

The Flight

Finding myself moment by moment
blending past & future into present now
I lose my time sense.
lost then found then lost
I whirl through realities
far too numerous for myself
myself agree.
Until you came and became us.
Struck, stricken, unbelieving
we I all watched.
Then dared to dance to be to become
to bow upon bended knee
seeking freedom.
To balance and losing balance,
become balanced anew around you
Tracing butterfly wings
poised in the instant of contact
losing myself
in dismembered merging remembrance
again & again & again.
Dancing myself out of myself
we find one's another.

Ann Zapf