

*...may 3, 2010...*

*i'm almost not the only one  
who cropped the grass and mowed the lawn  
and shivered silence into sleep  
through homes of loose imaginings –*

*i'm almost yes the other one  
who swept the ferns that swamped the talk  
and i am yes the stranger one  
who laughed beneath a douglas fir –*

*and now that i am almost free  
in drifting fields of winds and deer  
what never was becomes obscure  
as i become the now and here.*

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