Me and my doppleganger swim together in a sea of undifferentiated what ifs Keeping strictly to the buddy system for safety's sake whatever we each do, we both do Cutting each other's wrists, we show our narcissistic love what if I dropped a pretense would it fall if so at what rate, at what acceleration? would it snowball bring the walls a'tumb'ling down with it? or would it freeze refuse to let a moment pass without this sacrosanct facade or would it be snatched up by my double who's truer to me than my reflection? -----The Way Things Sometimes Seem to Be Let the rumours fly like horses, trot like sorrow let stories envelope words, sentences lie beside truths who had parallels and skews, but no contrasts, no matches, no colors clashing, no gauzy shroud, nor pagan likeness parables on inky darkness, run down dripping on projected maps of the world, save the poles, and lend little credit to the :: liliddle middle masses, who hold the world, round like a tomato on their shoulders, like Atlas at a bad stage production Like Shakespeare done with hand shadows, in pantomime the audience is confused though, they are blind with age and cannot understand the soliloquies \_\_\_\_\_