



...september 24, 1990...

**as student of my hand – i write –  
thoughts that weave  
through corridors of time –**

**as student of my eyes – i paint  
translating images  
that haunt my bones –**

**as student of my feet – i leap  
into a vastness that  
i've yet to understand –**

**as student of my ears – i hear  
words and worlds  
that sing me into being –**

**as student of the stars – i see –  
a universe that echoes  
through my heart –**

**as student of the clouds – i fly  
beyond the mists that shield  
each unimagined hour.**