

“Yes, but how do you feel?”
That, the midline, like
Coming down from altitude,
The shimmer behind well-placed
Wit and grins, the difference
Between now and never, but
(don't forget)to(multiply first),
Lest tomorrow leave without
Warning: at least we have that.

Perhaps sense comes in large
Packages; for who, after all,
Would ask the sun to stay behind
To hold their hand, or tell a flock
To stop it's songs to hear road noise,
Bumpers and beepers and buzz?

Limits inspire.
Chances proceed.
Change comforts the lost and
Bolsters lovers, leapers and shows;
And I feel as if feelings flow
First from days like these, when
Easy harmony wakes up within
Meditation, and “what we want”
Slowly transforms from “whatever”
Into views above tree lines
Where “whether or not” loses
Motion to inevitability.

Passion needs tools for all but
Fools who believe they can manage,
But never knew the cause, as I paused
In the sweet sound of your breath,
The soft roll of your self, and the
Sheer magnitude of the sun bound
Up in your eyes, your hand reaching
To guide me across the smallest rise
That was once a ravine.

There are hidden poems wrapped
All through connection, the kind
That only unwind when you're
Not looking, like diffuse light in
A dense forest on the sunniest day,
I see you woven through my space,

As each contact enlightens your
Gesture with grace in my heart.

I spent some time with friends,
Beginning new ends and hearing
Life through different ears, each
Lovely and strong, others help you
See through right and wrong to
Along the curve of self, a sharp
Reminder of me wrapped through
With connection to you, the first
And last song that I hear.