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[Woken with words, relevance placed bedside]

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[Woken with words, relevance placed bedside]

Woken with words, relevance placed bedside

And drowning in rustic weather,

a wish for stones

to fly and for fish to exist without water.

Like Science divorced from imagination,
a thorny knot
in the museum of bridges.

In this museum, I crossed a bridge
only wide enough for one.

A village fool
does not need a village to sleep well at night.

On this bridge, a yawn can sway

And my sympathy for this bridge will thread the needle of night.

Never will a sentence ring with such sincerity.

I love accidents for the sliver
of confusion they bring when they appear.