The Messenger

Volume 2007 Issue 1 The Messenger 2007

Article 73

2007

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Recommended Citation

Davis, Josh (2007) "Josh Davis," The Messenger: Vol. 2007: Iss. 1, Article 73. Available at: https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2007/iss1/73

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- Josh Davis

my pumpkin is orange like my room when people come i sit here and dream of sunsets certainly the method of purifying water is nothing like making poetry my mother would have been prouder if i had won that day, but seeing as how things drift into monster-walls, we all said angry prayers, thanking time for failing us once again the thudding comes mostly from the way the pillows have always hated the enemy (what did it matter about Chinese food? those were desperate times)

