



nothing more

the movement of a lasting dream called to the stars
a fine fire flickers in the snow
melts a forecast, a fathomable fringe of the dangling sense of being
and how can we intrude upon the universe so knowing
so bringing forth this life from a seed unto the soil
and unto thoughts we drift and from these we fall
the once so recent past- a notion left to wonder
the reckoning of nothing more than what once was everything
(everything everything is perfect)
this moment as it was intended
this life as it would have been
no wrong no change in motion from birth unto grave
and we have but this love to keep