

Untitled

Christian Quaresma, *Sara-Jane Gloutnez*

A mushroom above ground,
centered in itself, unconcerned.
*It breaks the earth like a thought,
the membrane of stability pulling up
the stock of possibility—
Hold a neuron of non-conformity long enough
to give its roots a little breathing room.*
To choose among groves, which best fit you;
an entrepreneurial vine, or
a perennial investor,
becoming the porous foundation of this new infrastructure.
*Like a sieve holding water,
potential leaks into the asphalt of the city
feeding nothing but buildings
pushing up earthworms,
reminding us to watch our step.*
Watch the length of it, the measurements that bridge
knowledge with communication,
the recognition of an interconnected system.
*From the intersection of us and
them crawls the map of human potential.*
Mind the gap.