

...september 9, 1990...

*this is the moment of the moving pen –
an inky golden trail
gathering –reawakening – dispersing –
memories of the unwound hour –*

*i celebrate the lives
that twist through mine –
i feel the tears and fears –
i touch their blanket eyes
and share their cotton ears –
i am their escape –
they are my defence –
we echo multiplicity
we are one breath –*

*through them i love
through me they laugh their being
until – collectively
we celebrate this moment
pivoting between the now and then –
the here and there –
in days that have and
days that have not been –*

*i dance i walk i eat i sleep
outside inside the everyone
that i have ever known and become –
i laugh i cry i sing i dream
the powers of the unknown crowd
that i have yet to be –*

*i am the un-alone –
i drink i run i scream
in the complicity of unity
gathered cell by cell by cell
into this perfect beingness of now.*