

We pause beneath that
planetary clear dome as
contrail lace unravels.
Covid space.
Cerulean infinity
minus outbound travellers.

Now inbound
exploring fallow paddocks,
rusty machinery,
cobwebby corners,
overgrown tracks and
creaky apparatus.

A self-guided tour for the formerly over committed, time poor,
socially mobile and the joyfully busy to;
a goat track of the soul,
a garden of critical reflection,
a maze of thought,
a wilderness of wonder,
and a plant nursery of self-knowledge.

What thrives in this space?

Boundless Grace.

Karan Hudson 27/3/2020