

## **Vortex Afterglow**

*15 December 2022*

In the afterglow of the morning, I walked  
to the edge of a growing circumference, never in doubt,  
not resolved, but still present, like one from another room,  
and I saw there before me an image, but what  
it portended no words can express. Yet it took me by eye  
and led into the nearest horizon, that place where  
the shadows have form and vice versa, and there I saw  
only my dreams of tomorrow, a fantasy littered with  
chaos and rhyme. There the sun never set, but stayed  
stuck in its setting, a sculpture one mis-takes for living.  
Soon after the journey reminded of home, so alone  
I walked backwards, until stretched by hands unlike mine  
through the vortex of time to beginnings, as well as  
to ends, before all as my witnesses ready to go and to find.