



...april 1, 1991...

**we are all dreamers
born into this phantom universe –
fantasizing time
into a mist of days and nights
and noons and dusks and dawns –**

**and – like fragments of lost myths
always wondering why
we are not more
than what we think we are –**

**we sleep
like mountain gods
and goddesses
praying for the giants
of some greater self
to waken
and offer us a sun
that is already ours.**