



...april 10, 1991...

**i waken cold  
the night alive  
in voices of a window world  
till i become  
the window world  
alive and opening –**

**visions cross  
like winds outside of time  
from what will be  
in probabilities  
and what has or might have been –  
the gusting –  
twining images  
sum up and down and inside out  
and back and forth again –**

**i am – i am the window  
spaced between  
the thousand winter-autumns  
of a thousand summer-springs.**