

**Ayuda** - if I calling you, *please*

me / answer someone

something

Take notes: I is trying

grows into? A people a persons

no childs, no more.

For example, in my case I carry

tols, *no*, tools

of land gu age - (quicker) - language

like sandwich.

Can you under-stand me?

Can you over-stand me?

Poe-hams are losing, poe hams are lost in ...

I going to be learning about

this, there there, can you love

me is difficult, I nose it. Don't need

to speak, no, I look it with

own -

*Nikki Dudley*

---

Fuck, lost in a word. How you

say lost

in a word?

Finding me is \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**The day you died**

Wrote in it my diary a year in advance / red /  
CAPS, screaming in a box.

We never spoke about it.

Everything rolled over me like I was land, unwilling  
bystander in this cycle  
of in-ev-it-a-ble steps / even if  
we walked backwards, arms kept circling on your  
aging face.

Didn't believe you were floating towards  
drowning, fighting your way in the dark

(Did you remember who I was?)

because I told you I loved you ... hoped you heard ...  
even when you were still

-----fucking angry

Were you walking out on me or life?

The trees thrash like my mind thrashes thoughts of  
you, in between, memories jar me

(No one can see -

The darkness makes it fester, a disease that swarms  
me in dreams

And will I wake up

And will you stay with me

when the dreams throw me

Out of time, my fingers

stretched

across the wood, shaking

for the roots.

Lost now.

Map is burning in the stream and I'm burning in  
the scream and I'm -  
mid-sentence with

**The antidote** to language

is loneliness is loneliness why the masses don't deviate!

Let gold dust dis      app

ear in mud, lost property finds me. I am found material:

dad's nose/mum's eyes/ tendency towards

anger/stubbornness.

Keep together-now. Don't fix yourself.

Life happens and death happens / in a sent

hence don't cry over

accepting the antidote is a conspiracy to

a get out clause.

A politician watching the world:

"Did you pack hope???"

Spinning in the same direction those / who do not /

lost riots, changing nuffin to somefin.

Is loneliness the antidote to masses,

don't find material in the sand. Gold dust

happens (standing in the street) counting

lines, cracks, number plates and letters

spell thoughts.

If I save them / If I save coins

can eye spend a pen