

Written to you, in Georgia font
By Tyler Hanson
Currently living in Atlanta Georgia
Ramble June 21st 2002- The longest day of the year as well as, my brother's birthday Kirk
Cameron (their twins)

Why ya' so Quiet?
Why am I so far away from anything I knew?
What would you have me say?
That I think about thinking allot.
It is never quiet in my head.
Maybe I was trying to believe in myself a little bit more, so that I can believe in myself a little bit
more.
I me, we, believe
in you whoooooooooo.
Maybe you do too
Maybe we are all a little bit lost in ourselves I know I am.
I am Looking lost but not lost.
Not selfishly lost
or lost lost
but rather found lost
Lost but still there.
I did, by the way loose my shit the other day.
Can anybody help me get my shit together?
I lost it I lost it I lost it
Oh wait. I found it, it's right here.

Through this waking life I sleep walk.
Through this sleeping life I wake walk.
Livening vicariously through other peoples realty's.
And Always creating new reality's.
Though, temporarily- only -we are all here.

All I know, and all I have ever known
is that I am right here right now.
Living for a living- "Live your life out. Nooooo Love your Life out." J.
Kearouca
Dreaming for a dream
Just one, just one dream to come true.
Dare I say, to be all that you can be.
Fuck that.
Just be.
Cause I believe
"I believe I believe I believe I believe."
I say 1,753 times a day. Out of habit at this point, to anyone who will listen, including me.

"Lord, I got to keep on moving, moving
Where I can't be found.
Cause there coming after me" B. Marley

"Where the hell am I?" this ongoing joke I have with myself.
Cause when the Wind blows
it lets me know,
tick tock time to go
Itchy feet

gotta scratch.

The road drives me, usually in a van.

the plane flies me, through a time tunnel to another reality.

the boat, I guess it rows me, maybe it tows me.

And the train, well I throw rocks at the train.

But all of em' can take me away away

"I can travel around the world but I can't go to the moon. Just Yet."

But Here I am. In another possibility of infinite possibilities.

For there is no such thing as lost opportunity.

Everyday.

Everyday brings new. I am reminded by a little bug inside my head.

It says- "Nothing has changed, just your respective perspective."

Cause you see when I was about 4 years old, living in Huffaker Hills, Reno NV. I caught a ladybug on the lawn in front of our condominium. I went into the garage to show my dad, but he was doing something. I remember watching him as I let the ladybug crawl up my arm all the way to my face. I was hoping he would look over and see me. I can still picture me. Can you?

Standing there smiling, as this little red bug crawled across my face. Then, as the ladybug tickled it's way across my cheeks, moving to the back of my head. I swear, it crawled into my ear.

I was so sure that the ladybug was in my head. I ran outside to the grass and tried to hit it out.

Picture, this little blond haired boy standing on the grass, head tilted to the side, smacking his ear.

Out Out Out, I said. I was so scared. And for whatever reason I couldn't tell anyone, certain that I

would get into trouble. I didn't sleep that night. And for days I could feel the ladybug crawling around in me brain. I would go into the bathroom, to look in the mirror, and try see if I could see

em' in my ear. I would check my bed for any dead ladybugs, it was never there. Imagination always gets you in the end. As the days passed I started talking to the ladybug. I came to a compromise.

"If your going to stay inside me, then you have to help me." I said.

So I would send My ladybug with those red with black spots on it's back to any boo boo I got.

When I was sick, I would tell em to go fight the bad bugs inside me. When I was alone I would talk to the little lady in my head.

Quite honestly I still talk to the little bug.

And She says stuff like- You have to remember, don't forget. Where you came from, and where you went.

I know, you know, we all know that.

I still keep preaching to the choir.

And the ladybug still keeps talking in my head.

It's like that.

But now I gotta go again-

The road being the future the road being the past if you look out the side window you just might see the present flash

No time to question my actions

let alone question myself

As Times tells time, what it all means.

I am just trying to make cents of scents of sense.

You must adjust and maintain

But Don't change.

Which is why I keep sayings the same damn thing, constantly repeating these themes in my head. Which, yes, is sometimes what the ladybug said.

This has been going on for what seems like forever.

And forever is right now.

Cause Only Time can tell time...

"Prove time." A Einstien

All I am doing, all anybody and everybody is doing. Is just trying.
Trying the best they can, to explain whatever it is you me we thinks they see.
Your right, cause there is no wrong. As long as you cause no harm.

Everyone wants to be identified , but no one wants to labeled.

And I wonder if the whole propose of Language is the attempt to explain ones emotions.
I mean surely the first word had to of been OUCH!!!
And from there we continued on.
Probably with the women leading the linguistic way.

I ask myself, Is my vocabulary the extent of my reality?
My reality is only as big as my vocabulary.
With that, so many questions I ask every day Like how do I know that your blue is my blue?
I don't.
So I try.
I try to write and write and write.
In attempt to explain to myself what's in my head.
Sending it to all of you, as a reader sampler.
Everything I have every written, and all that I write, is for everyone to read. All 6.17 billion of you.
Or the 253 I actually know.
Silently I attempt to capture what I feel, what I see.

I don't know what you see, but I do know what I pretend to see.
Sometimes I pretend I am Jesus or was it Buddha Sometimes I'm pretend Eye am I, but I forget
who.
Sometimes I pretend I am Mr. t
But always I am just me,
Saying quietly
right now
Hello
to you over there.