



...october 16, 2012...

**i am the boots that walk my feet
i am the rising sun –
where my skin begins or ends
i do not understand –**

**golden leaves explore my brain
and oceans fill my eyes –
with sparrows – squirrels – chickadees
dancing on my skin –**

**with raccoon thoughts and heron eyes
and seal breathing tides –
the very who of who i am
knows wind and tree and earth –**

**where my skin begins or ends
i do not understand –
everything i live within
mirrors my inward mind.**

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