

Blob in the Garden

I am there and there
But never here.
I want to breath,
But these particles won't let me.
Stuffy is all around
It is tacky and thick.

I want to seed in
And come out as
A natural man.
I want to just be,
As if I am out of a cave-
Primal and raw.

I am allergic-
The pollen is making me sick.
There is no mercy for the inorganic.
Manmade I am
Sterile and faux.
Forever to exist.

