

Pearls

Maree Collie

We all stand together holding hands.
Smooth, white, cold.
Sense of wellbeing, of elitism, of being special.
The string, knotted individually after each of us, brings unity.
Conformity. There is belonging.
But a rupture to our world would unleash upheaval.
We would fall apart, be gone, destroyed.
Such is that thread that binds us all together.