

# Resistance

*by Karen Nielsen*

Despite an intense desire  
To reach out  
And touch the air  
I slip  
In silent perplexity  
To a state of detachment  
Where the sharp edge of "feeling"  
Becomes flat, colourless and mute.  
Here, the pattern  
Of fifty minute futility  
Is broken into fragments  
And swept from the crevices—  
Bits and pieces  
Of unripened emancipation  
To be mellowed  
Matured  
And harvested  
Growth in a vacuum?

Illustration: May Chung