



...february 13, 1986...

**it is important
not to waken fast –
the furnace does not work
and outside temperatures
have wintered in –**

**already i am reaching
for a summer not yet born
with quilted skies
fragmenting into dawn –**

**slowly – slowly –
skin prepares to leap
out of flannel sheets
into sweatered coats
to wait the coffee pot –**

**i'll dive into
the shape of things to come
and paint gold canvasses
in homage to the sun –**

**on this winter morning
i will create illusions
out of fading dreams
creating ancient futures
waiting to become.**

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