Scrape and Scrabble

To be read in the direction(s) the reader feels most drawn to.

the	rain hear	leaves my tongue is	a shouts	hands reach but		not	the speak. they	pavement. are	the wind is crying? yes,								
fire	melts	damp from my coffee this morning. it	the	the ceiling.					the warm summer wind is weeping.								
		went cold but I drank it nonetheless, I	and you	lives in a world populated by		not mind	the with	same. dangerously	decadent	thoughts,	and	words	that	painted	my	daydreams.	
	BREAKING	guess. NEWS:	YOUR	negative space and MEMORY of what once was.	IS upon	a	will in	IT'S is	ALL a	CONSTRUCTED or just strange I wonder.	way	to	die.	(but	I've	seen	stranger).