hardly a beautiful sight the mudflats remind us
of a different world supported by
unhealthy dragonflies
and feeding seagulls
drifting in fixed rules
and drifting
principles.

is it a world without crimes
or a world where they are committed.

is it a world without a conscience
or a world where conscience is flawed.

knowing is doubt.

i watch a formidable storm revealed
in its heart as the scavenger
crabs pick it clean.

this existence opens debris to exist.
it reminds me.

hardly a beautiful sight.
wf.h.
2026