



*...september 27, 1993...*

***coldness vanishes inside the grey  
fogging the edges of all yesterdays  
until the darkness of a giant moon  
explodes us new into the wild sun –***

***travelling through myths – we wake again  
to swim inside a time that has not been –  
diving valleys to a golden shore  
that weaves its length beyond the greening hills –***

***we will plunge the waterfalls of dream  
to burst through memories we have not seen –  
swimming streets and beaches to a sea  
that swallows us inside its mystery.***