

Focus shifts turning forward  
We long to feel our bodies realigned and integrated  
These cycles have become endless and in time exaggerated  
The chaos engineers a pattern that I have come to terms with  
Dialogue isolates us with no power

Is this consistent with any reality that you have witnessed before?

Familiarity and change align  
Free-floating, but inevitably consumed by the weight

Pillar by pillar we are socialized and integrated  
Trudging forth within the burrows of the earth  
This day will end  
Disregarding intuition  
Thoughts lie  
The human kind

Pasts collide, birthing a new existence  
Searching for higher planes  
Human codes  
Cyclical process  
One which will guide us, and in time  
Pasts collide birthing a new existence

I pray for elevation  
Fever dreams; forward, but descending  
Into the hollow center

Focus shifts  
Balance begins to tilt  
Gravity retreats from itself  
This day is endless  
This separates us

Tension shifts away imbalance  
Tidal waves wash over me  
Tension shifts, and to keep balance  
Contort appropriately  
Forward progressions  
Infinite, endless  
Back to the source to recharge and flow again  
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