

## Scavenger

Moss crawling up her spine, hourglass running out of time. Crystals hanging from her palms, grass around her smooth and calm. Ripples of light filter through that grass, gliding as wind comes to pass. Mushrooms growing on her head, she makes mountains out of sewing thread. Her eyes dance like a buzzing hive, sweet as nectar but sour like lime. Face overgrown with ivy and herbs, on her shoulder a sparrow chirps.

Footsteps soft and distant, with her will to be wherever she is, she keeps on walking without failed persistence. She arrives wherever she ought to be, she's here.