

WONDERFRED



Fred two o five is a pig and it's pink
Before the journey waves its bound
Fred wonders the physical means
of its own body
It wonder if being pink
was meant to be
Does the body dream while consciousness sleeps
Transformation or deformation
What form will be

Following the true wonder
Taken curiosity for no ponder
That's the one thing Fred desires

With care Fred discovers
The marks on it's body with some numbers
Are tattoos for tracking a system
Measurements of breath and sigh
Leave Fred for a different sky

Looking around the landscape
Found the light from the heavenscape
Sometimes early, sometime late
Sun is not appearing everyday

Wonder for sun's secret heart
Does it feel lonely when no one is watching
Would it be holy if Jesus owned it

One morning a friendship was meant to be made
Fred observed the change of the shades
Together with sun shared the rhythm of days

Once sun asks about Fred's earthly shape
Fred looked at the arm
And gave it a good gaze
Followed by a gentle touch
First with the eyes then the hand
Exploring the landscape of flesh and bone
Where the blood flows along

"This is my arm, and I can turn it around"
Fred made spiral by degrees from small to so large
that the arm feels alive like electric shock
from some high voltage dose
Fred sings to the arm
for it's love with the purest hum

Fred observe the circadian rhythms
Tunes its body to harmonise with nature
Met friends of the sun like the moon and stars
Micro and Macro, from inside to outside, as vice versa
Relatively correlate Fred's body with the moving lights
A body score Fred study for vibing the sphere

For considering the organs as time signifiers:
9 to 11 - the spleen working with enzymes;
it's a good time for petit déjeuner.
11 to 13 - the heart pumping nutrients;
a little nap would be appreciated.
17 to 19 - the kidney maintains chemical balance;
dinner and a walk help active circulation.
1 to 3 - the liver release toxics;
some new blood is being made.
3 to 5 - the lung replenish with oxygen;
wrap up warm, take gentle care.

Such rituals no one can erase
Fred found the way to dig down
To reach out for the richness
Show up with tunes, paint grains, words
Photographs even
For the soon departing parts.