

form takes its own shape  
distorted by desire  
or necessity  
and sometimes both  
imposing immediacy  
with a persona  
of our shape in its shape.

i have never grasped corruptibility in nature.  
for me there is an elegant  
indifferent  
beauty  
and uncontained brutality  
without responsibility.  
secret mysterious equalities  
in the once of right now  
that no one knows how  
long they have lasted  
or how much longer they will last.

searching for the source  
is a species specific  
wanderlust  
but  
is less confusing than the source.

perhaps.  
perhaps that explains everything.

christmas eve  
the window rain  
argues dispassionately...  
celebrations are passing us on  
through our spinal amulets  
and our violent search for nutrition.

less confusing than the source.  
wf.h.  
2025