearly gate. Knows to give away some money to charity, saves  
Lives; not just *once-in-a-blue-moon*. Naught, as a crown, which adorns a

Splintering throne, with tree-lines as the horizon of the dawn, has  
Shimmering glow. With designs of minimal clothes, some people show  
Infinite hope for people to live with such glow if it is chosen  
By oneself and by oneself, watched what the cosmos tries to tell  
Of, consequently, they can dwell on such passages like a snail,  
That then glisten, like some pixies have been sprinkling light to mix with  
A dust from that of what once was. Not everything was lost because  
That dust can just be touched and thus, allows the imagination  
To bound *out-of-bounds*, escaping the lousy pursuit of making  
Lots of money, to then trade it, for, say, heaps of gold jewellery,  
Just so others know, who they be, such that, one tosses a coin in  
To a pot for some food to feed those so hungry they cannot eat  
But that isn't *the-half-of-it*, as it doesn't bring happiness,  
As all of the world has to exist, where, everyone haves, yet gives.  
But that isn't *the-half-of-it*, as it doesn't bring happiness,  
As all of the world has to exist, where, everyone haves, yet gives.

## Beyond Words

## A Reappearance

A brush brushes a page, that was once crumpled up and shaped as a  
Sunken boulder, which laid on a sullen cold floor, yet waves of an  
Ocean can't erode those jagged jolting cracks of the near stone-like  
Broken canvas but a hope, by holding hands grasped together tightly  
And then flat outstretched with tiresome inaction, let inspired  
Thoughts to flatten an entire floor-like canvas be so, like  
The scores of scratches, by folds, are a sort of grass and exposed as  
A green paint splashed that page and one sees each blade of grass shape those as  
One big space; that patch, thus shown patched-up, conveys a patchy notion,  
These displays, once a trash, known to then be saved, as if a boat, once  
Besieged, lays on a seabed but to be raised, where, the seas sprays like  
A mouth was near suffocating, then breathes, exhales with a splutter,  
And out of those seas, with strained ropes that keep that haul well above the  
Enshrouding ocean, as frays show with each brush stroke of a colour,  
As mounds of grass on that page. So, they behold whether or not the  
Background to that does remain, though, wonders, those etchings might then fade

To brown like the green grass, the painting ploughs, yet the seasons, that change,  
Confounds ideas of that, as they could take a real greenness again;  
Colours seem to be all as shades of nature and seen, as a state  
Surrounds, like with seeds from an aged dandelion blew on that scene  
Allows a renewed clarity of thought, like to view clouds and see  
Brainstorms but like with a candy-floss form to the wisped clouds, or rather  
Thought of as whisked clouds, it starts to cause a distinct doubt, one hardly  
Taught. That image drowns with water, poured into a round palette  
Of blue paint, and expounds pallid skies, which fade, and washed-out by rip  
Tides, which stays a background to cliffsides, but can't be seen, just a divide,  
As shown between that of the blue ocean and green grass, with the  
Skies ashen like sheets of paper, strewn onto a heap, as fire,  
Like the one that wrecks that spire-like wooden easel, that lights the  
Skies, that dull, because a night could nigh-on burn as well, as heightening  
Pictures upon a pedestal, of sorts, might therein, let a-  
*School-of-thought* spurn it and says of all the flaws of to scrutinize,

By human eyes, that image, like it's crucified. Scribes with the lines,  
Like they're the fibres of a brain that are near splattered on the page  
And where a fire, as the flames, can appear as that of the shape  
Of a pyramid and yet wave-like, as searing heat, which is splayed  
High above the grass on a cliffside, above the blue oceans in  
The background, to the ashen skies. It seems that, that view focuses  
On that of said contrasts, which cites such a heat and a cold, yet this  
Motion seemingly halts and is froze but scenes, as composed, by the  
Painting, ceaselessly shows life does go on, despite the closed eyes of  
Ones that ceases to die, as plants sew a seed by the flows of air,  
Then the breezes might go to share ashes or spores of those, which are  
Laid to rest, to the whole world, and saying that, spawned that lone picture,  
Within the dirt; it isn't there to trip up anyone, it is  
There to show that of indifference and to not put things up on a  
Pedestal and, still, that image could well be looked down upon as  
One questions it. The only things burning, there, was real wooden sticks.

## A Fight

In a small room, these four-walls do seem to rule movements, with duals, to  
Be alone too and yet, altogether with truths, where, one duels views  
Like to shadow box but as those of a black-hole not letting glows  
Cross it and so, positing a nothingness, shown, and *set-in-stone*  
As etched-out holes on writs, like a while ago, which split when gripped  
By one once holding it, and bricks can crumble if they too are hit  
With human fists and that might be a true imprint of to fight because  
People shouldn't choose violence with other creatures to try to  
Prove their selves. If one must scrap, then so be it, but thinks what can they  
Do to help and one does that, to hope peace exists; it seems handmade,  
As humans have to seek that shape, yet something let there be such clay,  
Like animals could reach an aged age before flesh, as meat, is ate  
And so, it doesn't leave a waste, although, humans would need to wait  
And the capacity to slay just one innocent creature makes  
That said, very sadly, a grave thought, which, at the least, each could face  
But none, no one, should see that state, in reality. These hands shake

Whilst thinking, violence, once defined as physical force intended  
To harm, but by that, one could cite admissible forms, which tend to  
Cause hurt, like expressions of light, that can be distressing to eyes,  
And thus, to project any sight could constitute a violent state,  
Though, such obtuseness violates a resolution by a place,  
Which allows views, despite distastes, and hence, concludes to directly  
Speak, as a human, naturally, means that is non-violent, yet free-  
Speech doesn't permit such incompleteness, so no real-world threats between  
One another. Eerily, such focus is finding debris,  
However, it appears to be a whole, as that like mosaics,  
And it's not to try *to-make-a-scene*, where, to not scribe prosaically,  
Can let out silenced rage but be quite erudite and tame, which  
Seems like a moonlight, once blazed, by the one sun. To write does take time  
But once it's alight, it is cathartic, as it seems that any  
Arts were, or to explore, say, the Arctic, and so no war can be,  
Partly because all have the means to fight with their self, if needs be,

And not with others and, seemly, with the lungs like bellows, one breathes,  
As one punches the air. To defend in such a trailed scroll, was seen  
As a must and, with sweat-stained skin, the arms thrust, by a breath-taking  
Pace. Some falsely said, death makes sins as pardoned sprees while stating  
Praise, ardently, for peace but peace can never be when people plead  
For farces. Speedily, one keeps on sparring these sad specious scenes,  
As parting seas is like that of wakes from a boat and not that the  
Waves are controlled by the hands. A wait, to compose oneself, as new  
Ways can be shown, like with that of traipsing on stone and then, it has  
Paved such a road and finds commonplace scenes are known subsequently.  
Trudging on these uneven streets bludgeon the feet, such that, one seeks  
A food to eat to be healthy but there is meat, quite temptingly  
Sold, and wishes said age was reached. They stay moving. To say this means  
Something and feels casserole beef, rather than real, has stringency.  
A brain, stressed, because to agree with the world might give inner-peace,  
Yet it's not as it's meant to be and so, one strives, non-violently.

## An Isolation

A clearance in a vast forest, with grounds, where, harvests are saved, in  
An eerie darkness of caves, underground, with walls of canned foods all-  
Around; an improved plan, to haul it out, if that becomes crucial,  
Such as, when an electromagnetic pulse, like that from solar  
flares, randomly, sets in motion scary domino-like global  
Catastrophes and a broken electrical grid exposes  
The reliance by humans, whom communicates, to move and stay  
With a light on, from a lightning electric. One, which ruminates  
On that life, as was told, once placed emphasis on having motors  
Which are simply mechanical and thought to rely on no-one,  
Though, was really, somewhat mangled in societal advancements  
Like clothes going through a mangle and so, to *start-from-scratch* is then,  
Almost unimaginable. Sadly, while holding some crops,  
Thinks, lots of what's sold in the shops is seemingly going to rot  
And left as waste. Boldly, they stock-pile their place with paper sun-  
Dials, in case all the clocks lost time through the shakes to the earth, but

Some frequently perceive chaos like pans that shakes the water of  
A stream, to leave only dirt, with the hope that some gold emerges  
From it. To filter clean water, which could really improve the world,  
Was something some hadn't sought to have sourced. Many lit views were held  
Like textures of the landscape, gleaned with the fingertips. Grooves, as welts,  
From all the things the hands make, means certain things, gripped, are hard to grasp,  
Like what causes the harvests, that began in the earth as faint plants;  
Writes, air breathed life into it and allows the very creation  
Of seeds and consequently, they know, believes, it is not humans  
That initially caused trees to grow and sees, that helps others but  
They can't really look after others if they do not look after  
Themselves first, which was thought as the songs of birds are heard and as a  
Wondrous chirp. The words, that humans speak and share with one another,  
Can spread knowledge like a solitary bee pollinates the flowers,  
So then, all can grow and common beliefs can unfold like the buds  
Open up in spring time and thus, shows the petals in-line but such

That, they're in a ring-like shape, just like tables, for any humans  
To speak, quite freely, with status, as equals, yet time, evades that  
And leaves them in isolation, as with human eyes, which makes it  
Hard to view one eyeball by their other eye, unless concaveness,  
With water, reflects their face upon looking into that space; this  
Was cautiously said, as anyone looking into it too much  
Might think of recesses. A *stream-of-thoughts*, coursing, when alone, does  
Ironically tend to show each human often depends on others,  
Which only deepens, but from such a lowly deepness. Indeed,  
To throw anyone, to *sink-or-swim*, into the deep-end is need-  
Less, as safety is most important and one whom goes out to sea  
Recognizes, ultimately, it is the solid ground they seek.  
Slowly, they look around and sees, they were never really alone  
And scenes of action are as seamless as a tapestry, once sewn;  
A hotness, as by the one sun, seems to affect thoughts, decisions,  
At times, of, at least, a human, as does, breezes, movements, and such.

## A Pensiveness

In the day, one sits on a chair at a table, yet all by their  
Self, enabled to think, and the contemplations intrall a stare  
With the glazed eyes and to the side, the head tilts slightly like the sight  
Of a wilting flower, as by a lack of light. Clouds in the sky  
Keep revealing how a defined freedom doesn't mean humans are  
Free to do all the things conjured up, yet can indeed view the stars,  
In some photos like strewn sugar on a surface but thinks with pain-  
Staking focus, it's not the same space, as shown in a picture frame,  
And the notion of democracy is different in reality  
Too, as some countries opt only to give the public ballots  
Each time they want to hold office because those might think they have a  
Refined way to withhold options; they could say, there's many topics  
Needed to be resolved and it is rather impossible to  
Leave each one to a vote by citizens, though, with chronicled news,  
Reports show that there were referendums once put to the electorate  
On critical decisions but if it was called, for instance,

On a hospital treatment, as to whether to proceed, then  
It would, quite typically, be the wise-ones that would try to advise  
On what to do, as many are unsure what to do, yet they cite  
A trustworthiness, as they're meant to save any life, time and time  
Again, and unlike some politicians. An apt sunlight, which has  
Risen, above, up high in the skies, can allude to the fact that,  
Depending on the one sun, positioned, then, noon does occur at  
Different instances in many places and shows life is varied;  
Stating that, they describe any nation as democratic because  
Humans do undoubtedly choose their very own actions, each  
To a greater or lesser extent. Governments which protest against  
Protests are hypocrites; at times, it was worse, as there was violence  
Towards those *in-the-thick-of-it*, whom spewed words only to try  
And inform the ministers that they've stupid policies. One finds  
It's important to ensure the pavements, with people steeped in signs,  
Allows for others to gain way if they need to, as keeping tight

Together, when in-person, might near fetter the emergency  
Services if they were in need. So, for the protestors to keep  
Space between each other like nodes on a square grid and thus, to show  
Any, where it is at. To vote was declared as the method, known  
As the fairest means, to have chosen a shared way; these stepping stones  
To somewhere, with goodness, gives hope, though, views the rule, the majority  
Rules, and deprecates it, such that, people could give authority  
To a designated one to speak for a nation but it  
Seems somewhat desecrating to true representation and with,  
Say, fifty-one percent, once voting for separation from a  
Union, means, forty-nine percent, whom had wished to stay in it, then,  
Too, must leave, yet to try to separate integration is tense.  
News by, say, politicians isn't necessarily correct  
And that's a problem. To try to rubbish ballot papers, that is  
Of democracy, is like if someone crossed-out treasure maps; it  
Still shows treasure seems to exist, as voting is never eclipsed.

## A Race

The back of the eyelids are black but as seen with light, pinkness happens  
To be descried with it; that too can mean a sight isn't as  
Sensibly describing lives, as every person has a brain. In  
Vain, some tried to ascertain whether the collation of shapes tend  
To correlate with a wave-length, which left a taint. So, one raged at  
Any campaigns which made statements on forms of faces relating  
To orders of intelligence because first of all, it depends  
On the term to-be-clever, where, IQ purposely measures flair  
For pattern-recognition, to try to work out each question, there,  
On a page, and with sets of squares, finds the shape likely to be next,  
As with these types of discrete tests, is another square, which neglects  
Assessing creativity and crucially, morality,  
Amongst other cognate concepts. Thinks, humans seem to have the need  
To differentiate objects from one another, like to see  
Specks of diamonds from grains of sand, where, that idea ingrains contrast  
Like the lines on the splayed-out hands, as one sized-up the greatest span,

Perhaps by an innate intrigue, but, blatantly, there's no second  
Of all, as it's inane to see a racially divided-up  
Human-race because there's so much variability in each  
Ethnicity, that, for instance, to try to speak of caucasians,  
Like they're simply all the same, is to blindly see, though, there was once,  
Sadly, some organisations that did not seek diversity  
Of [natural] skin colour; it seems that humans decide to perceive  
If that's something that they agree with and that's unlike humans, seen  
In terms of their complexion, because people can't really change that.  
This isn't a complex. One keeps going on and, clearly, way past  
Those that hate ones simply based on the various pigmentation  
And therein, they think, the name of any nation is quite vague in  
Describing ones from a place, with the variation that often  
Exists in a country's borders; it might offer indications  
To the sort of people brought up there but not the implication  
That anyone is the same just because they're under one flag, such

That, many people can't choose to move countries. Finds, some might lack trust,  
As perhaps with those whom were so rude, umpteen times; the eyes lack lustre,  
From acting like a janitor, but keeps trying to clean up  
A mess that was by some damning terms. With faults on each side but just  
Because some have less faults, doesn't therefore mean that they're right; it thus  
Seems quite key to define the word "racism" and one wisely learns,  
It might be favouring others, simply because of their [natural]  
Skin colour and therein, disfavouring others simply because  
Of their [natural] skin colour. Unfortunately, they see slip-ups,  
At times, and like with water on floors, one then, seeks a real pin-up,  
As flyers, for care, to avoid a fall by any person but  
Quite rightly, they're wary of such situations, as, if someone  
Near fell, they try to help them up; on the other hand, if someone  
Thought it could be a slip-and-slide and not care if they did collide  
With others, can leave teary eyes. They ponder that, it is sometimes  
The way that things are approached, like, in this instance, to walk or run.

## A Misfit

One, that doesn't quite fit in like that of missing pieces of a  
Jigsaw puzzle, tries getting by as the struggle seems not lost and,  
With raw hustle, finds wisdom like a tooth, as these teeth, misaligned  
In the mouth, and too big, have extractions out, which leaves a somewhat  
Massive gouge; hard to stay in a mass of crowds and seen on undocked  
Flat things found faraway in a vast surrounding of waves in the  
Sea, as they picture places like these scenes, but then, again, more a  
Genie, that lives to magically squeeze into lamps, yet expand,  
Like clouds in the skies, as they increase boundlessly by an expanse.  
They countlessly scribe articles, which sounds clearly like art, to call,  
As however they please. Labels about whether they seem stable,  
Like horses are indeed able to exist within these fables,  
Then causes them to be racing like pigeons flown, to home, although,  
To pigeonhole, as with names, was quite inane; this can *take-its-toll*,  
Like one made to then pay to go along a road but breaks that hold,  
Which makes it slow, yet this approach maintains control, and placed in pole

Position like upright flags in both the Arctic and Antarctic.  
So on-target that one starts to be aimed at; it is as heartless  
As with hearts in glass-cased jars, which displays cardiac muscle as  
Specimens but ones, just to have evidence of animal mass.  
Resonance, so tangible that, echoes were a map, as to bats,  
Yet not from the claps by the hands, rather, from a grasped vibration  
And like glaciers leave striations, so might changes then take place in  
This life but that was with friction, which is merely from the gritting  
Of the teeth to be existing, as envisaged; seeing it as  
A real image is the difference but sometimes to paint a picture  
Is the only way to give a paradigm of pain, with gripping  
Something *out-of-place*, as it slips, like describing stained liquid, which  
Is cradled in the splayed-out fingers, namely, it was raining in  
The skies, and with such eye-lids as a rainbow and with brain-folds as  
The clouds and with the mind, electric, striking, as a lightning, it  
Allows them to think quite poetically. It was thought, by contrasts,

That for one to be a rebel, seems only to seek to repel,  
As does water and fats, settled together but not together,  
Which conforms to not conform, and so then, thoughts occur of whether  
To mix it up or to let it be left undisturbed; a presage  
That gently confers a message that not everything is *set-in-*  
*Stone*. To try to truly let that go is like to view an ungrasped  
Boulder, one too big to ever roll away, and to accept, the  
Globe, in space, seems to express a motion, makes one think more on it  
And like a planet orbiting a moon, it near distorts such things,  
Yet slightly happens, for it spins around that too, almost, and it  
Was like a metaphor which is profoundly unique like nothing  
Else and thus, it tells how one has felt as they, as well, don't fit in  
But that seems to say, one fits in to a somewhat contradiction.

All humans have imaginatively thought and quite befitting  
To show people aren't that different and simply because there's oddness  
Doesn't mean there was a problem, like with dancing, it is not wrong.

## Going-Full-Circle

The eyes are closed. To write, was wrote. One tries to show some ideas, though,  
It's by that told, where, microscopes, to find up-close views, by those clothed  
In white lab coats, can, for instance, let human cells be an image,  
With lines composed as a circle, as too are celestial things,  
Such as, the one sun, planet earth, the moon, and ethereal links;  
They try to connect that of curvatures and their theories suggest,  
An effect like the wings of a butterfly, with colours, can stem  
From a sheet, by folding it, to thus have twice the number of said  
Patterns, as hues, but it might be less like the original. With  
A panoply of telling statements, oneself reasoned that the weight  
Of gravity, itself, evades oneself because objects, in space,  
With mass, seem needed, if to weigh something but with pens held in place,  
By hands, then, seemly, it conveys that gravity was felt, in ways,  
That actually does portray an action of weighing-up things.  
Like gravity, these contemplations might bring others downwards with  
Such matters on in-depth topics and as that of a sinking ship,

They wonder, if they get off it, then would that be much different, in  
Having to therein, swim to live. Knows, to cry stifling cries once caused  
Oneself dry eyes, with life, and forced-out, like a taut mouth, with a thought.  
Old-school notions of downtrodden grass represent a reality  
In ruled notebooks, with idioms, and like with *to-read-inbetween-*  
*The-lines*, it looks real, with each word inside the stripes seen on each sheet.  
Them, writing some rhymes seem to make it, *on-the-whole*, a poem. Sees,  
Unto oneself, correct-enough expressions have acceptance, such  
That, as one self, to say enough, to test oneself, so to speak, but  
Means, by oneself, and not a test. Mused, a berry, with addition,  
As moving closer to another, say, berry, as two fruits, or  
Berries, might smash to pieces. Formed a pattern, as "one, two, three, four";  
That pattern could indeed be thought as "an expression, followed by  
An expression", whereby, of course, any expression could, therefore,  
Occur after those expressions and so, one might not follow signs  
Of a pattern, or patterns, so oneself can then, choose to decide,

To do the right thing and that cause exudes hope with movements of life  
And, for instance, a group of twenty humans that conclude that IQs,  
At a score of one-hundred each, equals two thousand, is dumb.  
It isn't to bring others downwards, it was simply to highlight  
That, having something like wings, found with birds, can then reach the skyline;  
Things might help, like the constant Pi, which has the numbers, naught to nine.  
It seems, there's newness all the time, as each decimal place, in lines,  
Has been said to display a type of uniqueness, yet bound to sums  
And thinks, as the moon goes 'round the Earth, and the Earth goes 'round the sun,  
As in, 'round the solar system, and that goes 'round a thing within  
The galaxy, which goes 'round the cosmos, perceives of a roundabout  
Way to speak of *going-around-in-circles* and confers those  
Somewhat repeating blurs to one but with something occurring once,  
As with running a lap on an athletic track, then the more number  
Of times that happens is wondrous and doesn't mean to be done  
And that means to continue on, to improve, and to not give up.

## Trudges On

Slogging it out on-foot with bared feet on the concrete to be care-free, as the skin bleeds and leaving behind a sign of a red flare, Seeping into the cracks beneath the greyish grind of that road, where, Like a labyrinth, there's only so many paths which one can go on Once they've chose an initial opening and a finish-line, or End, could vanish, as new hedgerows grow all-around; it is like to Climb up a tree in a rainforest, as to see over that could Help with navigation, but reaching part-way up the trunk achieves Nothing if they were to not keep climbing upwards later and descending Can be an extra chore, though, it's a necessary choice, When going up is more dangerous. They reject they're paranoid As many perceptions aren't sure-fire things, like an underground Setting, which is above a ground that they tread on, in a darkness, So dark that they cannot see their own hand stretched out in front of them, And tentatively touched, with bared toes, a cylindrical object That could be a snake or a stick, or something, and sometimes the un-

Known is best left alone. Forgetting uncertainties isn't that Easy like the drips of water could disguise noises within this Place; them finding things, slowly, arrays a new day and things looks up. They don't want to leave things unexplained, such as, the means to construct Circles, which have three-hundred-and-sixty degrees; these segments are Equal in terms of their size and shape and, vitally, they draw that Space with spinning a stick upon a point in the mud and forms a Circle, such that, the lit moon can, at times, give guidance on viewing Circles. The point on which the stick was spun is the centre of the Circle and with three smaller twigs of the same length and a length which Lets the tips of each twig touch a tip of another twig, but touch The perimeter of the spun circle too, results in a tri-Angle. With measuring mid-points on each of those twigs and drawn lines Through those mid-points from the centre of that circle to the outside Of that circle, lets there be twice as many segments and part tri-Angles; this design is like bicycle spokes and that was far more

To the point, as to say it like that, but this defined process, for Instance, can produce twenty-four segments, which would have fifteen degrees To each of them and they form the fifteen same-sized same-shaped isosceles Triangles through trial-and-error, as it's confined Only to the lines on the paper, or rather, to be described As iterations and they state, the number of degrees inside A circle seems arbitrary. There was three-hundred-and-eighty-four Same-sized same-shaped segments, according to that method, as explored, And they appear to be innately aware of a real dead-straight Line but hairs picked from their head and tied to a branch, and those threads strained By wrapping it around a weight and left hanging, lets it take shape. They're not the one that is deranged because they're not the one that tries To do away with a range of imaginations which praise life; A rigorousness without a mortis, as a metamorphic Shift occurs and absence of light, or perhaps complete absorption Of it, blurs through starry contrasts. The colour blue, dark as the black.

## A Presentation

An inexpensive flat-packed desk, and put together, is the centre  
Of a bedroom, that can let humans seem extra big, as stretching  
The arms reaches from one side to all the others. A mattress  
Rests above the thin wooden bench. On the books, a head was hunched like  
It's on a chopping block and wrestling with which greeting, on the night,  
That they should seamlessly express to the audience and decides  
On saying, thank you for attending this talk about the effects  
Of exercises on lessening stress and depression, but then,  
They agonize over the choice of words, as prevention does tend  
To be the right course of action and firmly amends it, so that  
It reads like light sources happen to beam-out illumination,  
As sunrays, that penetrates the dreary clouds, have and displayed as  
A round shape, like when they wave a laser pointer at a wall, and  
Yet appears cylindrical, at a distance. They've critical views  
On definitions which concludes that stress is any struggle to  
Cope, as with penguins huddling, those at the very middle do

Hold in warmth and thus, survive but over-heating is a problem.  
So, informingly, struggling to cope could define to be stressed-out  
And with thoughts like to run, climb up, overcome high obstacles, it  
Could be forms of one struggling but those efforts to keep going on  
Have rewards and that sprinting, jumping, is quite like the hurdles which  
Are faced in life and knocking them over can seem depressing, yet  
Non-raised-up lines can lack exhilaration to some and with stress  
Determined by both the significance and the uncertainty  
Of a matter, it could well be prudent to reduce the height be-  
Tween the bars, set, and the ground, because of safety and to wisely  
Keep those targets within arm's reach. Breathes, as taking breaths, despite being  
A basic task of life, seems easy to neglect, as to think  
If these aims are really right, or over-the-top, with keeping fit,  
For people could go slower and lower the load of emotive  
Pressures, pulling, pushing, like with pressing on doorframes and opening  
It, when it's clearly closed, and therein, almost fall backwards on

To the wet surface. The weather could be bad on the day, or one  
Could have a stomach ache, or a crowd could be too loud and such but  
Those things are commonplace, to not be in the control of oneself.  
Minimizing doubts on performances by practicing can help;  
Too much might be counterproductive, as with running a marathon  
The day before a race and ultimately, one can only  
Give their best effort, on any given day and getting plenty  
Of rest lets rejuvenation take place. This topic doesn't seem  
Complex, as the formulas in the chemistry of pills are, and  
It is quite easy to say which exercises reveal a hope,  
That they'll conquer each and every test set. By standing still, they show  
Amassed scientific evidence, that doing some physical  
Activity improves mental wellness, but it was difficult  
To see studies that don't have faults, whilst they're stood in a lecture hall,  
Lavishly adorned with metal trimmings, twinkling, and slats of old  
Polished wooden floors reflect that. It's these divides that are stressful.

## A Class, Without Subjects

Taut like strings strung tightly. Information of such ratios was  
Formed by it plucked slightly differently along its length, as notes. A  
Chord can be struck with doing that more than, say, two times; this riff-raff,  
With a stick, moving on a raft, is drifting too fast in the rapids  
As they choose to talk about things, like humankind leading a  
Horse to water but they can't make it [voluntarily] drink, though,  
People could affect, to a greater or lesser extent, the decision  
As to whether it did. Within dressage, a horse tip-toes  
Around unnaturally, which is near how it feels to forge this tone  
To sounds, as clonking hooves on roads are found as common as clip-clop  
And not the slop heard from flip-flops but like tongues dropping from the tops  
Of mouths, so something as mundane as Monday mornings becomes a  
Calling in life and excites. Breaking away, a galloping state  
Appears as they're gathering pace and moves so quick across the plains  
That they almost feel lost in space, such that, they hardly clock a race  
Because it's their own watch they chase, with bounding lengths, upon a place,

As once portrayed from boggling frames around portraits, and bares a fate  
To not be plain like smoothing a wooden aircraft. They dare to take  
Flight, as to raise heights in other dimensions, namely, with a brain,  
And often saying things which aren't that commonplace and like to differentiate  
Theirselves, as they try to explain, that to multiply  
The coefficient with the exponent and reducing that  
Index number by one is a differentiation, in maths.  
Writing prose and poetry can indeed be something prudently  
Learnt on some internet forums when reading of metred rhyming,  
That is, counting syllables, and then compounding these words, like this,  
And expounding syllabic matchings, as with after four units  
Of pronunciation, it comes back around. Multiples to this  
Also count as being on-time and there's alliterative kinds  
Of poems, with assonance and consonance having some stresses.  
It seems like an academic conference but less pretentious  
And learning to fit the basics of a topic on an A4-

Sized sheet, like how an allegory was briefly described as a  
Story within a story, and despite mentioning the methods,  
Such as, expressing metaphors, it doesn't necessarily  
Confer everyone can do it effectively. They slowly penned,  
That surface moves underfoot to keep them in place but only when  
They're staying moving, which refutes a certainty, from not stopping  
Running on an inanimate machine, as in, metal, plastic  
And the like, and more precisely on a treadmill, and this stands them  
In a stead, as they're stood as flesh-and-bone, while understanding  
That thoughts, with empathy, can enhance compassion without having  
To really suffer those real-world circumstances, though, for instance,  
When people might have sought chaos, then that isn't quite understood.  
Teaching wasn't only at school and difficult like sanding wood  
Because by doing too much, it can lead to a smaller sculpture,  
Or musical instrument, and such, which could, possibly, split from  
Being spread so thin, yet makes it less rough, to help remove splinters.



