

The egg grows her shell in a curve.

Intuitively ergonomic,  
withstanding pressure from out-with to protect the within.

The egg is quiet and never discusses her formation decisions,  
her modesty masks it.

In fact, I've never watched an egg become-  
it just does  
and is.

Apples follow suit,  
guided by the seasons  
or lead toward a star,  
their informed instinct.  
The distinction between the  
inside and out,  
strong but intimate,  
acts as a protective membrane.  
A motherly womb, defending  
against adrenaline/oxygen fuelled entropy.

**We become the skin and the shell.**

*We teeter.*

*We hold.*

Our muscles frozen in gymnastic tension,

a glistening film to the in and within.

You  
are  
the  
silk  
kimono  
resting on your outstretched arm.

We breathe in, but never out and our density shifts.

Repetition brings form,

as we fill the same space but  
*our* space becomes full.

Our entire neural network is now populated by symbols

rolling

over

themselves,

filling gaps amongst the mist,

as if ancient rock formations drunk on espresso. <sup>1</sup>

In a pivot from soil,  
forced playmates  
and pressure  
the arrangement is sweetened,  
becoming the above.

*All risen,*

not one but made up of many,  
equal elements in this ritual.  
Humbly aware that one wave out of place  
may result in  
a catastrophic  
display

of gravity's

golden

means.

<sup>1</sup> Hunt me down Maracas, I'm hiding inside your terrain.