NOT A POEM BUT A STILL GLASS OF WATER

 writing to you i should be going to the library
 now soon am going to the library

 this will all be over will all be over in weeks
 then i'll be unhinged any advice?

 in the forefront of our mind enjoy the day
 today it is clouds watching people cycle past

 there is cryptic in a good way and cryptic
 that some sensible no one understands

 i should have trusted made those changes
read it and left it read it left it to go mouldy

 think the poem is nonsensical enough
speaking into an endless void just blah blah blah

 am sat at clouds am not fully happy not a poem
 i sort of meant eventually will write more

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