



..january 24, 2013...

strange – this almost poverty –
of space – of breath – of all –
reduced to thought and written words –
a veiled window world –

and yet – by some strange counterpoint –
a luxury of view
with brackish pond of goldfish –
and birdlife – everywhere –

my quietness – a blanket
of odd simplicity –
that multiplies the stillness
into complexity.

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