



...january 13, 2012...

*mark your path with pebbles if you must –
it will not stop the rising hurricane
eliminating streets of yesterday
to erase each trace and print of you –*

*throw bread crusts from your morning balcony
and watch the seagulls leap their spiral flight
into a wild metamorphosis
of angel feathers dancing beams of light –*

*no path that you have ever walked before
will reform to find your feet again –
and yet – and yet – each moment always new –
you have no need for future histories –*

*your every step wakens trajectories
until the sun and stars are realigned.*

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