

...august 11, 2009...

**cinnamon and raisin dreams
wander loosely through my brain
gathering the evening damp
into a net of fragrances –**

**in a peculiar transference
of yesteryears and absences
i see a once that almost was
wrap the centre of my being –**

**all the air surrounding me
condenses to another self
living an alter almost life
just beyond my consciousness –**

**am i her or is she me?
i rouse myself and look around
tasting a somewhere else i was
inside a life i never lived.**

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