

Little Edges

I am walking.
The wind licking over my skin,
And I realise that
In searching to define the edges
and the spaces in between
That I, also, am an edge.
A space and point of change;
at which me meets world, and world meets me.

And my edges are not so coarse and harsh and horrible,
as I have perceived them to be.
But instead, behind a smokescreen confidence,
They are soft and vulnerable and *uncomfortably* fleshy.
Curling at the edges, as wood in a fire.

How did I not see this before?
How long until I see something else?
If I cannot trust my eyes, I must note my other senses,
When being wrung out – by disordered mind and tired body.

So, I'll move a little slower.
Breathe a little deeper.
Listen a little longer.
Every act of existence
An act of defiance.