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Purposely Untitled

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Purposely Untitled

Natalia Martinez

There are wise men at every corner,
Who hold The Fire in their hearts,
And who light up like damned little fireflies
As darkness falls.

I stand alone, an outcast among geniuses,
A lonely idiot who still laughs at those old
jokes,
And likes to listen to the snowflakes as they fall
– Me.

On the street, the faces come and go as if afloat,
I don't hear any feet and there are no footprints
near the puddles.
Turning, I am alone in the city, the village, the
prairie, the world.
I see shoes at my thigh, a pocket near my
shoulder, a belt at eye level – people rising.

They're floating on a tier overhead, superior and
enlightened
By the inner flame of those levitating around
them,
Suspended in a petri dish of illusion and space -
their ersatz universe.

The procrastinator stands alone, left, abandoned,
forgotten to *all*.
They are *all* above, the mindless workers, and
the masquerading fools,
The homeless mothers, the television
broadcasters, the religious broods,

And the clan members, the alcoholics and the
geniuses –
All but her.

She stands, and I stand, both outside of the
bubble –
Yearning to pinch it open, throwing our fists
through its elastic moistness.

Futile.

The so-called “procrastinators,” the ones who
refused to fall into line,
Who fought *their* “improvement”....those have
been left behind.

I look at her, so much alike, a slightly
asymmetrical reflection
That remains even when I close my eyes.
I always knew I was one person, but
unconsciously I feared a
Multiplied, incomplete version in search of the
thousands of missing pieces.
No time for fear, though; we are alone, for we
are one.

Now that we have found Me, now that everyone
else has left.
I’ve been abandoned to explore the world
beneath *them* –
The “inferior” universe that always seemed so
elusive.
And so I am the immortal explorer of this world,
my world,
For I have overcome all fear.