

...february 26, 2012...

*watch me fill the basket
with no bread to feed the day –
watch me pump the water
to flow the earth away –
watch me call the evening in
to swallow silences
as i become the world
that i walk within –*

*there are stories in the market place
of camel farms in milk –
there's tales in the newspapers
of oxen pulling carts –
there's rivers flooding empty wells
inside mosquito nights
with all of these refracted
inside selective slight –*

*we are all earthly fairy tales
spilling into flesh
filling empty baskets
with the very air we breathe –
we are the wonder of the clouds –
water earth and skin –
refabricating lives within
a history of dreams.*

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