



of a pace

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leave my mind alone,
and i will find myself
on my knees.

pester me, i implore you.
give me work.
give me tasks to do.
give me too many, too much,
flood me, overwhelm me.
i want my thoughts busy
and my eyes dry.
i want to pluck the weeds
of Wondering from the sand
where they've begun to sprout.
give me more work.