

Chaos Theory

By Thomas Harris

**You are gaseous,
confined by the exodus of air you breathe.
Your lungs sprawl on reality and obsess randomness.
Every psychedelic truth makes life seep out,
and each release captivates a curious anxiety
that sends you into outer space momentarily.**

**Ghosts constrict your bones but tell you to dance,
so you throw yourself against the inferior canvas
although you could fly away in an on-key chant
that soothes your controversy in a world alone.**

**Yet, you tease all influence and understanding.
You resist and aspire to make out with the enemy.
When crowds breathe bliss in things that are too obvious or don't exist.
Is that why you are so hard to find?**