

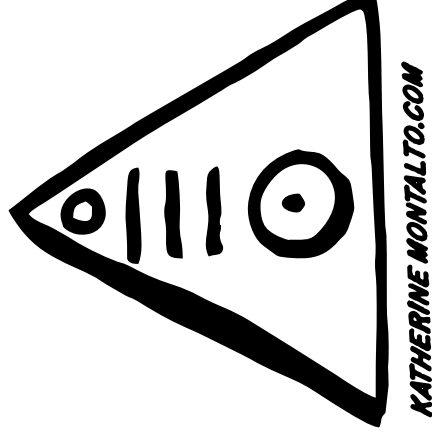
2022 03 Haiku

This jingoism
Is predictable yet still
So disappointing

My whole life inside
The back of this Subaru
Run away again

A far away cave
Filled with piles of candy
Troubles can't find me

Numbers remembered
From old TV commercials
Taking up brain space



a walk in park
Every afternoon, keeps me
From going insane

Ripped from the void
It would be better to be
Just nothing at all