

## BURREN FLOWERS

As the wind blows, I breathe with my eyes,  
I follow the teardrop falling  
To the edge of my jawline  
My eyes so wet can see,  
A flower dancing in the rain of my tears.

Confined to their roots, free in their being,  
Over time,  
Bloom, pollinate, shed petals,  
My eye travels  
With them  
And I reach a place  
A place where my breath meets the wind.

Over time,  
Present, conscious, gradual movement,  
A new flower in born within me  
Everyday,  
I dance to the rhythm of that flower.



## MOVEMENT

A movement within,  
The need to feel stillness is a movement within,

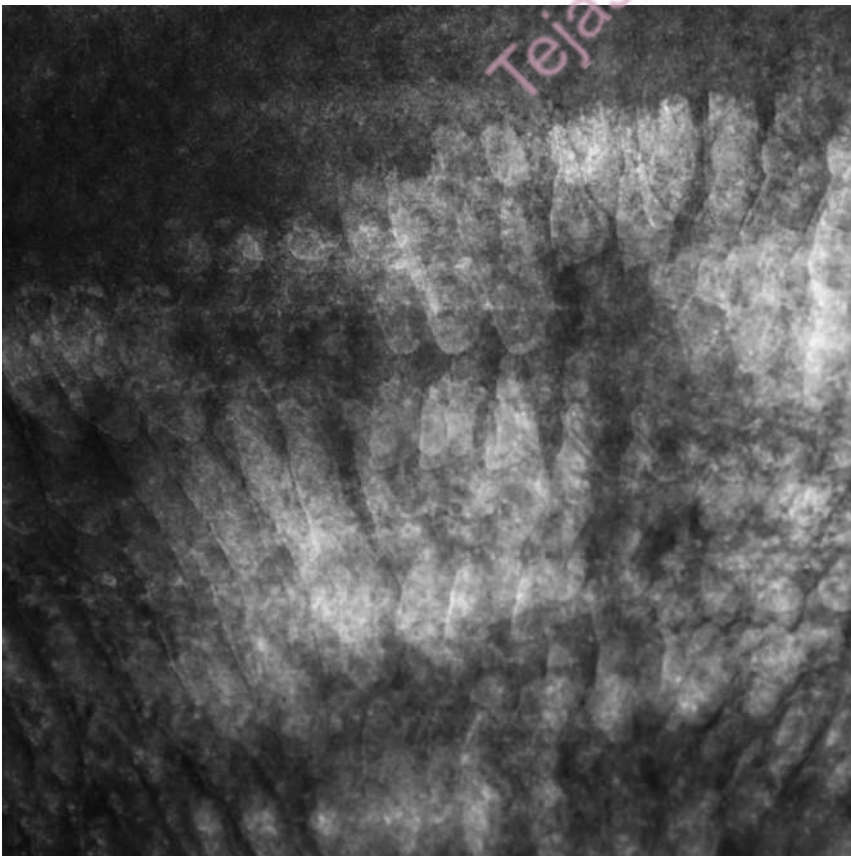
A movement outside,  
The need to shift, tweak, drift, attach, change is a movement outside,

I see fossils within myself as I wander with my camera to capture  
the journey of how this movement shaped my landscape,

A landscape of solid rock that was once submerged  
Inside the ocean, was now weathered by rainwater  
touching gently on the fossilized memories

How do I converse  
with these brachiopod shells  
Or the Crinoid stems?  
How do i understand the time  
And space  
Of the Burren

To understand myself now?



## NOWNESS

From water to foam to ice  
From sand to water to foam  
From rocks to sand to water

From fossils to rocks to sand  
From brachiopods to fossils to rocks  
From water to brachiopods to fossils

From then to now to then  
From now to now to then  
From now to now to now



Same blood, different eyes.

Same name, different game,

Same style, different class,

Same skin, different spine,

Same blood, different eyes,

Same ocean, different land,

Same river, different water,

Same air, different breath,

Same border, different state,

Same senses, different taste,

Same time, different zone,

Same day, different night,

Same sun, different light,

Same trees, different fruits,

Same humans, different differences,

Same blood, different eyes.

Same Earth, different lands