



...april 17, 2025...

**the white-white sun is beaming
a new warmth through my skin
summoning both birds and bees
to come alive again –**

**sitting a giant beach log
listening to the tides
i let the moment fill me
with beach sands warming toes**

**where concrete – asphalt – metals
echo slow-beating hearts
while beach and trees and winds and tides
restore my soul to life.**

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