ΤΙΜΕ KEVIN KEOUGH © 2013

ઉત્તંગુઆં મિલ્લાપ મિલ્લુંકલ્ટે ™

Cover Photo of Kevin with mini-schnauzer, Pixie By Jan Keough

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Please recycle to a friend!

Well, I just ran out of room.

You wonder where I am.

The shape of liquid pearls.

Of rainbow-colored lights

Unencumbered by weight and limbs

Once encompassed by tour walls

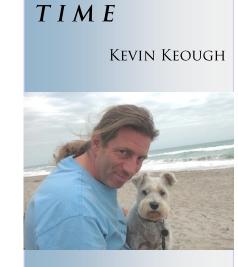
Or should I say it ran out on me.

I float on astral clouds

Now I wander tree.

I ran out of room

I Ran Out Of Room



l am here. l am there,

fedt leef I nedw bnA

, meanb ssalagnedo A

Until 'there' changes

But the endpoint moves

I thought I was there

Smearb bliw a gnisado fauí I mA

And seems torever changing.

, meerb e lle s'fl

.ti əəs I won ,dA

I think I'm there

Never towards.

Almost There

Yewe syewle bnA

The first poem is gone Or even the essence of it. Whatever the reason The first poem is gone.

But wasn't it just a moment ago? Maybe it was only meant for me.

The First Poem

I can't remember a single word

4 More Pages

I've set a goal

Of being Spontaneous

Of living

Free as spirit.

Games with me, Making me think That I must write 4 more pages.

But will that just get in the way

Or are the muses playing

fill a Moment

.Yew Ym Yoed It will wander A moment more llits grittis edyeM I cannot get it back. γεwe sqils from a llif?

Or do l? 'Cause I don't know the future, lle te em ton s'ti edyem Aguod l l've started writing backwards

Writing Backwards

And started writing backwards. Knew everything I was going to say And I was surprised that the pen And I just watched, tinally letting go. When it seemed the pen took over At my writing desk It happened one morning