



...august 29, 2010...  
...(to dad for his 92<sup>nd</sup> birthday)...

once – before the dawn was ours  
we drew each other out of time –  
a truth that we almost forgot  
in growing down and growing up –

we've captured moments in the sun  
with tents and lakes and sleeping bags  
exploring rocky lakes and trees  
and fishing rainbow trout at dawn –

we've crossed the oceans back again  
in pancake breakfasts traveling  
growing past remember whens  
to recreate who we become –

parent child family friend –  
now we grow into the more  
like searchers from orion's belt  
dreaming worlds to explore –

and when the moon is quarter full  
orchestrating consciousness  
there is a knowing – soul to brain –  
that we are bound to meet again.