“Alive Even When I’m Not”

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Can’t I relate to something of more weight than the ambitions locked deep in my mind
But, no: imagination is my bait so art is my fate; I can’t help from feeling inclined
Every object I study I notice shapes outlined; I come with a bias to every spot
How can I know this is humankind? It’s alive even when I’m not

My wonders come from far too many places to locate; They shoot throughout me, unconfined
Sometimes I’ll admire them as they inflate; This persistent trait was nothing I ever signed
At least only my precious time is fined; Clutter immediately makes me distraught, like a gunshot
This is simply how my brain was designed; It’s alive even when I’m not

I envision a palette I couldn’t replicate; These shades fill me up to remind
That the creation I see is my roommate; Nothing is too hard to find
And even when I can’t be kind; My world tied up in a knot
These images find themselves intertwined; It’s alive even when I’m not

The times when all I want is to unwind
My inspiration fails to rot
I see through the darkness when I close my eyes
It’s alive even when I’m not