

...june 1, 2011...

**i'm following a thread of air
along the meadow dipping to
a forest edge of grazing deer
with robins flitting in the trees –**

**ask me – ask me why i'm here
watching robins circling
a pattern of nests and worms
for infant mouths and fuzzy wings –**

**this who of me and me of here
between the robins and the deer –
could this be some moment planned
before my infant self was born?**

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