

# In Countering

I am tired of encountering, that which counters, and is nonproductive. How civil wars divide bloodied countries w/ blood of brethren and kin asoak grounds like floodwaters' waterlog. Some great profanation. How Dead Life murders you while you are still living. Time is both friend and foe one bent on starving you to the point of dying and feeding you til full over. What's written between the lines is undeniable. Those fighting not to die and those dying while fighting add valor to post ethics, whether (mud & cry - or - moonlight sun, warring exist) has a way with words. To cry of happiness and laugh no pain, who'd volunteer to be vulnerable? - I prefer pleasantness over pain; private over public - the war you waged on counting... (time on my hands). There are days of great poetry depth and summation - but, I am wearied by betrayal and unfaithfulness just as enemies posing as well-wishes. Doves don't grace the skies as breathtaking as hawks, nor see as efficient and only war on hunger being fed. Look upon over-looking, what looks and is looking not to be extinct - 6/6/24 w/m.

Dwelling