

Awake Robust

Every electron is unique.

With their miniscule minds they defy our best.
Tiny wingless Hermes flit wildly

where they will, their wills their own.
Too small to see they light our lives.

Frankly I don't care what you think.
Nor what I think for that matter. Thoughts

are electrons in the end, out of our control.
Little wisdoms somehow, wizards of chaos,

fizzers of love and startled hair, their sparkle-
arrows always hit. When I'm awake,

robust, open enough that fear is down,
even dust is lovely, even the most inanimate thing

lives, bubbling with wit and cunning.