“According to my bond: no more nor less”

The universe is intentionless.  
The wind blows, stars collapse.  
Day becomes night and night  
Becomes day. Flowers in the garden  
Bloom and fruit rots despite me.  
I worry why the scarlet rose  
Fades, why the calendula does not  
Grow a bigger head. I am no more  
Than a head full of random thoughts.  
The brain is intentionless. The synapse  
Receives and transmits a command.  
A limb moves regardless of whether  
It is raised for good or bad.

SMITA AGARWAL