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Francis

Nick Young

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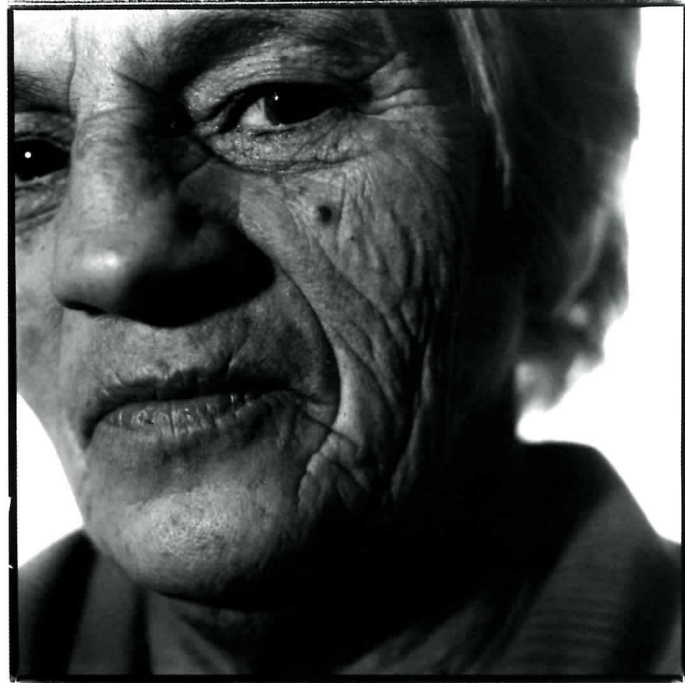
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Kamakazí

It's me, only.
It's only me.
I stand on my own feet.
So it gets lonely
A home body,
Picture an alone me.
Writing these rhymes in the zone and deep.
Mixing Pac with Poe to make poetry.
I'm Pessimistic,
So Optimistic, is how I don't see.
And I don't look for opportunities
That won't be.
I feel sometimes that
No one knows me.
So Hold me with comfort so you can ease the worst,
Cause I'm constantly working.
Feeling worthless so for a purpose,
I'm permanently searching.
But it gets too tough,
And I can't bear this non-stop controversy.
Lord, have mercy on me!
Cause to you my vision's blurred,
But to me I see perfectly.

Miles Stoner



Francis by Nick Young

UNTITLED

The moon
Is an unloved woman.
Pools of hot tears,
Like acid, have burned craters
Into her face.
And my sadness, like hers,
Has brought me to this place.
I will be with her
Soon.

Sydney Portilla-Diggs