

*...october 3, 1990...*

*birds explode a patchwork sky –  
wind rushes hair through eyes –  
coat-tails dance  
and far dogs bark  
and traffic jams the streets –*

*starlings screech  
and near horns blast  
while shops blare music  
wild and loud and free –  
all re-connecting –  
intersecting  
wind and breath  
and ecstasy.*

