Fragments

i must know i am connected

for life as an entity is hollow and shapeless:

to be whole in my extremities

is to have none at all

i will heal myself with flowers

photons reflecting from surfaces

chemicals wafting through the gentle air

these things strike my nerves

a soft-headed hammer to enforce my calm

birds agree: stupid mud-things!

dirty of foot and captive

always looking up and not going there!