

BEYOND BEDLAM

Beyond Bedlam

broken through

I study stars

and grow rooted

to a metal-coated world.

Shatter-brained

tentacles of thought

reaching

for a quiet universe.

Yet I look with crusted eyes

vision imperfect -

the roots are still rooted.

Though it's quiet

beyond Bedlam

I still grow further

towards space

and I can't grow

without roots in the earth

where I'm from.

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