

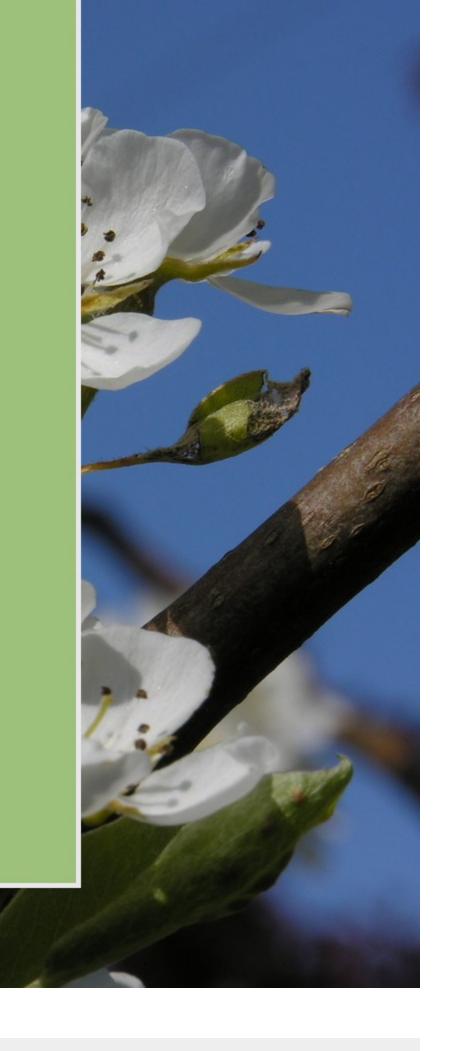
And at my end, what will it have of me? Then why, is your soil drying out the day When the possibility of such prolific grounds Could be made of it? Oh my sweet, oblivious ender. The earth cannot replace the soil in which you first took root, In which you first grew stem and leaf, But it works in strange ways. When we are left aside of ourselves, And look up at ourselves from the ground, It is easier to see the stories' circling.

But must you remember, what is soil for?

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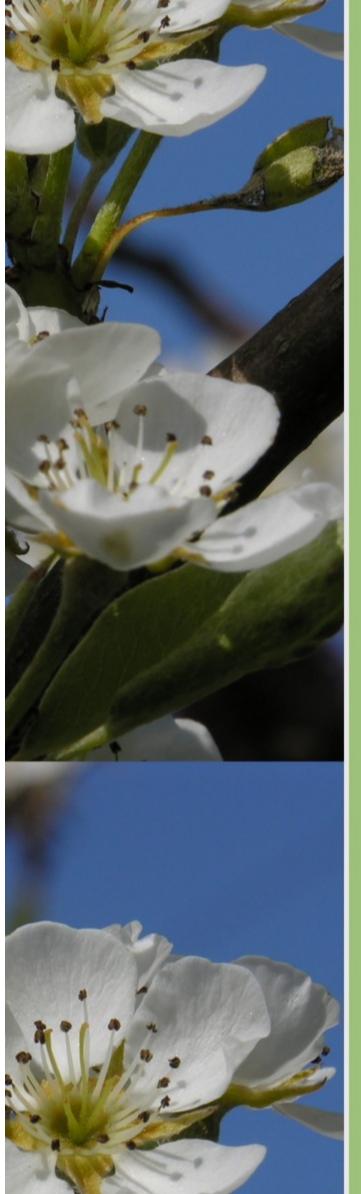
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States		back			flower y Armstron	ıg				
		This poem, "Wallflow being in unison	ver", was written as a tv	wo voice poem, the bold <u>Hey, did y</u> a		being separate and the un	derlined (center)			
		She's such a slut. He dumped her last ni	ight.				can't find peace.			
me.		Do you like my earring	gs?				oth cried for hours. from your mother.	10		
***		I can't wait till graduat	tion.	<u>Hey, did</u>	<u>you know?</u>	You'll miss	s it when you leave.			



I know everything there is to know in this school.

Breakups, Hookups, Rumors, Truths,

I have all the best stories.

I'm trusted.

Clearly, I know the truth.

I just have to talk.

I can make up what they think; if I want.

I'm a gossip.

You'd be surprised what I can find out. But I guess everyone knows it's a lie.

Oh well, I can ruin their life anyway.

He's stalking her now.

I'm ready to kill myself.

Nobody can find out.

Don't worry about me.

Don't say anything

I have all the worst stories.

Clearly, you hate them all.

I just have to listen.

No one even sees me, but

I can know what they think, if I want

I'm not important.

You'd be surprised what people let me hear.

But I guess they know I can't tell.

Not when I can only listen.

He's lost without her.

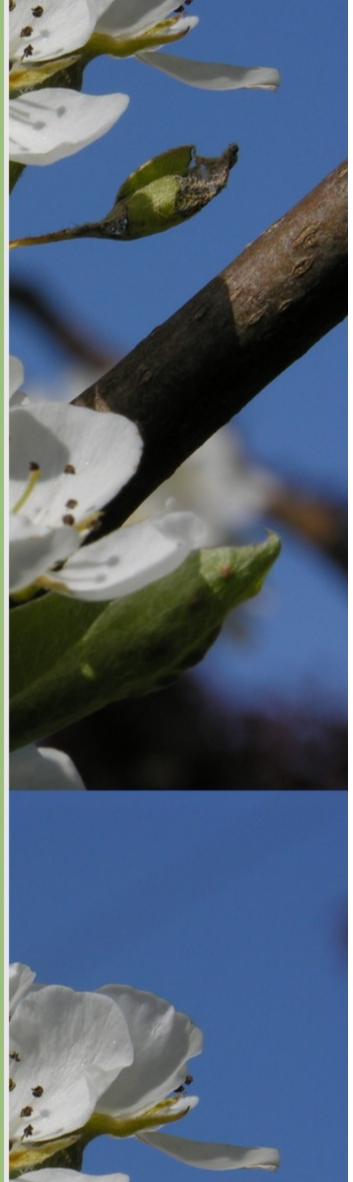
You're too happy for that.

Unless you know someone who's done it.

Unless you know the cost.

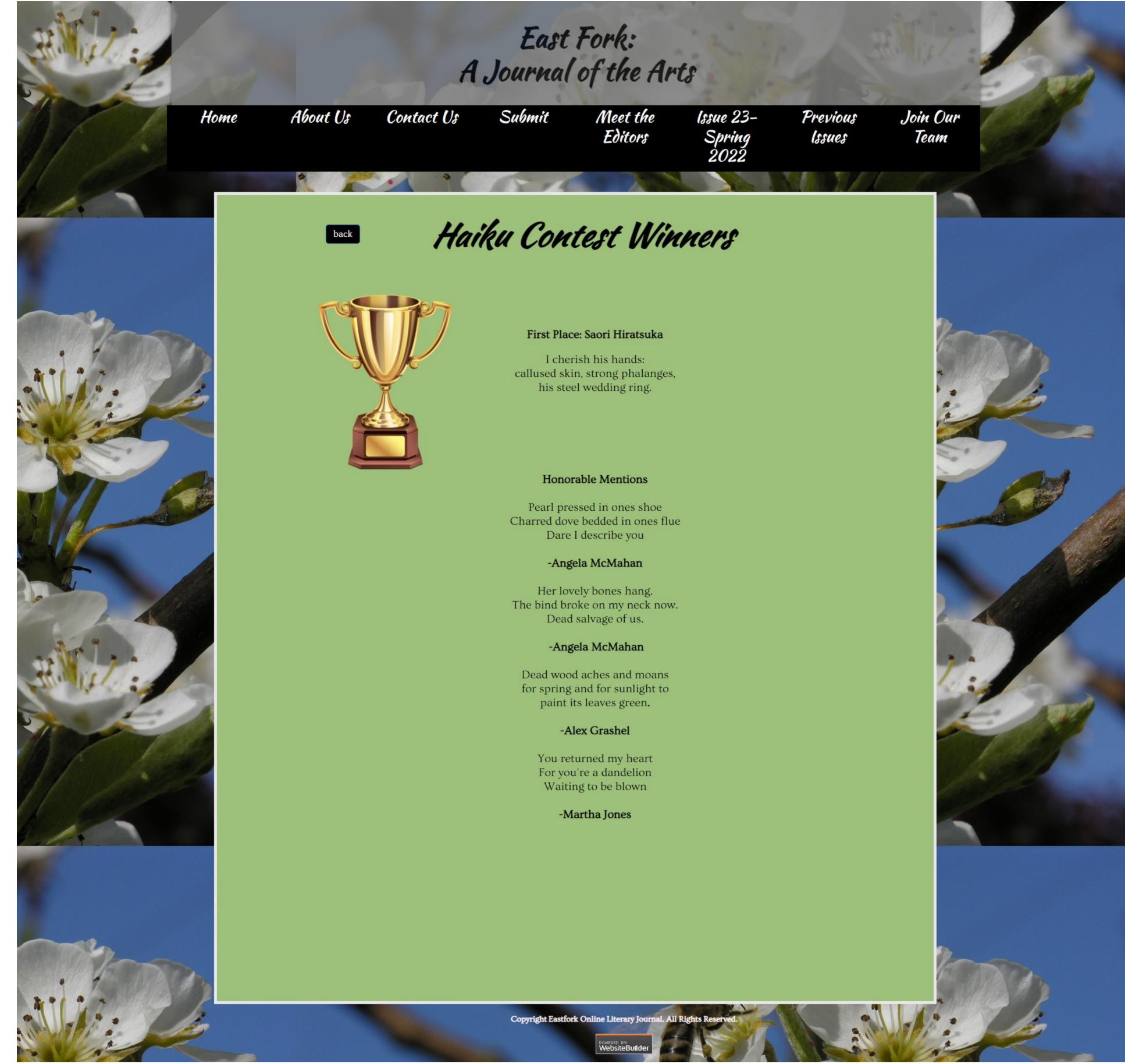
But you want them to.

You want attention.

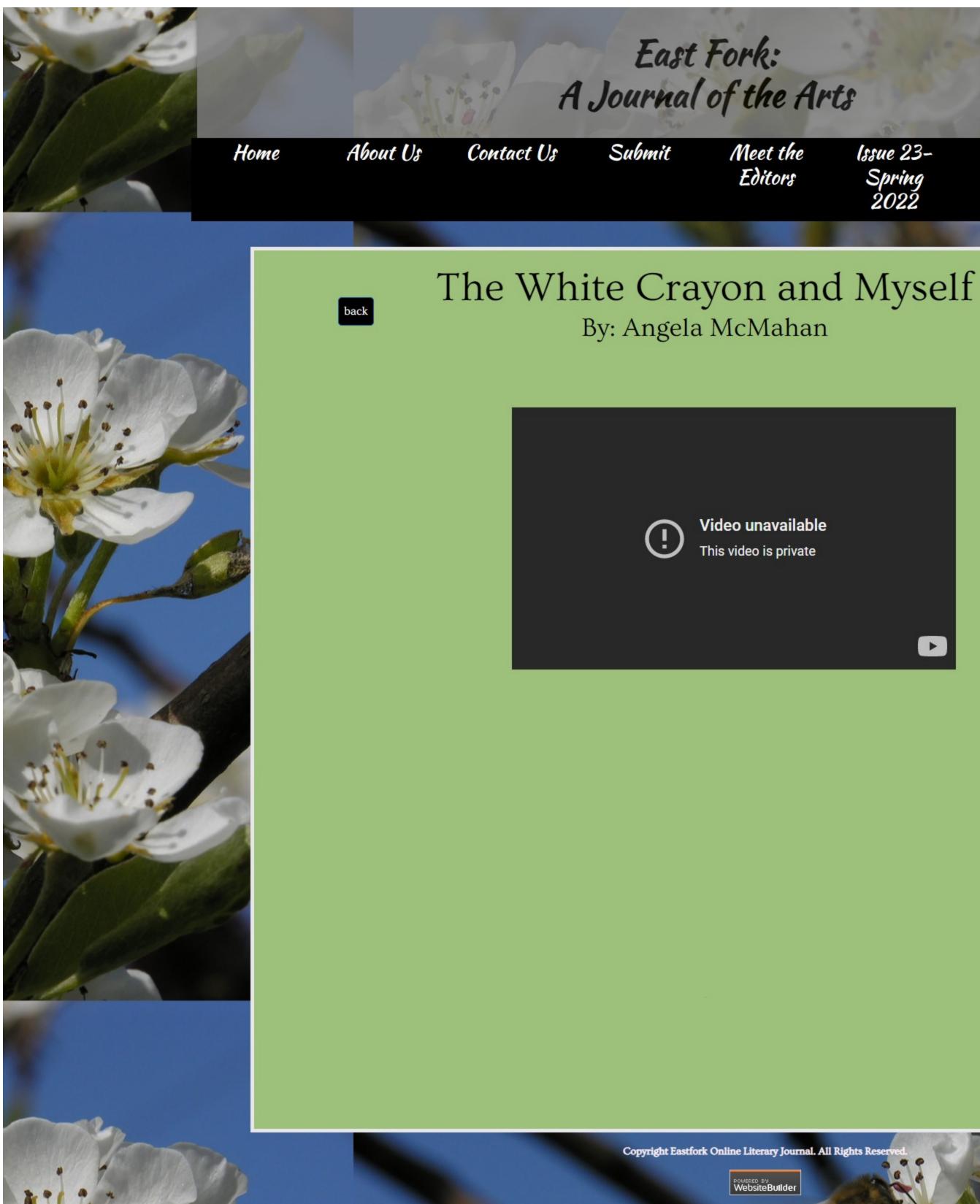




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