

...august 21, 2011...

*a midnight dream – the dice are cast
to play a winter equinox
through flakes of snow and frosted earth
calling fire to the hearth –*

*horizons known and unknown
throw phantoms webs of camouflage
transforming oceans of belief
into mountains swamped in mist –*

*a spirit sister rides the storms
dancing the moon on inky clouds
rejuvenating arctic souls
in snows that have not wakened yet –*

*i almost see – i almost feel
a somewhere i have yet to be
as rainbows streak beyond my eyes
into an almost future me –*

*a midnight dream – the dice are cast –
i watch a scattering of trees
wrapping me in faded leaves
of worlds that have not ended yet.*

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