

# Inanimate Icing

Erin Bauman,  
Contributor.

We are so short on nature here  
that we must paste it  
in photograph form  
onto the metal electrical boxes  
that violate the place  
where a tree should have been.  
I've almost forgotten  
what fresh air is by now,  
we are so bogged down here by industry.  
Even my own existence  
has become  
almost purely  
economic...

Work and sleep,  
Sleep and work...

I miss my home  
where there is no need  
to decorate  
inanimate objects.  
The original beauty of the place  
is overwhelming.  
The presence of the Mother,  
evident  
in every  
tiny  
leaf,  
and none of them are photographs.  
Inhaling  
is as simple  
as life is supposed to be...

Breathing in,  
Breathing out...



Roeland Otten's  
*Urban Camouflage*  
Rotterdam, 2009