

**You're still there aren't you?**

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Penetrating thought in the liminal space.

You're there, barely, but still

There.

Perhaps Google - How to summon more of the authentic self that's dwindling.

You don't want to find yourself

You're not *there*, thank fuck.

Maybe you're becoming like Michelle Obama,

That would be nice.

Sadly, you're not there either.

Is it O.K not to know?

Are you on Instagram?

No one's really there.

Are you festering in the hippocampus of an ex lover; the one that got away,

Away from who you used to be,

When reason was king and you were you.

You're definitely somewhere.

It's just that most of you is aloof from the most important person,

You.

Into the void, on a power saving sabbatical, nit picking the boundless realms of  
I've truly fucked it this time.

Playing hard to get with yourself is not as fun as with someone else.

Frankenstein fears of horns and boils blunder any chance for growth.

You have a choice, there is always a choice.

Choose wisely and only for you and you will come back like a slow lorris,

It will take time and you may be covered in algae but you will get to where you're going.

Maybe not all of you will make it, but enough to look yourself in the eye without flinching.  
To hold your own.

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