

...may 1, 1985...

**i celebrate the sun
spread like a sacrifice to summer's spring
offering my white and withered flesh
between the broken fence and sagging shed –
and slowly – slowly – skin rejuvenates
awakening in golden majesty –**

**i celebrate the sun
stretched long and mellow-warm
with grass shoots piercing earth
and insects darting newborn green
then fluttering across my hands and feet
welcoming me into their universe –**

**i celebrate the sun
listening to giant bumblebees –
feeling heat and peace infuse my bones
while casting thoughts to dream a space beyond
old rituals of if and but and when
while floating in a somewhere far beyond –**

**i celebrate the sun
bare arms and tingling toes
watching forever apples trees
throw their giant branches to a sky
too blue – too clear - too wild to be real –
while gathering me into the living sun.**