

DIRT MAN

(dust to dust)

by **KRIS SWENSON**

(in) still
form: glass skin (with)
eyes open.

time goes by too quickly now;
prisoners of our own device. looking at all the things

..and we are just travelers here

how deep can we dig, how far can we go? down deep into this rabbit hole...

please take these obscene, broken things & hide them. never again to be free. lost forever

on the way to eternity. it's broken and obscene. these things that are hiding/hiding inbetween.

take these unseen things & hide them (never again to be free). this soul wants to leave this body.

walking in through the grey and other colors of nonexistence.
disembodied voices guiding all the time, ever-trying to find things that cannot be seen through

reflections of light. the thorns youve placed beneath my skin cannot be removed they are buried there like remnants-of-a-storm-that-has-long-since-passed through.

