



Phil



In a recurring catch of dream,
Enduring playful in-between –
Moment fallen from a breach in space,
Cathedral ceiling flickering place.

Behind a feathered lightning veil,
Bedrock philosopher/mythic tale –
Thundering hooves horses in snow,
Billion year old afterglow.

Crossing the Rockies on an all night train,
Going somewhere the clicking refrain –
Strings brass cool jazz moving tempo,
Passing headlights/bells crescendo.

Then night trembles/the sky turns tactile,
Slows to a stop and the window fractal –
Here at the station what the good fathers do,
Make that wish for a better world come true.