



...july 27, 2007...

*a gentleness of skin on skin –
a dance that we are lost within
awakening the once upon
that offers us up to the sun –*

*we meet and share then separate
like masters of a strange estate
praying to the all that is
that we can meet again – because*

*without vows or promises
there is some hunger in our souls
craving magics we have shared
and wish to share and share again –*

*submerged within a sacrament
of body talk and wakefulness
we swim a mystic labyrinth –
eternity – within our grasp.*

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