

“Golden Hour”

amber creek sweet and
smooth, moving honey
though my toes

your cool kiss awakens
bliss long left
behind not
by choice but by
movement
arrhythmic with
yours

the meadow near
stands suspended in
golden glistening
listening to the warble of
your waters

it will wait forever
and you will
forever speak to it

now

i stand suspended with it
unable to tear myself not
only from you but from
what of me
is woven into
you and only
you

“Unfolding”

The smell of stars and
algae, warm wind on lake
water toad chirrups stirring it
up all together, beating
rhythmic ripples into the
night

A breeze fingers my cheek and
I am brought to the brim of a
memory my skin holds
dearer than my
mind

What is it about the
night that soaks in all the
memories of the earth and
births them in such
whispers on the wind?
What is it about the
night that holds all its
own smells welling up
its own vibrations swelling
in (sunlight found
afresh in moonlight
the silver side of gold, fresh yet
old and bold and
undeniable,
a presence you cannot
name or
disregard.

What is it about the night that makes solitude
unlonely? That makes memories once cold
warmed with the folding
of darkness into
light?

“Horizons”

You
lead me through
the thorns today, Your
hand hard in mine, much stronger
than mine in
Yours

looking back
the Love in Your
eyes swallows my
fear but does not
dim the feeling of my
flesh tearing at every
step
barefoot we go
together
You looking
back when You
feel my hand writhe
in Yours

Each glance speaks
something different to
me, exactly what i
need but did not know
i needed

and even more

in Your
glistening glance i
see my sorrows magnified
felt and known to the
utmost

i do not know if
there's light beyond this
thorny horizon, but
i know the Light in
Your eyes

Light that outlasts
the night

“Light Fingers”

Light like water
falls through
stain glass
full fresh
of colors
finding
my hand my
water bottle my
purse, fingering
bows of Light
into my
dust

“Pressed Down and Running Over”

The whole world horizon and all is swallowed in the hot pink
unfolding of the sun and
into it i run
legs and limbs rolling
akimbo into desert infinitely
open
There is no one and nothing
that says stop
In this pulling forth
of the hot pink sear my
legs melt into movement
unthought
my chest the expression of a bird
cage burst open
There are no words only
full throated gulping of air and
full bodied thrusting of
self into this inside
out press of
desert sky and earth
birthed in a bellow of
pink

This dream given to me sings
Somewhere
There is
A horizon lit with eternal dawn
Where freedom rings with no reigns and
Every color comes into starkest relief
Colors once bleached now
Screaming in unabashed array that the
Promise is fulfilled
in and through
Them
Every color and undulation of veins
A pattern sacred in eternal
bloom running ever into the arms of a dawn
All embracing