

There - the moon -
when was it I sat in my
- and sighed
A Distant echo / resounds
or is it the clacking of
wind and palm.

How - is the body mind
conditioned to its beauty
or perhaps it has grown small?
Or - is it there at all?

Its glow, shape, immense
touching span
is it my mind's expansion
or an air bubble in the eye?

Are there feelings somewhere
- maybe buried in the chest cavity
in a silent womb
- maybe with a Saccabe waiting to
breathe
maybe ...

heart young, body ripe ... yet
mind keeping its fact
what, what; did someone say
some ...

time its song -
like yesterday, a moment,
like never was ...
this illusion -
I love.

12/1, '66