

QuaintAugust 2017

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a monk sleeps
inside a one
word bio
volts
ohms
participles
of the universe
no wonder the similes
one hand slapping boredom
sound bites of confusion
happiness
is a warm sun
without knowing
the
face
of light
alone
with no
knowledge
a midge smothered
in the light of disarray
crawls back into the sage
with doors never hoping for
the other side is your frame
spinning though infinity
stop to look around
the ocean of time
is your oyster
little pearl

