



...september 22, 2008...

**somewhere inside the afternoon
we climb out of a clinging mist
meeting sunshine in the clouds
feathered blue above our heads –**

**the foggy dawn of grey streaked streets
in mists that quilted ears from sound
forgotten – in the suddenness
of mountain still and tree escape –**

**we do not know where we are going –
we scarcely know where we have been –
but in this moment of the now
we are the fullness of between.**

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