

...december 20, 2019...

somewhere in the background  
a newsy radio  
is blaring icy roadways  
hidden under snow –

somewhere in the cloudscape  
an eagle rides the skies –  
a solitary totem  
ignoring seagull cries –

somewhere in the distance  
a highway patterns cars  
with headlights like the ebb and flow  
of pale rainbow strobes –

somewhere even further  
in futures i can't see  
i sense the selves i am not yet  
calling out to me.

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