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She's from in-between the times –
MIRROR'S silent unsought rhymes,
Windows full of street lights,
STORY telling into night.

The risen and the rising curtain,
Questions, doubts and all for certainties,
Twixt explanations engaging all –
And whispered looks unexpected calls.

MORNING redwood forest glades,
MAGIC as of fairytale made,
Opera cloaks, ruby rings,
Thoughts as closest lightning brings.

You sense an evening from another world,
Sky of fire feelings swirled,
Volumns more but times run out –
Takes patience to unfold what you're about.