

Thread myself through the eye of
a needle,

Cell by cell,

Molecule by molecule,

Atom by atom,

Until I come out the other side

All long and string-like...

I could stretch forever in this
form

If I could join my dots

With yours

And yours

And yours

Until the whole species,

All creation,

Was a long line of dots,

Working in harmony,

Forming a mass of swirly patterns,

Tying knots and then undoing,

Erupting like a volcano,

Flying like a tornado,

Carrying off and washing away
rogue elements

Into a sea of change,

Joining up again,

Falling like soft rain

Upon the canvass of blank space,
blank time

To expand and then retract into
another state of mind.

I am the eye, I am the needle,

I am the long, long thread that
can stretch,

But I won't break!

I cannot surrender my elements
unto the void

For I am the void too!

Blank, bright, full of colour, light,
darkness, potential,

Shooting off into the distance,

Disappearing over infinitesimal-
dimensional horizons...

(Mark Gartside, Su/9/3/08)