



...march 13, 1990...

**i am unmade
in the remaking of myself –
blinded by the grey of ancient tears –
deaf to oceans i forgot to hear –**

**until
fingers find new joints –
remembering
the powers of creativity –
legs grow longer
in an understanding
of the weight
that dreams can bear –**

**eyes reshape a face that hints
a stranger face
of long ago
while breath restores
my presence in the world –**

**gradually
i reshape heart and thought
while pushing quietly at walls
until they crumble to reveal
trees and sky and ocean vistas
that were always waiting
for my eyes to see.**