

...january 9, 1990...

*no miracle of stars –
only the wind
throwing black
against a blacker sky –
no wonder of a moon –
only the darkness
promising what only
blind eyes see –*

*i turn within to grow
a secret universe of stars
behind closed eyes –*

*a silver sea
spirals a crystal moon
and i am flying flying
flying free –
upwards – inwards
outwards –
arms outspread –
hair unbound
to meet
that prismic power
of the unknown.*

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