

## Severed

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How can I explain to my mother  
that solitude is unique too?

how can I explain to my brother  
this indifference?

how can I create any meaning  
while my words are being pureed for the next man's dinner?

how can I fathom anything  
in these scrabble-filled chronicles?

Well,  
here's a mockery of my meaningful life:  
delighted, I keep eye contact with whoever's running towards  
my deliberately escaping—  
spaceship.