

imagination

with imaginary friends

not at all imaginary.

solitude is the great division of self

in the conflict of the absorbed

with self interest and the collective conscious

that in the end is a pointless vanity...

what is the value of solitude

without the self knowledge

of the companions you are born with

who are trying to imagine what made you

become so distant and aloof.

solitude.

wf.h.

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