



...november 19, 2008...

**i am the story – paper and pen
writing myself with a half-baked brain
on this half-moon day in late november
almost forgetting to winter the weather –**

**i am the artist woven in grass
spraying the green with orange-dry leaves
blown loose from maple trees
to crunch the walks of afternoon –**

**i am the walker walking the path
scrunching leaves beneath my feet
while thoughts rise smoke into the clouds
gathering a dusk of snow –**

**i am the dramatist scoring the play
pacing streets to the grocery store
to fill the bread with lettuce and cheese
climaxing a supper hour –**

**i am the primary entrepreneur
creator and editor staging the set –
rolling out carpets and planning events
then sending me out to forgetfulness –**

**i am a matrix where only the stars
echo the depths i am within
as i create what i shall become
sharing the dreams of ocean and trees.**