

SCRAMBLING

I think its a Pear.
A pear with lots of seeds.

I listen to her
chomping it outside.

Foot tapping
lightly
in rhythmic succession.

COVID-19.
Mums smiling
between the chewing,
I'm home, chewing
my curling impatience
between deep, puffy breathes.

106 steps approximately. Day 3

Went to my auntie's place.

She said,

A Piwakawaka circled

her house last night too.

She Laughed

fearlessly,

crazily/

we walk back around the block.

Crushing

the fallen leaves,

mustering

the aching limbs

of lingering tupuna.

Till it appeared.

When appearances are reliable,

you circle it.

Pressurising
the grieving soil,

scrambling,
We planted the seeds.