



...april 19, 2012...

beyond the warm of window rooms  
i stare a long cold rain  
where juncos crowd the branches  
of a shining cedar tree –

the garden pond is rippling  
in breezy whirlpools  
as goldfish dart the labyrinth  
of shadow underworlds –

corner wise – the cherry tree  
is multiplying buds  
as everything that i perceive  
somehow becomes me.

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