# Edit

## I saw you walking

I observed your perambulations

*your hair shone in the sunlight*

the extrusions of your scalp reflected solar emissions

*your tiny feet touched the ground*

your miniscule pedal extremities contacted earth

*and so I love the earth*

therefore was I enamoured of soil

## I place my hand

I apply my manipulator

*to feel the warmth of your passage*

to sense the excitation of molecules in the traces of your transit

*and to suck from your footprint*

and to absorb from your pedal impression

*the knowledge you have left behind:*

the accumulation of information abandoned in your wake:

*that this the only place worth being*

that this the sole location of value in which to situate oneself

*and I know*

and I have determined with a high degree of probability

*that there has never been a way*

that it has not been possible at any time within the previous temporal continuum to ascertain a method

*to love you more*

to love you more