



...march 6, 2014...

i scribble down a half recall
of sailing an ancient pond
known to no albatross
of treeless skies or rockless ground -

just wired clouds and irises
and grasses on forever plains
focusing my paradise
into a hundred hummingbirds -

they dart between the dragonflies
like memories of angel wings -
nanosecond miracles
teaching the very air to sing.

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