

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

