

what am i? v2

what am IIIiii::...

but the few loose screws that hold  
together the body i call mine-  
whipped up cheerfully,  
put together for the master's late matter...  
tension turned to the abyss,  
(give or take, flowing 4 amps faster)  
those lost artifacts, i yawn and i nap  
and i throw them far back into that corner  
where all things find themselves known  
better...  
later...

the food,tummy communicate  
updates sporadic up to the brain  
vesselsvesselsvesselsvessels  
essentially having their own games  
pumped up & puffed out  
sputtering & calm down  
i remain loose-screwed,  
unfit, no fuss, keep out the strain,  
taking the (interior eyeball) out the socket  
to look at all the same.

as i am:as i am:as i am:as i am  
...so is you:so is you:so is you...

(i forget what the question was, but  
truth feels the following:

-e.e.mendoza