

...june 7, 1992...

***i fantasize tomorrow into being  
until i waken like a silhouette  
stepping into clothes already there  
and dancing sunshine  
through my garden yard  
whispering words to plants  
blossoming again  
reliving hours  
i have already lived –***

***watch me – watch and watch again  
now i'm cutting apples with a knife  
and cut my finger to the bone  
knowing that it happened  
and it healed long before  
the bandages were real –***

***knowing –  
even as i meet you at the door  
the meeting is already over  
and we will not meet again –  
and knowing in my deepest core  
somewhere i already died  
yet breath again inside  
the most extraordinary wonder  
of this person that i am.***