



...september 3, 2011...

**my universe is turned about
as i breathe the inside out
till every cloud's meandering
absorbs me in its own disguise –**

**i gather in loose images
like holograms of fantasy
watching a seagull stare me down
perched atop a hollow log –**

**even a bee that wings along
this sanded beach of easing waves
reminds me that all that i am
is manifested through my eyes –**

**inside out and back again
beyond the deep of tidal shores
i swim the nameless afternoon
engulfed in lost remembering.**

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