


what little there is to do (doe?)  
what little there is to do (doe?)  
to while away the time  
and sensations give life  
and sensations to unborn imagine  
to unborn imagine  
but still, so still  
if only THEY had seen  
if only car ESSing me to sleep  
through my pulsing dreamscape  
through my pulsing dreamscape

seasons (sea suns?) - last  
within a breath...



Yet my own lungs fill  
with little left of air  
and the open mouth  
needs so little 2feed  
  
and the sign reads  
NO ENTRY