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dead trees

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dead trees

dead trees plastering the walls laugh at my innocence
humbling my otherwise stable self-image of wisdom
and movies are upstairs and the philosophy section three down below
so I descend into unknown dark caverns
walking through dense dead forest set up in rows
auto-catalyzing growing exponentially thicker and less navigable
wondering whether my afterlife will be similar
pulped, my memories shelved with the others
for the use of the lumberjacks (or memoryjacks)
thinking of the light for which I struggled, and my old friends
wishing someone would read me, and guiltily, that I was upstairs.

by Matt Homan