

...july 22, 2011...

*i sprinkle salt at the door
of an apartment vacancy
examining the chipping paint
of whispers i have yet to breathe -
then i walk the balcony
of clouded sun and nowhere rain -
feeling myself overlapped
in alternate realities -*

*somewhere i feel my future past
intersecting memories
of picture corners in a hall
that link into another me -
the moss that creeps the outside wall
echoes names i almost catch
with inside cupboards, shelves and floors
mumbling their alter worlds -*

*i am here and am not here -
i am there and am not there -
fading chapters in and out
of recreated histories -
i feel tomorrows yesterdays
flickering my corner eye
luring an impending me
outside the smallness of this hour -*

*the almost me i think i know
throws salt to a different door
and lures me into shadow rooms
that hover in the yet-to-come -
there - the home i almost taste
gathers in loose fragrances
where i can feel that almost self
dreaming sunshine on my face.*