

## 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

