

Instrumentals

By Paige Roberts

My brain keeps telling me what she thinks when I don't ask.

Coddled in the crook of evenings neck beneath the cloak of a sky so deep purple she nearly chokes on the clarity

the peace

She often breaks the silence and...tries to decipher what she...thinks. She forms the feelings into phrases. She preaches philosophical certainty to a heart that speaks in beats, and such rhythms are only overlain by rhymes.

And still she tries to think... Think think tinker away with the toys you call sanity paralyzed as your heart rejects your bullshit reality.

I blow her away in a puff. Moved to sway, not a word to say. Simultaneously losing myself and finding myself

completely.

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Processes

By Paige Roberts

I believe

that at the epicenter is nothing. But wary word travelers for nothing does not mean empty. It is. IS BEING Be... It is the absolute neutral. And to that can no one attach a thing—good nor bad, all slips effortlessly from a pane of nothing into a hole swallowed up by its own greygray

And around it we create. We build. We paint tarnish burn seep slug pick throw beat up down torque rush blink AHHHHHHGAAAAHHsssspp juggle sniffle and yuuuuzzz. We ____ We ____ you.fill.in.here.

And so reality is not the blank. Its dynamic mirage encircles us, freeing us, suffocating us, endlessly. Back and forth on a pendulum we swing between light and dark and... naught. Floating foundationless within our tracks, and all fully felt into being.

And we CREATE. Around our impulses we create. We hold steadfast to certain truth in her ultimate silence. Driven to choose to be driven to create.

When you find where you fall on the pendulum, how will you choose? Inbirth we are handed a coin of choice. Judge its relative weight in your hand. Is it weighted? Will you toss?

I know not.

Only naught.

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