

sea of compassion



simena, turkey

what is the last thing that happens
before subtlety ends
and nothing begins?

your words tend to scratch my head
more often than my fingertips.

"i don't really know
how long five minutes is,"
said the pebble to the trees.
trees shook their leaves.

no such thing as a crowded flight
on the allegorical plane:
too many miss it before takeoff.