

looking at a loved one and  
holding her hurt and brilliance and  
trying to do her justice and  
love her through the lonely



there are these moments



in the early morning

after my loved ones have drifted off to dreamworld for the night



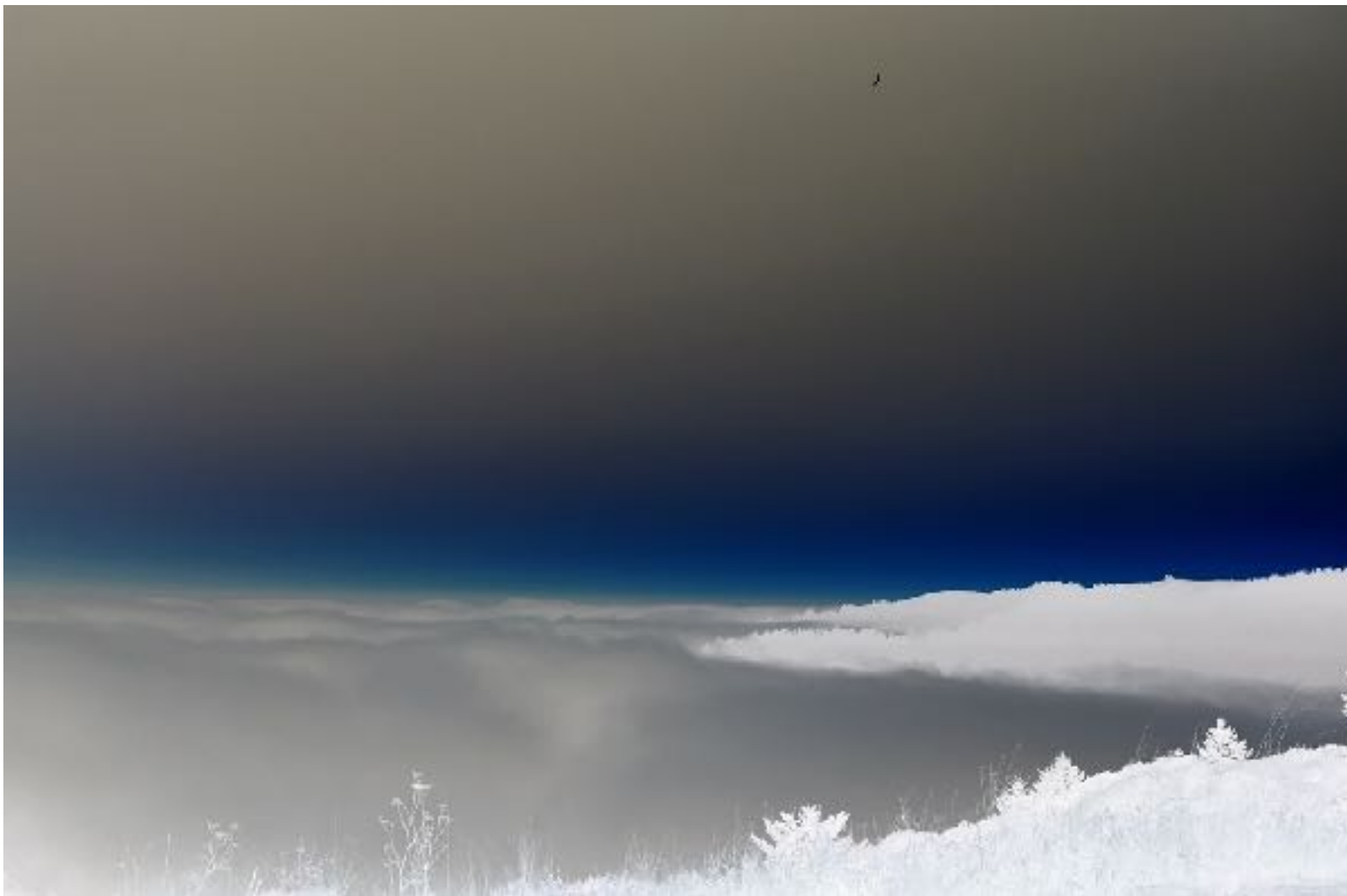
when time freezes, and i am alone among faces and bodies





as the landscape passes me by,





and by

and i can't find my body in the rush of it all.





when i am young again,



and then old;



when i look to see god

and move toward tragic, still, and raining infinity.

