

## Intertwined

Roots intertwine.  
Searching, intersecting, and separating.  
Tying knots, forming clots,  
Playing the tug of war of existing.

These roots, these foundations, these tiny tissues,  
Balance statues which we build up and we undo.  
Everything becomes broken with misuse.

Stoically the trunk stands,  
Weathering age and storms and human hands.  
An inverted bronchi subdividing, striving towards the sun.  
We cannot say that none  
Of us are the same  
Don't you see? Each has roots, has lungs, has alveoli.  
Grows old, begins with a shoot.  
Inhaling and exchanging and depending and dividing.

There is no algorithm to undo our vandalism.  
There is no button to defuse our bomb.  
Everything becomes unfixable with misuse.  
Have we made ourselves irreparable through our abuse?

Arms intertwine.  
Breathing, surging, then they recline.  
Debris scatters on the ground,  
Falling, circling, coming to rest without a sound.  
Now we cannot hear breathing, but sighing.  
Can peace be found?