

...june 2, 2013...

*last night we talked the evening
into columbines
hummingbirds and poppies
and foxgloves towering –
today we talked our friendship
through jumbled happenings
both of us describing thoughts
that do not seem to meet –*

*tonight we drew the talking
into our deepest cells
wondering what promises
our future selves could tell –
wondering – if maybe –
the separateness we are
could untwist the labyrinth
that stunts our inner dreams –*

*dragonflies and herons –
butterflies and ponds –
wondering if ever
hides a place we can belong.*

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