

We catch the salt air like a sail as we face the sea for the first time
The sea is always feral, something considered too wild
Bathing in the last of ocean's foam
Ridges of fish bones changing the textures of stones
as we try to recognise our shapes in the dried out lake
The wave we imitate keeps us so still

We lie ourselves down in the heavy grass and try everything not to notice the bleak
descent of the birds
We look at the shimmering blue-let sky, that seems so borderless,
a land that lived and breathed and needed no human to be real
Yet we think a place is not a place until we arrive
We don't know which spaces to leave large and alone

We forget which thing host our breath, our stillness and our moving
or what the night does to the smell of the ground in the morning
We close the curtain because we can't stand strong smells
while we should be licking the light like a delicious meal
The lack of green ministers a coldness
Some hives collapse entirely as the plants try to keep up drinking the breath from our
lips
Everything is fading
Becoming a shadow that may disappear as the sun goes down

In the yard, brittle and shivering
To see in each and every flower the world cancelling itself
Petal by petal to the hidden ground
On which we ask ourselves why

(We state to our children
We didn't make the world we leave them with
While we celebrate distraction and loops of behaviour continue to form)

Imagine the desert sunk in drought
inside which tears could be a life force, a saviour
(We drive on fields of everything melted
Not asking ourselves
Where we would live
Where we would dance
Or how we would make love)