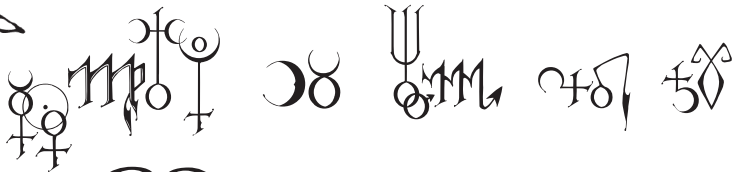


Jeff



MORNING perfection / moonstone night,
CORNER table harbor window light –
Dusted books / vacuumed carpets,
Bed / bath / kitchen immaculate.

CONVERSATION / the look in your face,
DREAMS / desires / that time this place –
FROM talk of hatchlings just opened shells,
TO piñon scented temple bells.

ANSWERING unasked an unspoken needed,
STITCHING together the history preceded –
SILK threads through narrative fabric,
UNCOVERING a garden / worried / ecstatic.

ACTING as if a new vision were possible,
HUMANS a world of the sacred capable –
SATURN suggests that might get us in,
It's where utopia would likely begin.