

...july 21, 1992...

*a midnight song is calling
with midnight flowers shadowing
a someone i have yet to be
who's walking paths i have not seen –*

*eyeless eyes are watching
voiceless voices summoning
scentless fragrances are shifting
into hills that i have dreamed –*

*listen – i am answering
birds that are not born –
i am touching leaves that wait
to burst the buds of spring –*

*watch me – i am dancing
into winds that have not blown
reaching magic fingers
to a moon that has not shown –*

*somewhere i have yet to travel
somewhere i have never breathed
watch me – watch me merge into
that someone i have yet to be.*