



...may 11, 2012...

sun and rain and shadow born
the swans are nesting bulrush ponds
while goslings grow into their down
and turtles bask on stepping stones –

like passages in movie frames
i step toward – between – among –
until the blur that i become
swells in and out of everything –

raccoons squirrels herons swans
interweaving days and nights
till trees and birds reverberate
in breezes echoing my breath –

the angels of another world
rock me to a crescent moon
with thousand rainbow prisms
splintering my fountain mind.