

## Blank

I am sitting in a chair, in a bedroom, in a house, that I bought  
three years ago  
The house is in the Hollywood hills  
My mother is in the living room speaking with my assistants softly  
Soft enough that her words are blending with the other background noises  
Like birds, fans and the high G sharp ringing in my mind  
The time is 3:23PM, the date is February 12th 2016  
I'm 28 years old but I won't be long  
My name is Michael Robert Henry Posner

5 days ago I took a lot of Psilocybin  
I experienced timelessness and I felt that my life was a lie  
I was scared  
I spoke to my friend Micky yesterday about it  
By the end of the conversation I felt happy  
Right now I feel blank  
I don't mean that in a negative way  
I mean I feel neutral  
Not happy and not sad  
Blank  
I like blank  
Who believes in god after they've seen war?  
Who believes in war after they've seen god?