... february 4, 2015...

conversations of another mind read between the lines of every page writing and rephrasing ancient words into the legend of this life i live –

an inner whispering expands and fills the spaces between letter-breathing words until i fall within and spread like mist into the cosmos of my inner self –

i grow beyond forgetfulness into remembering – slipping seamlessly through god and goddess myths until – at last – i waken to the dreamer who

is me – dreaming i am dreaming that i'm the dreamer dreaming i'm the dream.

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