

Fractures

Joseph Arthur

I float like an old piece of wood on the Hudson
I may have a purpose
But it's mysterious to me
I wait in dark corners for instruction
Get on my bike
Peddle over bridges
Along rivers and wind back where I started

And so in moments of weakness or strength
I ask god for forgiveness and guidance
Then I fall asleep
And meet him somewhere along the fractures

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I ask god for forgiveness and guidance
Then I fall asleep
And meet him somewhere along the fractures
And in the breaks, along the fractures
And in the breaks, all along the fractures
Rob from always on the run is so bad and copy paste is a sin
I go fishing
A giant rod with a string and a hook
I work into the cracks
With no idea what I want back
Standing on my heart
Like a world in turmoil
Alone with God
A vagrant
A figment
An idiot
With no thoughts or ideas

Something tugs on the string
And I keep floating down the river
Riding over bridges
Advancing the myth called surrender

All bones break
All skulls crack and turn cold
In moments of strength or weakness
I ask for help

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