

april 6, 2012

i am the dreamer's mumble –
the wind that shivers skin
i am the curtained window –
you almost reached beyond –

butter sun and moonshine
pulls the outside in
till everything i am is you –
reflected back again –

daffodils and pansies
are bursting into view
where everything we used to be
is not who we are now –

clouds are edged in silver
against a bed of blue
with all our pasts and futures
exploding into new.

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