

Visual poem with a title that reads: BRAINFØG XIV.

There is a light gray blooming image behind the words. The poem's orientation is landscape. Four boxes of text appear in the upper left corner of the frame, some with rounded corners. One additional text grouping is at the bottom right of the frame, outside of the smaller boxes, but inside the larger frame.

The text reads:

(top left box):

the fog says, I keep writing to hold on to me
but are you okay with the way I inhabit
I know this void in my hand won't sleep tonight
I exist for a reason a specie of my gut

(top right box):

I know you ask for reason for purpose
I will continue to blind your reflection
to push further more the maze
push further before our skin disappears

(bottom left box):

listen, forget the truth evolve &
have a conversation with me
I know you put others before me
let this space hurt
let me in

(bottom right box):

beyond survival when the air cycle changes
believe touch being my own
believe solution is hard to form
I ask myself to be & I am wanted
even if its to whole a hole

(far bottom right, outside of box, right-justified)

be vulnerable
face the past it knows
fog I hold in the palm of my touch
past disguised inside the body I abandon
comfort
something we fear is with want
it knows this even if it's tired