




I often ponder, recently,
What will be of calm
If 6 came after 9
Would we sternly frown, try to fix it,
Or confused, panicking for an explanation, helplessly drown.
If heaven gets located under the earth
And hell is where we are underneath
Would it all make sense or throw us off balance
Like aha! No wonder all evil pleasures takes one to cloud 9.
6 minutes past 9
My past has vanquished this cat's nine lives
They may blame it on the pub where I was last seen
They may blame it on depression
Or this bathtub, like; why was it water-filled?
Photography by: Khannah Black
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