

...july 7, 2010...

*there may be a shadow time
in orchids slipping snow –
a twilight hour of ravens
diving indigo –*

*maybe – perhaps – a distant bell
somewhere tolling blues
altering the silhouettes
that ride a faded moon –*

*but now controls the power
infusing cobalt days
as we swim sun-rich pastures
into the conifers –*

*hummingbirds and finches
dance the squirrel breeze
playing audience to all
in green imaginings –*

*yes – there may be horizons
that blend to indigo
but only in this moment
are we the orchestra.*

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