



*In response to Kathie Collinson*  
*Chaotic*

I awake from a long sleep,  
Dare to look through new eyes  
What is left of foam and memory  
After what we call eternity.  
Bile of wants and cries  
I am hidden in the rust of eternity,  
Tossed into a chasm of arms, legs, bodies  
With no way to digest what is left,  
None of past rules exist,  
Just a myriad of voices, cries,  
Screams, moans of young children  
Who have no place else to grow  
No food to eat  
Just the cold wet shore,  
Ocean polishing dreams displaced with tears.

**Jeanne Simonoff**  
Roaming Writers



Kathie Collinson, *Chaotic*,  
encaustic paint on cradled  
panel, 6 x 6 inches