

Impotent decisions

estranged over corners

by the twist point

of an Adelaide parking spot

Limitations overcome

in a lecture of joy

folded but released

among heads of surrounding

Festival music splashed in colors

My two new friends

signaling at me, high and smiling,

with the hint of all the fresh world ahead:

One, farming lands with an Arabic accent

accidentally fertilizing our minds with new purity

Another, coming from the North lands

with one too more

of a customs freakness

And me, I lay myself,

overcome,

in rhythmic grasses

modeled on a dance

still unknown



