



...june 27, 2016...

*a cormorant is passing through
this tossing sky of white on blue
almost hidden – almost not
and shrinking to the far beyond –*

*while i – as lowly audience
am watching from the ocean's sand
caught up into distances
until the wings become my own –*

*soaring into white on blue
where no one knows my name or face
wrapped with sun and winds and mist
into the boundlessness of space.*

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