



...february 11, 2014...

for a moment i am scattered
in and through and half between
wondering which here and now
will magnetize my wakening -

backwards hints of frying eggs
and coffee wafting fragrances
with buttered toast and bacon waft
in parallel realities -

now i'm shifting upside down
tipping to a poached egg day
where sunshine sands and walking streets
will sketch me to a writing page -

gradually - all half-recalls
shrink into this coffee cup
as i inhale the rich of now
cherishing each warming sip.

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