

We are new born and drop onto this sphere
a simple act that causes a cascade
our lived effects deepening year on year.

Each scene flickers past in heady parade
it's rare a restful moment one might find
to ponder on the patterns we have made.

Tumbling down the slopes of the daily grind
we fragile fragments of humanity
our sand-dune paths sometimes feel misaligned.

Faltering footsteps find calamity
though you must admit, some clouds are silvered:
shiny chaos to contrast sanity.

For an ordered life that's safely filtered
is dull: revel in being bewildered.

- Tom Hodson & Dan Simpson
Collective Misbehaviour

