

blue moon rising

come down to the water awhile

e c h o out

weighted choices

ripples expand

disappear

if all I am is

presence

then all I will ever

be

is (only) a

piece of the

whole

(lonely and full)

Humanity's screams upon lashes,

on being torn open.

Against will, against compassion.

No—don't arrive. Cold will come in.

Still—leave the windows

c r a c k e d.

Finding in between

possessable?

kaleidoscope

realities

(losing my mind?
starts slow or starts fast
keep track of those cracks)

wrap my mind around
oblivion?

(“not a who will know us”) (Powell, 80)

stretches beyond horizon

eternity is *here*, it is *within*

“This ‘now’ moment, in which I’m talking and you’re listening, is eternity” (“Alan Watts - How to Wake
Up (fixed sound)”)

Works Cited

Powell, D.A. *American Poets in the 21st Century : The New Poetics*. 2007. Edited by Claudia

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