

April 2, 2020 Surrealist group poem

The wind on my bike made me not think.

appreciate everyone

clock ticking reminds me of a death chamber

Cranes are suspended above the city.

enjoy the moment

Teal blue peeking from the shadows is a beacon.

What miracle divides our strengths from our shortcomings?

Changes on my computer screen when there are faces and art compared to the endless words.

Tasting coffee in my mouth, fan blowing, feeling hot

A dreams reflect worries and concerns we don't let ourselves address

beauty and borrow seem to represent 2020 too.

Pails of paint flowing over canvas making remarkable designs.

oops beauty and horror

Alive from the center, a dog lived free and high above all the others.

dreams are real or not?

I want to have peace and life is crazy so how do we ride it out

twerp of non emergency in fry cook will no beaver all from back of dirt bomb

Confusion - need for clarity. Soft thoughts wanted.

The clock ticking is breathing

"Porky in Wackyland", how bout that?