



17 YEARS

tell me
where do i begin
was that normal? was
that the right way to grow
up into the spaces before i even
knew what shapes would be emerging?
you supported me with an infrastructure we
called love but you would still encourage

me to smile sorries every time i cried
because really everything was fine
because belly worms are really
stagnant butterflies hiding
within the spiralling
infinite expanse
of my mind
glowing

when i was born
the pathway
lined the sky with light
once again splitting

soon centre of my circle
shifted and i saw beyond
my mirror
hauntingly familiar

perhaps i am your ghost
decade after decade
not the other way around
my ancient home

a cobweb history
unborn and reborn anew
expanding shape
into the sphere

so much bigger
than us

last night i went to bed
praying i would wake up
somewhere deeper
than the present

i closed my eyes

imagined roots
soggy with millenia
ancestral currents
remaining the same
level of damp

the rainforest greeted me
from my cotton coated vessel
i could tell
my head was touching ground
holy, undiscovered

the monkeys gathered 'round me
and beetles wandered in my hair, politely
i asked them how the time is treating them
in infinity

they said
the midnights are darker than oblivion
and the summers are brighter than newborn eyes
but that i mustn't stay too long

so despite the hypnotic coloured mist
beckoning
i woke up
in morning
to start another day

we've been walking
down this path a lot these days

mostly because we have realized
it's the only place left to go

i spent the majority of last night yelling
about something

someone did
(very far away)

to someone i do not know
(will never know)

you simply stared
back down the now-empty path

thinking about the last fir tree
cut down a while ago

since then we've just been walking
and finding peace when i'm not yelling

at all those stubborn ghosts
here and nowhere

17 years
i lived within
a tiny pale pink universe
where I have cut my hair to fly
beyond the walls that kept me near
this everything space, this nothing space,
a curvature of plaster swirling the same air
over and over; my own foggy reflection
but slowly appearing cracks reveal
we've been floating side by side
together we will learn,
hope, grieve
soon

the circle will break