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unplanned english/gibberish-combo thing... un-ended...

I shall reveal, for you, a tale or two...

... a distant roar of gory tensions

building and building

to a crescendo so minute

... it's inaudible

Picture this, a sigh built like a face

held firm by gasping shoulders

balanced on a whisper's torso

and steadied by matchstick-legs...

Picture what you've pictured

and ask yourself, who...

Who did you create?

Was it me or was it you?

The story fell through at that point

... people left huffing and shrugged off the picture with eery ease

As for me, the one you've made live

... it's hard to walk on matchstick legs

but I am thankful for the face

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