Tapestries: Interwoven voices of local and global identities

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ddi you ever see anything as beautiful as yyyyyyyyy
they’re all lined up bt it doesn’t do me any,
he had his head all in up his stone now,
but the stone was breaking like sand from him
and he was getting all freaked out by it
but it just kept breaking despite of him
and he knew his time was up and tried hard.

ii get freaked out by it
i don’t know why
but i want to carry him back up from
this awful pit to see the sky and cry
that he was ever missed from me and that
all m nnoise is good and pure and is part
of what jesus must means to quiet people.

I’ll sit croxxlegged
you you
because you know how to live without fame
because you know hw to live without me
it all rushes to my chest and i bloom
it all spirals out slow and i can’t catch
any of it as it drains from my chest
I can’t catch anyf it as it drains
from my chest into the white space you love