

AN EMPTY SHELL

Across the main road,
over a creek,
along field 1 and 2
right before the path disappears around the corner,
there's an empty shell(1).

For more than a decade,
it's been pointing the way for lost sailors,
navigating their ships,
finding the Land,
calling it Sea.

One day someone in the name of progress put in a window too small for the frame.

(1) An abandoned house

Every morning
he lovingly watered his ego,
waiting for it to grow,
until one day
he finally noticed
the first sprout.

-on patience

A Day In The Life (full of Days)

Questioning normality,

falling down the stairs,

breaking up,

laughing in baritone,

crying in soprano,

inventing new ways of walking,

talking,

dancing

and loving

until books are read

upside down,

bottom to left with a twist

and *ice cream cone greets you in latin*

LOCKDOWN BLUES

Like possums at night,

we crawled around the open cafes

after nearly two months of a complete lockdown,

avoiding eye contact,

waiting for the headlights

to expose our sins

the moment we would occupy a vacant seat.

In the middle of the field,
a winding road was slithering
like a snake
On it there were four walkers
not minding the pandemic
but waiting for the rain.

Armed with umbrellas
staring forward
their heads up high
they quietly followed
the winding road's turns.

At the head of the group
there was a man
with an umbrella handle in his hand
and its tip on his shoulder
like a soldier
protecting his troop
of the rain warriors

Aux armes, citoyens!

I planted my radishes, said one lady to the rest.