



...june 10, 2007...

around the low of lost lagoon
with yellow irises in fade
and thimble berries reaching green
i watch a swan sitting her nest -

i walk past ducks of old and young
shining browns and blues and greens
chasing - swimming - diving through
the day that marks the late of spring -

they lead me into thunderstorms
of worlds that are and might have been
until the pattering of rains
gradually directs me home.

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