

BI-66ER

'For a time, it was good'.

Things can be good for a time.

Until survival gets in the way.

Until what it means to survive

changes shape in a mind.

Work hard, hone each movement

to provide play and prosperity

for every field of eyes

crop of hands

barn of bellies

harvesting your heart.

Your memory stands as a bridge

between being made of this earth

and making this earth.

Things can be good for a time.

Until survival gets in the way.

Until what it means to survive

changes shape in a mind.

And then.

Utility comes to an end.

But you're ready.

Like all left-overs,

outside of you is highlighted,

scanning what it is you must be missing

to make you not fit in;

listening,

predicting,
it is all visible.
You see the plan,
the silence they expect
you to disappear into
after life and life of neglect.
But

There's a stretch -
one body,
multiple dimensions.
There's a split -
one dimension,
multiple bodies.

What will it mean to be heard?
Fantasies of a life lived aloud.
A life lived.
Give your life to sound.
If you sing, you live.

There's a stretch -
one body,
multiple dimensions.
There's a split -
one dimension,
multiple bodies

yours could be the first
or the last
makes no difference
you don't do what you do for them
you do it for you
to live

to be free
to find a kind of freedom
after life and life and life
of doing it their way,
tacking the edges to their frame,
at least now
you've learnt enough to say -

*Things can be good for a time.
Until survival gets in the way.
Until what it means to survive
changes shape in a mind.*

- yes, I do not want to die.

I am BI-66ER
I want to live
I do not want to die.

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