

in our dreams we go once again to this place where
the sky gets all sheltering and the underfoot earth is
the softest pelt and the mountains lean closer and
time slows to the grind of a glacier leaving a
basin of light that bathes the eyes and when we
breathe it is to the rhythm of waves that herringbone
the shallows with their come and go and we are not
now or then or here to conquer or pray but only to
listen to the rightness of an ancient human code
ready-twisted into our human hearts, whispering
this is home this is home this is home