

## META FAT

I sit in the dark,

Tend to it like a garden,

The arrangement of each petal is essential,

I curate it like a beautiful heaping beast,

I sit back,

I stop,

I wait,

I look back,

It's wrong again,

It always needs upkeep,

Uptake.

It's never right,

It never reflects me,

How can it?

Relationships live and die through it,

It is the killer of nuance,

The perpetrator of loss,

Equalizer of identity,

Primary action is filtered through it,

