

Smells Like Content

The Books

Balance, repetition
Composition, mirrors

Most of all the world is a place
Where parts of wholes are described
Within an overarching paradigm of clarity
And accuracy
The context of which makes possible
An underlying sense of the way it all fits together
Despite our collective tendency not to conceive of it as such

But then again
The world without end
Is a place where souls are combined
But with an overbearing feeling of disparity
Disorderliness
To ignore it is impossible
Without getting oneself
Into all kinds of trouble
Despite one's best intentions
Not to get entangled with it so much

And meanwhile the statues are bleeding green
And others are saying things
Much better than we ever could
As the quiet becomes suddenly verbose

And the hail is heralding the size of nickels
And the street corners are gnashing together
Like gears inside the head
Of some omniscient engineer
And downward flows the garnered wisdom
That has never died

When finally we opened the box
We couldn't find any rules
Our heads were reeling with a glut of possibilities
Contingencies
But with ever increasing faith
We decided to go ahead and just ignore them
Despite tremendous pressure to capitulate and fade

So instead we went ahead
To fabricate a catalogue
Of unstable elements
And modicums
And particles with non-zero total strangeness
For brief moments which amount
To nothing more than tiny fragments of a finger snap

And meanwhile we're furiously sleeping green
And the map has started tearing along its creases due to overuse
When in reality, it's never needed folds

And the air's withholding the sound
Of its wellspring
And our heads are approaching a density

Reminiscent of the infinite connectivity of the center of the sun
And therein lies the garnered wisdom
That has never died

Expectation leads to disappointment
If you don't expect something big, huge, and exciting then usually
Uh
I don't know, it's just not as, yeah