

Fatigue Desires Worship (Duplex)

There is a shrine of incomplete things
Nestled in the corner of another room.

Nestled in the corner of that room
Are all those things I am unable to do.

All those things I am powerless to do
A byproduct of the wherewithal to refuse.

This wherewithal to refuse—leering,
As vines that overwhelm my surroundings.

Vines that overtake my surroundings and cannot be pruned
Pouring out of my window overlooking this city.

Overlooking the city is a pastel horizon,
A radiance I cannot grasp that lies comfortably within it.

All that radiance beyond reach lies as comfortably as a cat,
For there is that shrine of incomplete things.