



...august 7, 2012 ...

born out of a milky way
that spins us through the galaxies –
remembering the path of dreams
and then forgetting all again –

goddess snake and goddess eye
we bow towards a turquoise sky –
earth and ocean – wind and fire –
worshiping the rainbow clouds –

beggars merchants thieves and kings
we gather in our fragment selves
in salad days and necklace nights
like strangers born to no escape –

between the living and the dead –
we now reweave our dynasties
to be the power that creates
each now of our mortality.

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