

scales and scathes of a sylvester  
wings that have flown thousands of miles  
to eastern europe and western hills  
harley davidson leather  
love like the wind  
hints of pine trees and hues of salt air  
essence of coral and carvings of blue  
dips in the ponds and dives in the pool  
my flying fish  
a continuous unwavering core that i find in an  
infinite skyline the depths of waters and  
my leaps of life  
i find you in the mirror  
behind my ear and in my eyes  
my massachusetts slang and manicured nails  
my fork and knife that cut into my words and into my books  
in my writing and in my heart  
i wonder where you are  
my flying fish

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\*\*dissecting into fish \*\* generations \*\*