



...december 28, 2011...

*candlelight and chandelier
echoing an amber fire –
windows wrapping out the dark
of somewhere trees and vanished damp –*

*i sit the heart of solitude
surrounded by a vanished host
conversations hang the air
in words that wait to shape themselves –*

*and i – and i – alone and not –
beneath a roof tattoo of rain
feel the ghostly gathering
of moments – waiting to begin –*

*the room and i – a pregnancy
of everyone who is not yet
joining those of once upon
to weave this layered ambience.*

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