

clouds have stolen
a slice of orange from the sun.
trees are upside down.

i don't stand a chance:
my reflections are a nuisance
breaking the surface
of the pond.

there is an eternity of this:
the open-air museum of starting over.

yet i feel powerless.
even the paper has more weight
than whatever i convince my hand
to write down.

besides,
i never learn from my foolishness.
here: i've just thrown a pebble
into the water.

breeze is judging me.
i get goosebumps.

that's a wrap everyone.

birds of mourning

