



...april 6, 2009...

**sometimes when the seagulls fly
above the buildings scraping skies
i want to join them – and escape
this pavement world of offices –**

**i want to pierce that blue abyss
of whispering clouds and endlessness
gliding currents of the wind
in ecstasy of feathered wings –**

**inside those heights i somehow know
i'll touch the reaches of my soul
and in each moment's catching breath
diving between sun and earth**

**beyond inventions clocking time
i will claim the rainbow's end.**

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