



...august 5, 2012...

soon the night will swallow sound
into a silver shedding moon
and i shall be erased and changed
beneath the silences it brings -

lost in shadows - lost to sound -
child of the frozen dream
gathering stray memories
to recreate imagined days -

i am not the faces drawn
in mirrors of some lost recall
but in each moment born again
to butterflies with rainbow wings -

i'll sleep the night and let it fade
into the realms of the unmade -
then wake to choruses of birds
weaving an awesome dawn.

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