

## MY DETACHMENT

Darcell Dorothy Apelu

I look for the space of the heart  
It doesn't waver me  
Leave in place my memory  
The means have control now  
It commands distance over seas

Anxiety pushes, rips  
I grieve for kindred, the belonging  
Our connections have come undone  
The needs are unbearable  
It's hard to stand

Be my maker of hope and wish  
Arbitrary numbers have my mind  
If only, if only  
To be the one to grasp all  
Save for what purpose

Adapt for mankind meaningless time  
The hurry for capital has a loss  
Not one without essence  
It is corrupt, callous  
Unsettling vertigo the symptom

It will come in spades  
And be a true tolerance  
To be with the ones of pure love  
We will see each other  
The space of content

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