

Two

by Timothy Merath

i am two

one part me
another part them

within everything is a little bit of everything else
i am a sponge
with eyes

i can hear a rhythm
in the things you say
a little melody
in your
walk

i have lost my sense
of home
and it
makes me ill

i like to think about impossibilities while i drive
things that could seemingly
never happen

think about what you see
would you rather be blind?
and hear the world
instead?

