

Something
By: Rachael Lord

The world is spread paper thin
On my living room wall.
Tapping my fingers on it will make
Particles of dust tickle my nose
Like its four billion years old
Or something.

I am the dreamer
With dots for eyes
That pin exactly where I've been
But aren't sure where else to go
Or something
Like that.

I put my feet against the wall
Walking across the world, still
Unsure if I'm nothing,
Everything,
Or something.