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*can\'t write well at the moment... can write... no substance tho\'...  
lot\'s a\' words but no real point...  
tries, lies and wishful abuse...*

I have no life, you see

gave it all away to a figment

one lonesome dark night in december

in the cool, crisp, breezy air...

my imagined imagination ran wild

and that was pretty much all it took

and as I said to my lamentable figure inside

my companion of distress and from fictive plight

can the oldest illusion reside in delusion

that life \'came deplorable and useless

in the manner we abuse and lose it for others\' sake

a crisp note or a prayer hiding coin away from sight

and then the figment asked a simple question

can you spare a life for an abuser thereof?

abuse, disuse, lose... you can\'t not listen

tho\' you shouldn\'t try so hard to hear

what isn\'t deplorable... adorable and sightly...

seen to be uniquely differentiated in sameness

and even though you might be willing

I shall not beg although I shall take, steal and cling on to

that disuse you carry inside deep... deep down gutterbound

life\'s a concoction for the living, I stated dryly and weak

make me lifeless and the defecation... abomination is yours...

thus in the chill I fell to form anew

lifeless and cold... cold and disfigured...

eerily hopeful... staring at the night\'s sky...

and quite confused... confusing I\'m told...

no matter...

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