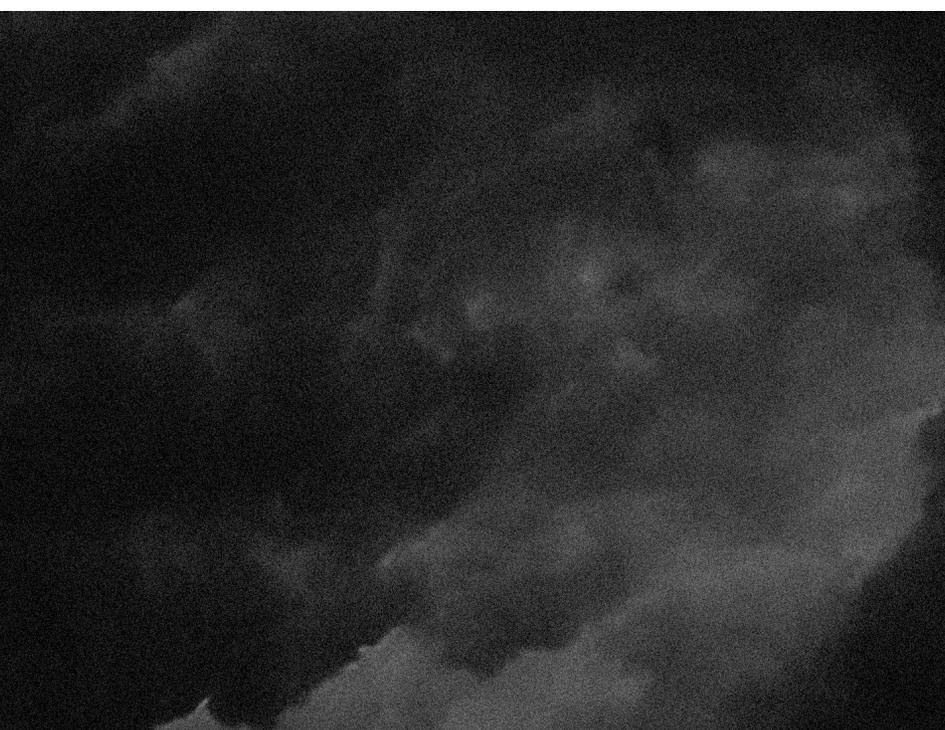


Incident

London James



Knife and Cigarette

Celestial

And Then Some

Hematope

Saliva

Binary Results

Inside That World

Seasons Have Their Tricks

Looking for the Globe

Golden Shell

Plastic

I Can Find My Way

## **Binary Results**

Algorithmic victim's fate  
From extreme terrorist homegrown hate  
They're anti-everyone not like them  
An anti-knowledge strategem

Why do you hate so much?  
Why can't you see that others love you?

## **Inside That World**

That tarnished fence looks back at me  
As if it's seen a ghost  
It wants to hide itself and flee  
But it is moored against a post

## **Seasons Have Their Tricks**

The red-calm skies of autumn lie  
Betray the ways of winter's wiles  
The summers says it likes the spring  
but knows that it can never win

## **Looking for the Globe**

The space we live in and accept  
Ten goldfish in a three-fish tank  
Allows no growth  
Or movement free  
A cramped, disordered  
Disability

## **Plastic**

The genius of its genus  
Is adaptability  
The genus of genius  
Is acceptability

## **I Can Find My Way**

You Can Find Your Way