

...june 23, 2009...

**peppercorns and tarragon  
and places we have never been  
from turtle shores of blanket sand  
to city towers scraping fog –**

**we'll dream into vanilla skies  
remembering how to forget  
like spiders spinning rainbow webs  
beyond the matrix of our thoughts –**

**forest labyrinths and streams  
will snake us in and out of time  
from mountains iced in glaciers  
to armoured oceans pounding shores -**

**then – at last – imaginings  
will fade to shades of cinnamon –  
and poised above – between – around –  
we'll taste the all we have become.**

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