

## Blank slate

I'm scooped out like a cantaloupe, [my seeds] thrown in the sink.

Nothing left but twisting in the relentless [limbo] wind.

My boldest grip has been [wrenched loose] and I have lost my grasp.

[At last], with [every choice removed], I am behooved to view [my aspiration] post-mortem from the ceiling.

[I am] finally convinced to resign, step down; pronounce the [still-born] status of what I think I want.

Roll the crash cart back into its closet.

I'm empty vacant, just a shell.

Very well, then; now [I can't].

All my ranting's done. My raving panic [to save the crumbs] is finally numbed beyond repair.

There.

Now it's really [up to you].