

A sunset over a body of water. The sky is filled with golden and dark clouds. In the foreground, two people are sitting on a log, looking out at the water. The water reflects the golden light of the setting sun.

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**i swing between a thousand selves
that breathe my veiled soul –
becoming glints on sun-tossed snows
that merge with mountain clouds –**

**in giant swaths i sweep to waves
crested out of blue –
then roll the meadows into mists
that ancient futures grew –**

**i leap horizons – vanishing
beyond my pupil eyes –
then gather in a setting sun
of shadow butterflies.**

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