

To Flow from the tide.

It seems I am stuck inside. Inside this living thing. It pulsates. Dries. Expands. Its structure is like something you have never seen before.



It drifts. I can feel it. Drifts around dark and light places alike. Floats, moves back and forth with ebb and flow. Is that you? The force of immersion facing the force of reveal? Do you move or move back? Are you moved by something? Am I?

I am stuck inside. The smell. The smoke. The glow. The sounds.



Something is wrong in the ocean. You can feel it too. It doesn't resonate like it did before. Yet it still holds power, immense power. his power you know. You have seen it, felt it before. The force hidden in the light touch of a small wave on your ankle. What is wrong?

Do you change it or let it be?

Now I can move in it. Around and around. Or be still, drift away myself. The space between us has closed in, you even imagine my smell. And you know what it is like to be inside of something too.

You open a door and leave. Where do you go now?