

ROBERT HUOTARI

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## **Small**

When, cold, the moon throws photons at me always, I can always step down into any open grave. When my black earth bulges, I can finally learn how to fly. When my past outgrows its planter, I can give the future a try. If, night after night, you take all the covers, then I'm free to find another bed or room or house in which to sleep. But when I'm squeezed from both sides, in a yet unpainted corner with my back against the wall, I can but make myself small, as in a Middle-Ages painting, as a child with adult features, standing on my mother's lap, and small.