

Chaos Is A Flower, A Friction In Every Direction  
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I find you under the belly of the train. Passing me when I wait at the platform at Lewisham station.  
I find you in the sparks that appear when it pulls in.  
I find you reflected in the puddles of water after last week's hour of rain.  
I find you in the shine on my cheek after I just washed my face.  
I find you in every chance the light has to reflect.  
  
I find you come to me as a reminder.  
A reminder that everything that reflects light, reflects you.  
  
But, for what reason?  
  
I ask for the world to unlock itself around me, and maybe if you're in close proximity we can find out what it is that you're after together.  
  
In order to learn, we must unlearn.  
  
Come to the start, the beginning; with nothing but sweat and veins as thin as stems, waiting to dilate at the thought of portals opening at the tips of our fingers.  
  
In order to understand order, we must understand disorder.  
  
It can be said that the first encounter of disorder we faced in our early stages of humanity was betrayal. But, nothing births more disorder than the journey the first ever flower took to grow. It found its opening and sprouted. Blossomed under an unwavering spread of chaos.  
  
I guess chaos is a flower.  
A friction in every direction.  
  
Opposed to history, which I guess is an animal. An animal with its umbilical cord flailing in the wind.  
  
A flower is seen as a reflection of forces. A reflection of yesterday's experiences, a reminder for tomorrow's newest technology. In that reflection we find systems. Interlocking clogs, levers and hinges.  
  
On the other hand history is separate.  
  
It doesn't reflect the forces that surround us now.  
It reflects to us an endless spiral of possibilities. What could have been us.  
It shows me what I would have done. If I could have done. If I should have done.  
  
History is like an animal  
...  
bound to nothing.  
  
An animal who, in birth, breaks away from their source and inturn seeks freedom.  
A rendered mass of moments only one with a million faces could witness. And even then they'd miss you.

They'd miss the slit in the ground where you could have been.  
I sit inbetween the two spaces we've just spoken about.  
  
I sit in between chaos and history.  
  
Sometimes I step into you and see if I filled out enough of the empty space. Filled up the parts that are missing. I stand up to reach up and grab you. Like a cloud of trapped matter. A spill of still smoke.  
  
My hands stretch to grab you.  
Up to hold you.  
Up to bring you down.  
  
I'm trying to place you. Trying to find where to put you.  
Trying to see if you lean in to either direction.  
  
You vibrate at me. Riddled with anxiety you start glowing blue.  
Once a cloud of trapped matter now a block of ice asking to be dropped.  
A block of ice made up of everything and waiting to be left alone.  
  
I hear you tell me things. In lowered tones you explain to me the things you are not.  
You tell me how you know the things you aren't but would never know the things that you are.  
  
A block in the pipeline. You stand in front of the opening and stop the spill of understanding. You hold onto the edge and cast yourself as a lid.  
A lid with no reason.  
  
But alas, a lid with full conviction.  
  
A lid to stop the spill  
A lid to capture the chaos.  
To keep the flower from growing- keep the flower from dying.  
To pause the attraction.  
  
I hate seeing you in the way of moving force.  
I don't want you to be the absorber of all this impact.  
  
I prostrate my body to the sparkling gem in the sky and ask it  
  
"Take the only thing I have...in exchange,  
grant me the power to redirect this telescope,  
this cannon, this finger to a new direction."  
  
You listen but I'm not sure if you digested what it is that I've asked for.  
  
I wait with my finger pointing at the sun, patiently.  
Maybe if you were here to support me, we could open this pool we dream of.  
  
Chaos is a flower, a friction in every direction.  
A spec of chance glimmering across a vast space.  
An animal roams freely and drags along its past body with it.