

A landscape photograph of a hillside with a small stone tower under a dramatic, cloudy sky. The hillside is covered in dry, golden-brown grass and some green shrubs. The sky is dark and moody, with some lighter patches where the sun might be breaking through. The overall tone is somber and evocative.

...june 3, 1992...

*the tower struck like lightning
on a day that was not mine –
the hour broke in thunder showers
that flooded yard and lane –*

*you grew out of a darkness
in a vision that was not –
and vanished into evening
like a dream the day forgot –*

*there was a place – there was a time
before the summer died
when waiting was the everything
that winter had denied –*

*now the lightning cracks and splits
through new awakenings –
my fingers reach beyond the flood
that washed away your name.*

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