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## Cocooned 20 20

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Two weeks in  
As the storm of micro cosmic entities hits  
The shores of our consciousness  
As a surge of feeling free  
From what I don't know  
Makes me feel an excitement  
Not felt since childhood summer holidays  
Nothing to do  
And all day to do it

A pandora box of unshackled imaginings  
Dancing in my child mind  
Just fueling bursts of ecstasy  
Brought on by no demand  
Of time or effort of thought or deed  
Just magically entering ethereal realms  
All possibilities  
Entertained

When will we emerge  
To cast off our silky case  
Spun by those who would protect  
Or indeed imprison us  
As pupae race  
For our own protection  
From hordes of invading micro species  
Trying their best  
To thrive and survive

And to what heavene'd adjustment  
Is this due  
To realise corporeal harmony  
A micro biome  
Trusting itself again  
Talking to trees and plants  
To once more enhance  
And help  
our micro selves to dance

Once more together.

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