

...june 1, 1992...

*a world once removed
from breathing tides
and twice removed
from gulls and salt eyes –*

*a world three time distant
from the burnished sun
that held us wandering
and holding hands –*

*an arabesque of sound
inside the wind –
an almost vision
of the once upon –*

*now i paint – creating
two dimensionally
worlds that were worlds
we once shared.*

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