

I Sit Comfortably in My Hammock

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I Sit Comfortably in My Hammock

Misa Rasmussen

I sit comfortably in my hammock.
Swinging lies held by shallow truths
Precariously balanced between two thin stories
Weak branches ache as I settle.
We bend
Lower and lower
Dirty earth pulling closer
Turns to mud as fearful tears flow from ignorant eyes.

Immoral speculation
Pray to chase the devil.
Meditate.
Control to not aggravate
Trembling limbs.
No attachments is perceived reality
But the mentality is flawed
Thoughts orbit feeble reasoning
Introspection is my curse.

Full circle
Unaware the idiotic metaphor
Trusting intuition
Guiding flawed reasoning
Layers of fiction
Fabrication of retention.
He was my savior
Manic in the way he wanted.
Fearful of the self
Smoke to fog the clouded mind
Of disillusioned self

And they snap.
Mud absorbs me
Thick and rancid

Wrapped immobile In my bed
It's all in my head.

Change your thinking.
This is your home
You never were actually alone.

Misa Rasmussen is a business marketing student who dabbles in various means of artistic expression.