

zero breathes the horror of its strength... it is the suspicious
area where we are not sure about what we need
while needing it....

no god embraces it.

it is a child too rough for the playground.

yet we place it as a point of going either way
and it is a thing without a womb...

i do not have the faith of a gypsy caravan
crossing the border.

crossing the border.

wf.h.

2018