

*...june 11, 1994...*

*i am a wanderer  
of grass and lavender –  
violas push to purple-gold  
between the primulas –*

*clematis blooms climb into trees  
like silver tapestries  
with leaf and flower bumbling bees  
weaving rainbow dreams –*

*winds caress my hair and skin  
in feather fragrances  
dancing me deep into this now  
that spreads into forever.*

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