



...july 23, 1996...

**a visitor – somewhere displaced –  
i watch a sun that is not mine  
through fragments of receding eyes  
and salt winds and seaweed hair –**

**i catch the fragrance of a face  
caught in a mist of sand and waves  
and smell the rocks of eaten shores  
in barnacles and starfish ears –**

**i merge into a pattern  
of tides that ebb beyond my mind –  
carving fjords of time and space  
flowing in – and then erased.**