

## Plasma

by phoebe *Tuesday, Aug 26 2014, 1:52pm*

international / poetry / post

it happened slowly  
and stealthily  
becoming unformed  
and un-contained

one minute i was  
then i was not  
yet the new formlessness  
covered the planet  
and moved rhythmically  
always in curves  
pulsing, breathing  
with the bellows of existence

entering into everything  
it became dominant  
and remains dominant  
today  
all life depends on water  
the form u see acts only  
as a container  
yet it is the container that everyone  
(wrongly) identifies  
as real

so i thought it prudent  
to relief myself of form,  
a traceable identifier  
in a formless, fluid sea

u cannot see  
or collect formlessness,  
its expanse  
goes beyond the horizon  
and reappears  
behind ur neck

there is something frightening  
about fluidity, water  
singing rhythmically  
with the wind --  
it waits eternally for other

forces to imbue it with  
power,  
yet in violent thrashings  
or dead calm  
it remains the same

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-529.html>