

Bits + Pieces

A Poem by Lars Kemnitz

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I can hear the wind whisper.
Is it calling me?
Or am I just dreaming?
I'm not sure.

Sometimes I feel like I'm falling apart
Into bits and pieces
And I imagine
How the wind would take them
These bits and pieces of me
To far away places.

The wind would decide
Which way to go
And where to stay
And when to return
To the point
Where I fell apart.
And all the bits and pieces of me
Would reassemble
And I would be reborn
In that very moment.

I like the idea
And the promise of freedom
That comes with it.

The wind has always known
How to navigate.
And I can't wait
Until it happens
And the bits and pieces of me
Are released into infinity.