

perhaps the mind is parasitic
existing unseen waiting for the right host
wandering by in the darkness
then wham
attaching itself to a defenseless wet organ.
perhaps there is also an unconscious part
that does not bloom in light attaching
and spreading like an outgrowth of algae
through
cracks
crevices
and creases
while its conscious tendrils
wrap around images and attachments.

maybe the center of its dark nest
is hard lined
with
hallucinations
delusions
not fully digested
spit up
coughed up
or passed through its body.
whatever and however it exists or what it leaves behind
it sucks out the nutrients and leaves meaning without a place.
a consummate body snatcher
who requires instincts to navigate to
other unsuspecting hosts wandering
in murky free will and predawn mists
with mistakes as footprints
waiting for the promises and false testimony in sagas.

existing unseen.
wf.h.
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