

# Movement

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I move in spite of my surroundings,  
A wanderer immersed in lies,  
I stop to gain direction and compass,  
but I am left with nothing.

I move,  
To gain breath,  
I see,  
Clearly I am seeing now,  
And if my voice cries out,  
Even though the shore is still distant,  
God still hears me – Maybe?

Or,  
God may screen my calls,  
God may place me on ignore,  
Waiting for the celestial search results from Google.

All nature must conform,  
All of creation must be co-opted and secured,  
So my movements bring nothing,  
I move despite God or gods,  
I move to spite the gods,  
I move away from the Devil,  
I move because I have no choice.  
I move and the moving changes everything.