

I keep hoping that, one day,
I'll spring palladial from the bole of a tree.
Fully formed and asexual,
Conceived without romance or intent.

My body will be pure and clean,
My mind fresh, my soul at ease.
The tree, behind me, will stand crooked,
Bole seeping until time and air dry sap.

I will be a flat expanse of green, made up of new cells.
They will work together, the machine running smoothly.

I keep hoping to, one day,
Work with unity, moving in one direction.
Organized and purposefully,
Intent on fulfillment.

My vision will be clear and unclouded,
My will affirming, strong, and sure.
And when I fall, I will remain whole,
Confident that I lived well and without regret.