



...july 2, 2010...

the raindrop world of my eye  
throws window frames somehow askew  
until i'm looking inside out  
and outside in - and all is me -

raindrops on each blade of grass  
line up like bubble memories  
waiting a breath of backwards breeze  
as if - perhaps - my whispering  
might shake each drop into a rain  
of endless sky-earth messaging  
with twenty thousand yesterdays  
echoing inside my brain -

that special you that you once were  
is somehow reflected here  
where every raindrop falls and spreads  
to feed the all in all-that-is.

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