

Distance Existence

by

Jeri Cooley

My existence is predicated on the distance of my life. Really exist is a question of thought. Distant is my reality. Troubles by chance of fate long gone existence in past memories distanced from all I love.

I exist through pain of skin bleeding out on dry pavement. The greedy ground soaks it all in as every drop distance itself with a long fall. The color so dark, the flame ignites pain searing memories of a lost life Distance my existence....

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