

tam reaching OUT.

It is not a gesture - rather my being my condition.

I am reaching out deep into the earth where our souls connect, interact, communicate, whisper. I am reaching out as to touch the raindrops falling.

They caress me, lie on my body for the slightest fraction of time and yet take part of me with them in their frantic rush.

I feel the deluge, the mass of thundering water flowing through every stone every pebble every crack

in the concrete

every grain
every miniscule particle
every root
every underground stream
every secret chamber

every shade nbs and grasp my story, feasting on

[of my identity] is washed away and yet it is insoluble. They graze my limbs and grasp my story, feasting on it and repeat its words that take life of their own.

Gently, they rise towards the sun. Inexorably they find an outcome of their struggle, they break the ground

any control

I have lost over them and yet, they are still, me. My ideas, softly mutating into complex thoughts. My fears buried deep within me slowly come to light. Do they? Can they really? I wonder. Yet I feel them filling your veins with lymph, giving you life, strength. Making your tired body erect once more, raising your limbs towards the sky.

I breathe once more, at last. I lay motionless, here in darkness.

Only the slow ripples on my surface signal my presence, my life.

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