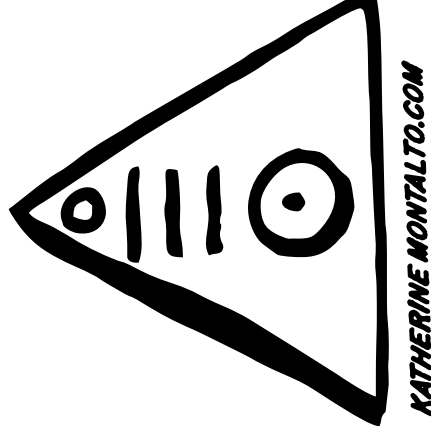


bioluminescent  
light under the deep dark sea  
in another world

night time rituals  
brush your teeth, wash your face  
endless maintenance

productivity  
does not define my worth  
rest isn't a reward

my skin is a drum  
it plays the sounds of my thoughts  
puts them in rhythm



Giving up my legs  
I will now be foam, floating  
On the sea surface

Pockets are too small  
To hold anything more than  
A tube of chapstick

2022 01 Haiku