

...august 19, 2015...

meet me inside summer's past
with hair of snow and woolen cap
to explore the silver glow
of mountain trails and icy slopes –

meet me where the sun drips oil
into hills of footprint sands
burnishing a vanished gold
of winds and beach and endlessness –

meet me by the sun's farewell
tipping starlight into space
we'll watch the multitudes ignite
magic on the commonplace.

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