

...nov 24, 2008...

the portent of IM is a twisting thing
exploding the mare of child night dreams
out of shadows and into the mist
haunting tomorrows in shades of what was –

the peril of IM is embedded inside
an oyster-shell darkness that none can define
promising something that cannot be grasped
inside a future that waits to become –

the power of IM is an awesome force
that weakens the name and strengthens the dance
until imagined beliefs transcend
spiralling worlds of let's pretend –

the portent of IM when the weather breaks
will swallow the moon in a sudden stroke
of wind wrought fury – tossing the clouds
into a silver-edged quilt of gold –

and what is the IM that the portent throws
out of the almost that is not yet?
the IM is the possible – long foreseen
by the eye that centres the hurricane.