



... february 12, 2015...

opening a single giant eye
the moon smokes in and out of consciousness
while rising deep into a star black sky –

like a goddess from antiquity
the moon sweeps pathways into mystic skies
revolving to us just to turn away –

we offer her our reverence and love
bearing witness to a universe
grander and more vast than we can believe –

she is the inner parent of our souls
transmuting love throughout the galaxies
with radiance both intimate and wild –

like children from a half-remembered fog
we dream this sleep that does not know we dream.

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