

...november 5, 2010...

**the smell of morning coffee fortifies
and catapults me into rearwards time –
i close my eyes inside the gusting winds
to breath an autumn lost in travelling**

**until – i find inside some murky dawn
another me is treading forest leaves
wondering if there's a future self
dreaming love into a backwards time –**

**perhaps both of us are somehow now
sharing windows between now and then
with hands wrapped warm on different coffee cups
sipping smiles through each other's dreams**

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