

## Disorienting Awe

Inhale belly rise,  
exhale belly fall.

One step at a time  
in the pitter  
patter  
of raindrops.

Freeze—  
A ghostly  
grey hand thrusts  
up from the  
belly button  
into the chest,  
distorting the self in  
static silence.

Rigid focus—  
The ruptured  
psyche exists in  
digital chasms of  
staggered dominos.

Fast forward—  
A hazy spiraling  
catalyst sparks a  
disembodied awakening.

Prismatic colors  
whirl into  
floating specs of  
a train wreck.

Snapshot—  
A mirror image  
within a fragmented  
moment  
encapsulated by  
wonder.

Perspective—  
What is the reality  
of *my* reality?  
One fraction of  
the collective whole

or the revolving center?