

Journal Writing #5

8/9/04

At the Driftwood Lun, alone, again,
Outside of myself and placid as
well, see I'm doing quite poorly
at rhyming with deftness, to be
honest, how boring. Suspended
in time, linked only to others
through a transcript, brief as
breath and who decides the
size of these lines? Delighted
by here, a last vestige of
mystery and anonymity when all
is known for security and
preferred allure, yet so impersonal
that you could be me!
Legally! Well, this is me, free
of I.D. and soon to walk
nude along the beach, things
can be peachy. Even if you
left them be! He, he

