

...january 15, 1993...

*the unsung sun awakes to sing again –
i pull the yellow into window panes
and dance a dust of sunbeam offerings –
while laughter trembles voices in the wind –*

*i move beyond – above – around – within –
until i am the sun - i am the wind
singing rainbows into eyes and skins
and streets and trees and gardens wintering
a snowdrop prelude to the unborn spring –*

*the unsung sun awakes to sing again
then vanishes into the density
of an impenetrable rain – but i
have seen the sun and heard the song
and i am wrapped promises to come.*

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