

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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