



...august 28, 2016...

somewhere in the dusty breeze
of devil-spinning whirlwinds
spectres of imagining
shape me to tomorrow's dreams -

am i no more - am i no less -
than cells shaped out of consciousness?
and have i somehow lived before
crafting memories of now?

footprints in the powdered dunes
are always summoning me on
gathering my phantom feet
in tales of eternity -

shadow winds of sun and song
sing strange songs of ecstasy
weaving me like a mirage
back into the shifting sands.