



Rolling Around I Fall Off the Earth

I roll around so that I never have to fight gravity. I roll to the store, to bed, in bed, in dirt, to the shower, in the shower. It looks like I am rolling around and crying in the shower but I am not crying. I am staying strong and never getting defeated by gravity. I roll down the stairs and end up floating. There is nothing wrong here. I dissociate into feathers and roll around in dirt and now I am dirty feathers getting pummeled into the ground. Look at my mouth. It is feathers now. My mouth rolls around like a tumble dryer. My teeth leave my mouth. They begin rolling. They are done fighting my mouth. We have lost all that is inside us that made us respect god. Me and my teeth are birds. We fly south and roll off the earth. We have defeated gravity. I'm writing to let you know space is gigantic.