

What I thought

One voice here.
out here.

I think my brain
Just split in two.

One

I am desperate to write
To put on paper my thoughts
My visions.

I want to go outside.
I don't want to write
I can't do it.

What's wrong with sitting here
In this chair, thinking?
How can I convince you to stay inside?

I don't know if you can at all,
Unless there's a way to compromise

What if we stay, but explore

Explore outside the normal thoughts

Examine life and dreams

Examine hate and love?

Yes we'll stay out and
Work things out.

-Garrett Beatty

