

I'm like the random crap washing up on the Beach  
- a moment in adult trauma therapy

Like the plastic lid that washed up  
on the shore  
of India

No-one knows when I'll make an appearance  
No-one knows  
not even I  
what might happen, where the tide  
will carry me  
how I will look

Stormy weather  
awakens sea air in my lungs  
evergreen  
blue  
turned

turbulent ships loan and  
steal  
my sun

birds peck or perch  
prod  
evoke

I move not  
only the forces of nature  
shift me

the environment  
pumps my blood

trace the fingerprints  
Imprints  
Images pierced onto a brain

a heavy body  
heaves  
and floats

a young mind  
left behind  
disconnected