

## Basket Case

By Collin LaMore

Imagine a basket.

In this basket, sums of your thought and experiences,

Scoops of individual flavors make your electric impulse on life.

Each block of memory unique before the last correlating.

Your current, soon to be past, fills the basket.

The basket needs to be fed,

Built on your desires for a new.

From each angle, they become new to your peers;

Yet every new filling experience is still an experience, unique where you stand.

Shapes.

Sounds.

Smells.

Colors.

All fit into your basket.

Now his right hand has turned it upside down.

Every thought spilling onto the ground.

Memories merge into one.

Two options:

Put the putty back, keep adding until it takes Your form;

Better yet, let the memories turn viscous.

Let each flavor mix to create something new.

Scoop up the muck and fertilize the earth with it.

Another look into the basket:

Dust sized spores are awaiting your command to grow into full memories trying to fill the basket.

Flavors are common for what they are, so who's to say This one is better than the next one, but that one is or isn't capable of producing a good seed.

The point isn't to have the best seed

Nor the worst seed,

But to have YOUR seed.

There exists a niche for everyone to take.

Again, no point for space, other than to occupy it.

The birth and death of the organism, its purpose, its chemical replication.

The most efficient in their niche will dominate it.

Again, the point--none-other than to consume and return a very fine source of energy.

Your return to fertilizer is not bad nor good.

It is only the experiences that were able to spill out of your basket.