

every. single. one.

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Furnace the bar of sand to rubble as I read Blake
on the widening beach. See the grain, the infinity.
And here will be more to it. More. Here I find it,
peace deep within reach even to each grain. Yes.
If I shall break as I mix this mortar pulling this
labored, splintered, tired hoe in heavy heat, know
hell can repeat its own line by line as I read of heat.
As for me, I shall not crack away piece by piece.
For here I am, from all over the world, with infinity
in me, same in all here mixing mortar, not alone.
Sure as the eternal shore grinds its shells to sand.
And here I am somewhere amidst the grist. I am
with I AM, Who is. Somehow seen in each and
everyone, even if not contained, not a bit. See
the rising brick upon brick, the alignment, and
never forget this—
see what is perfect in the way it all sticks as one.

by Joe Bisicchia

