...november 2, 2019...

you stare your way – i stare mine tipping moments of between into perspectives of the same –

yours a place of bookcase rooms and patio of conifers with shale beach for wandering –

mine a world of kicking leaves from english bay to lost lagoon with raccoon trees and chickadees –

you stare your way – i stare mine until – perhaps – the end of time in lives that touch but don't combine.

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