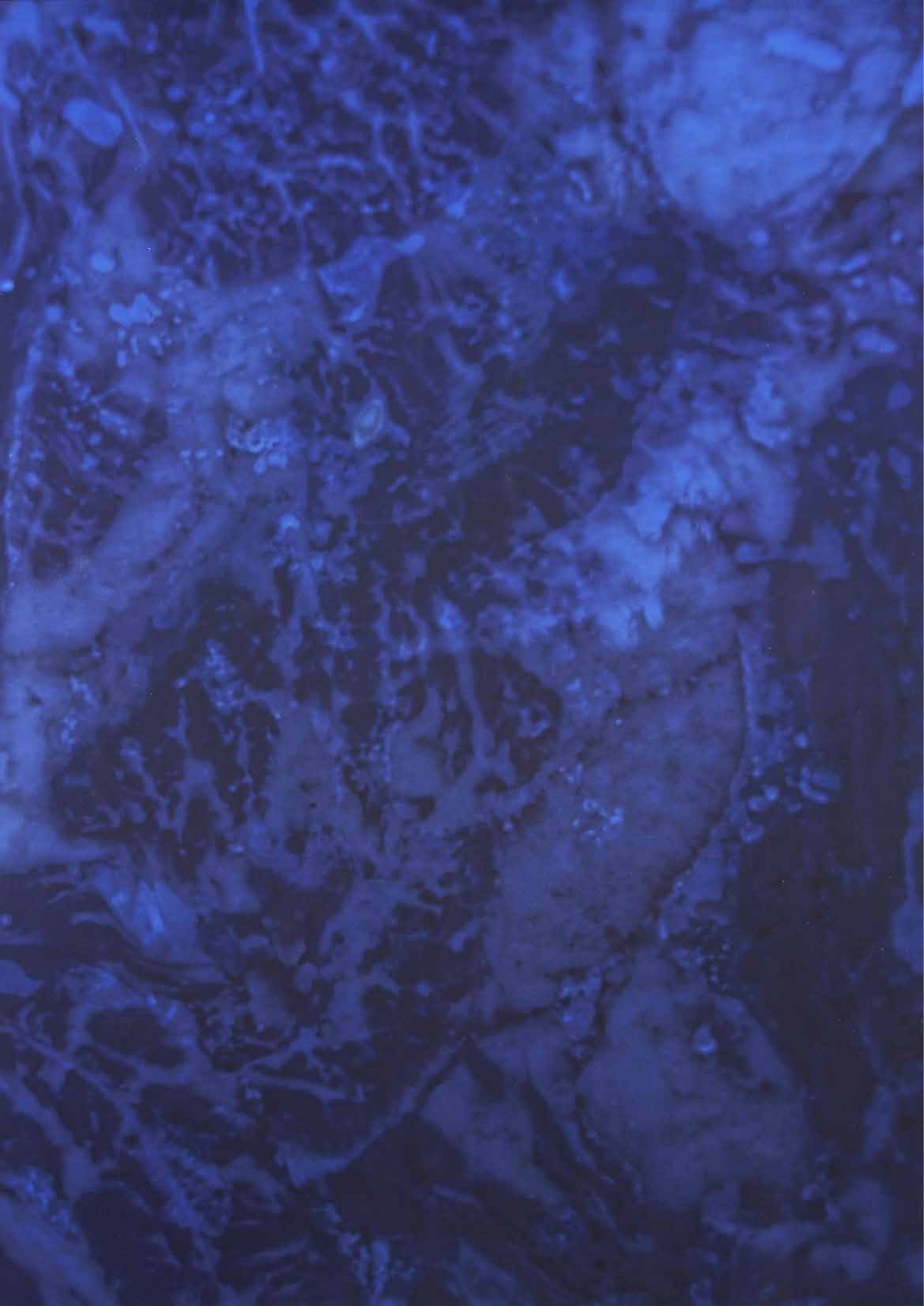


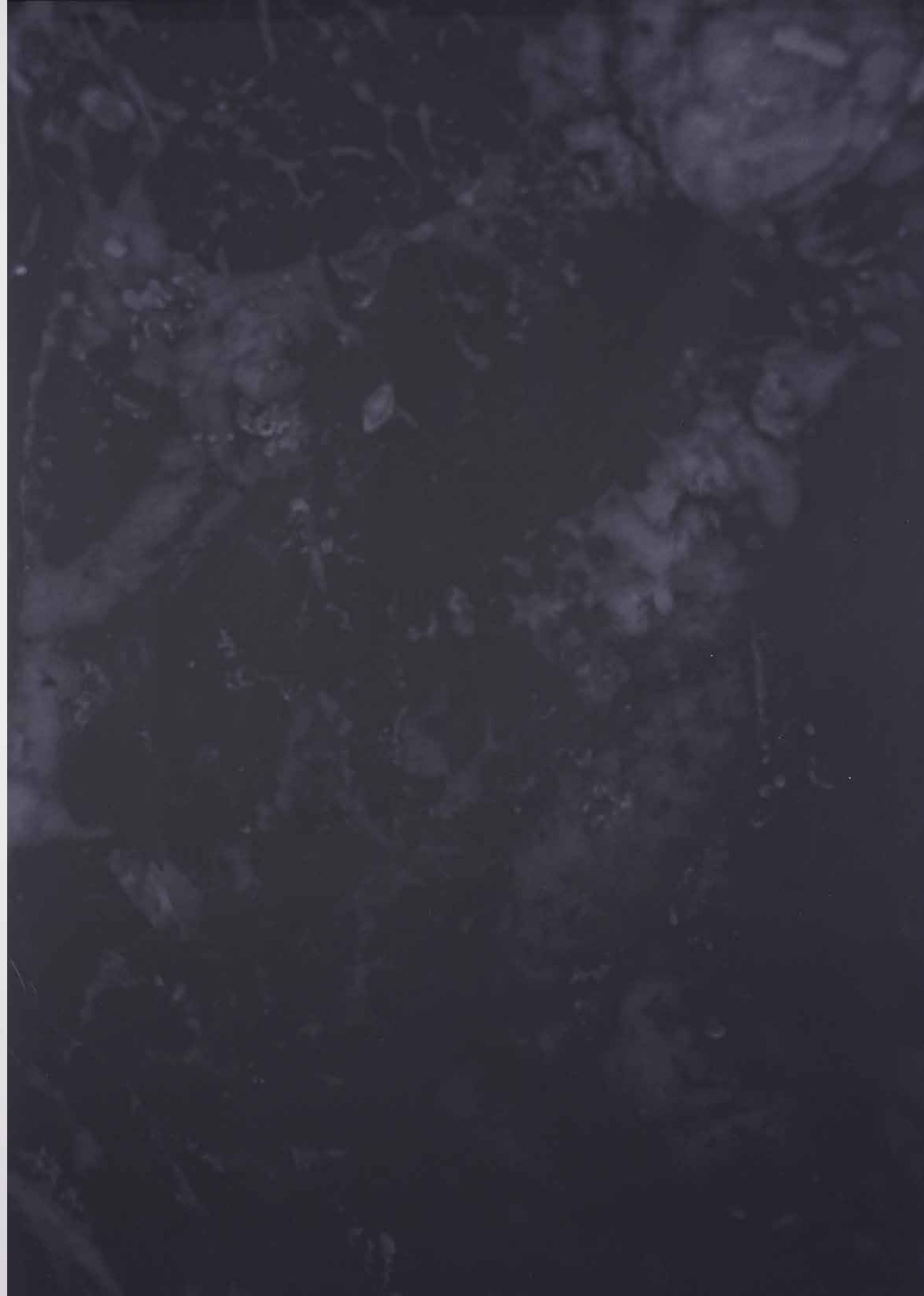
I am no longer a stranger here
neither do I belong
nor do I not belong
my message here is to look
gather what it is that we have seen

because we have crossed the river
the wind offers only a numb pondering of cold
no longer expecting more than what has been given
nor wondering how it happened that I came to this place
there is no way to clear the haze in which we observe
no way to know that we have undergone another day
the silent snow of thought melts before it has a chance to stick
where I am is anyone's guess
the gates to nowhere multiply and the present is so far away
so deeply far away

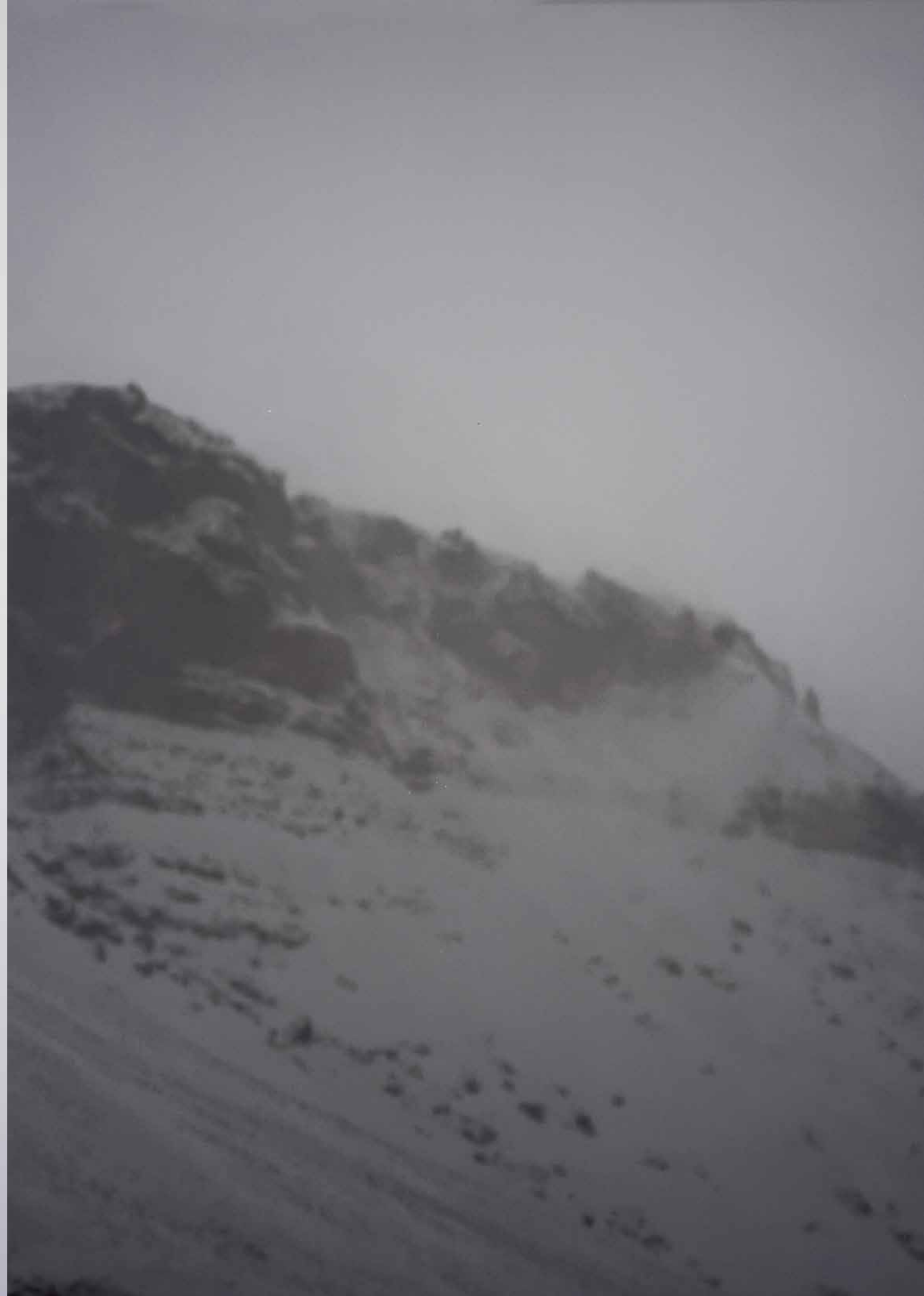
I anticipate the fallout of our gestures
too late to recreate my misreading
only to see there is a flaw
not in the sense that it is less than perfect
rather that it is unconsidered
left unnoticed
left unopened
left untold



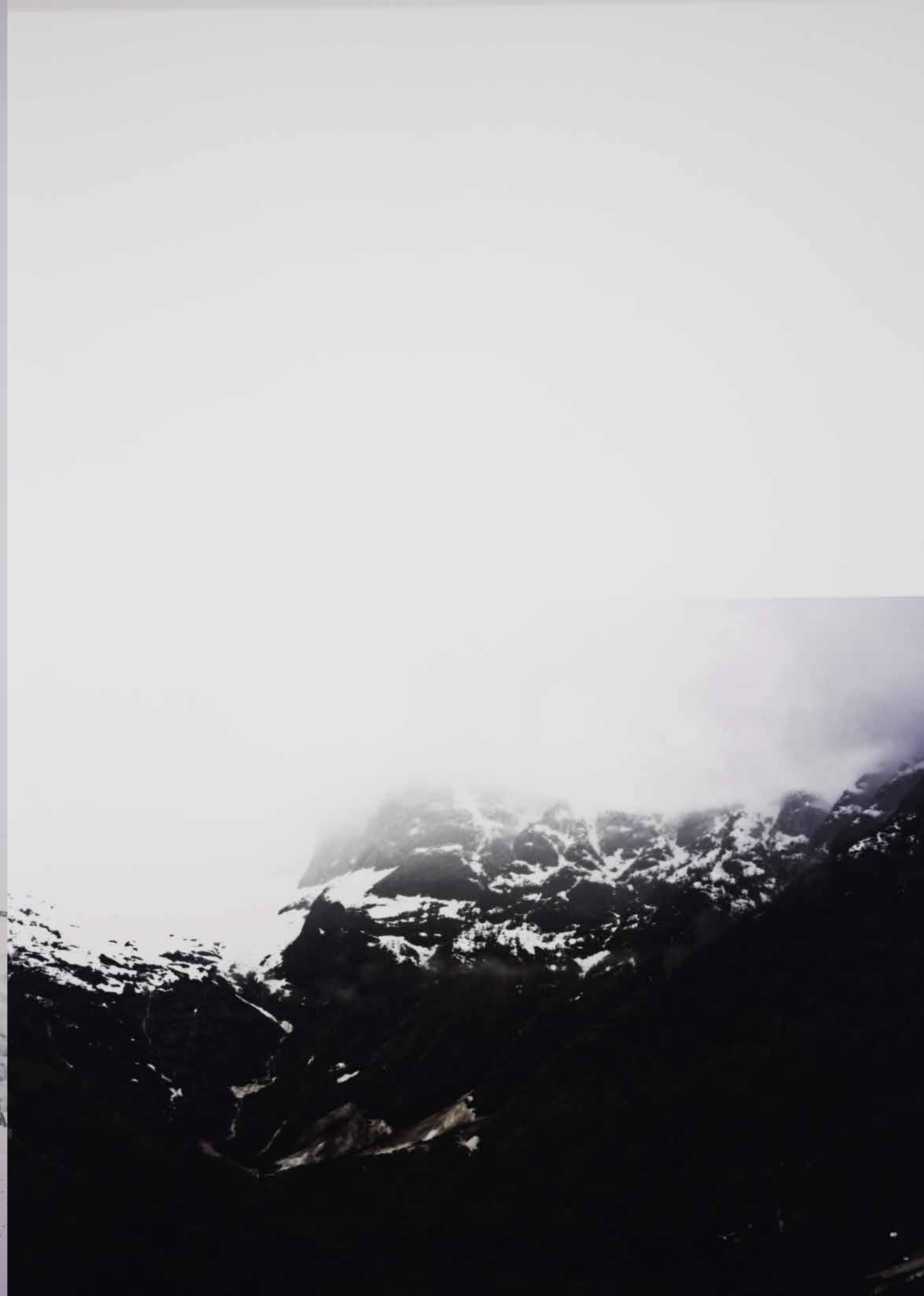


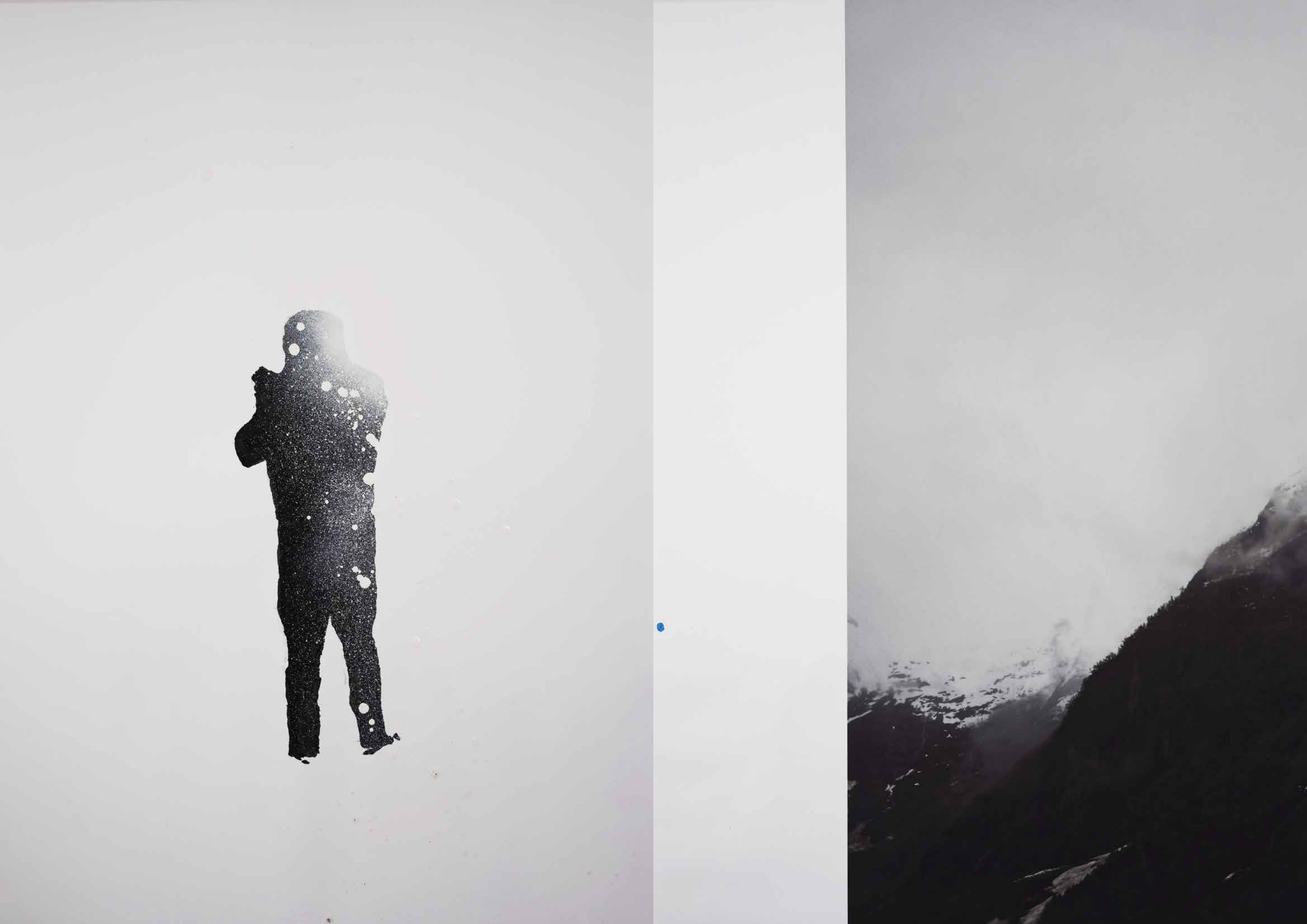










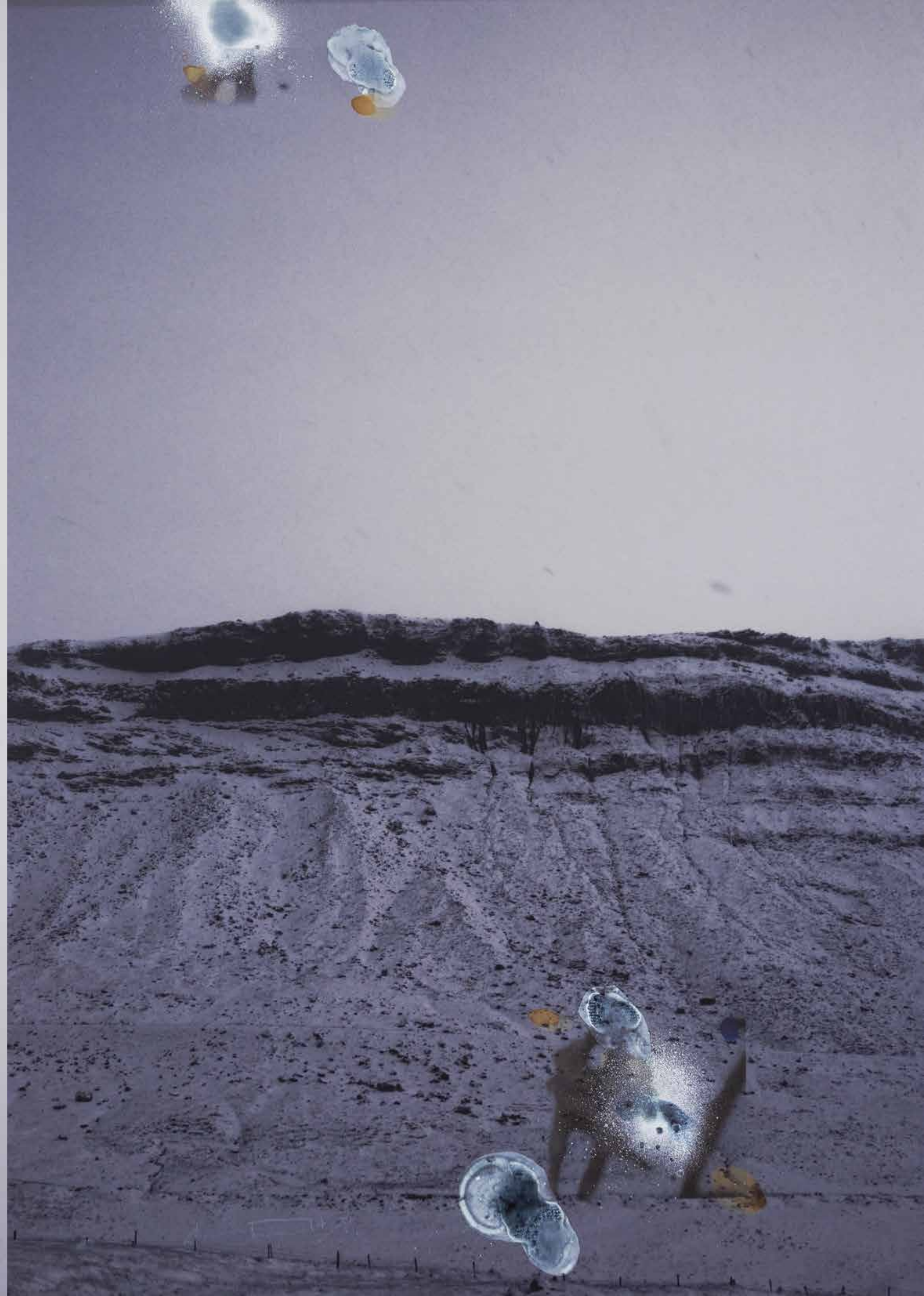




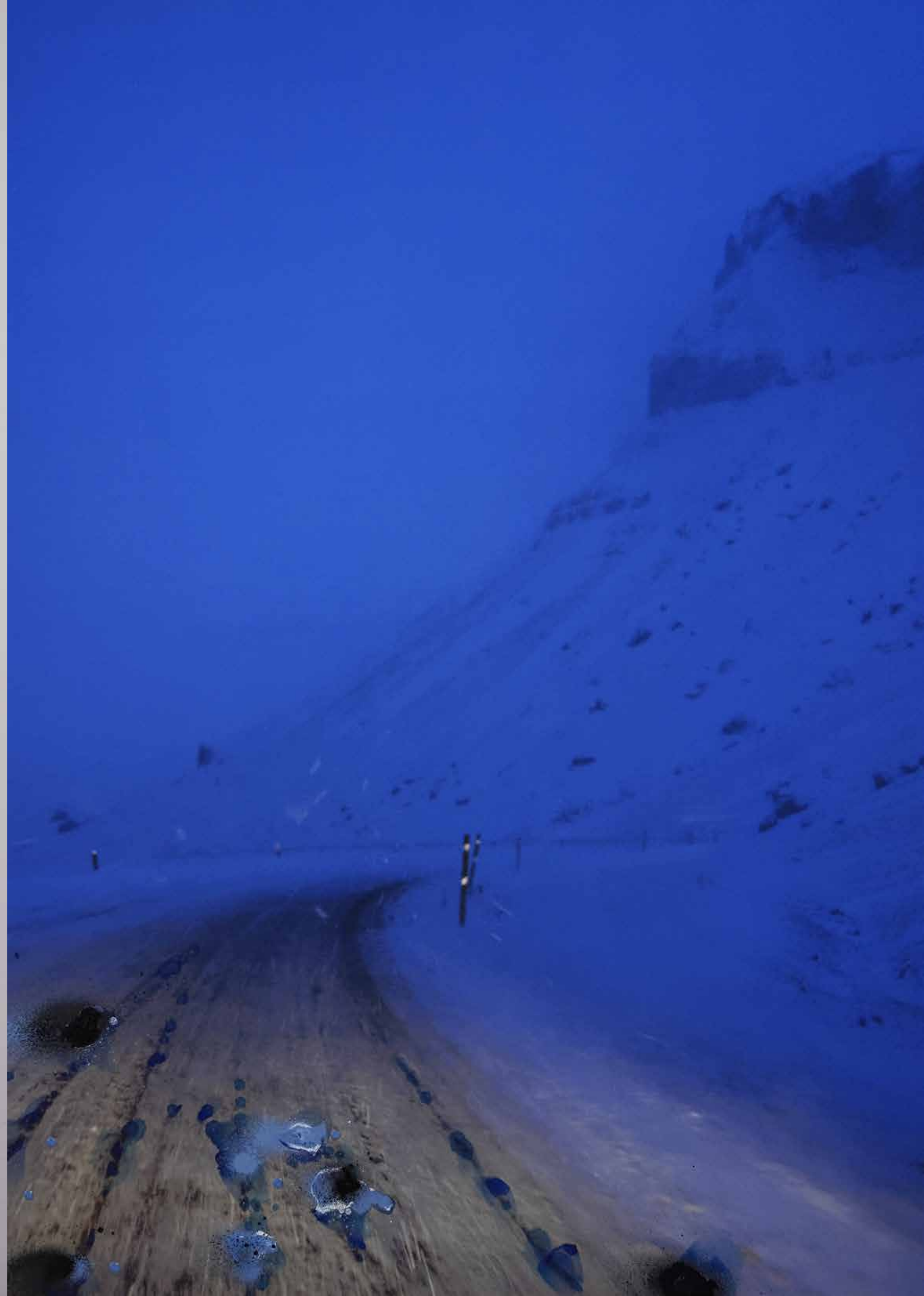






























































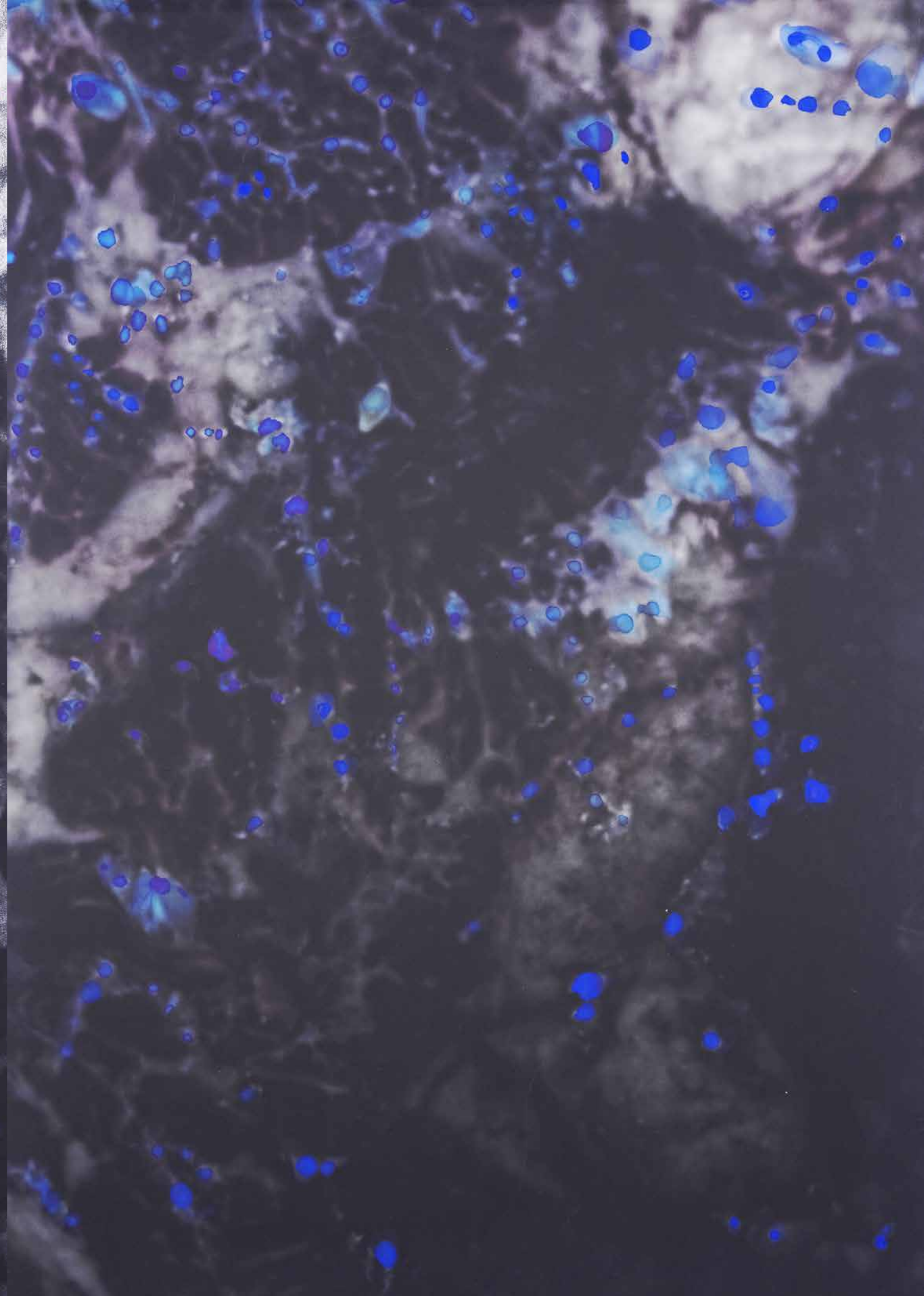
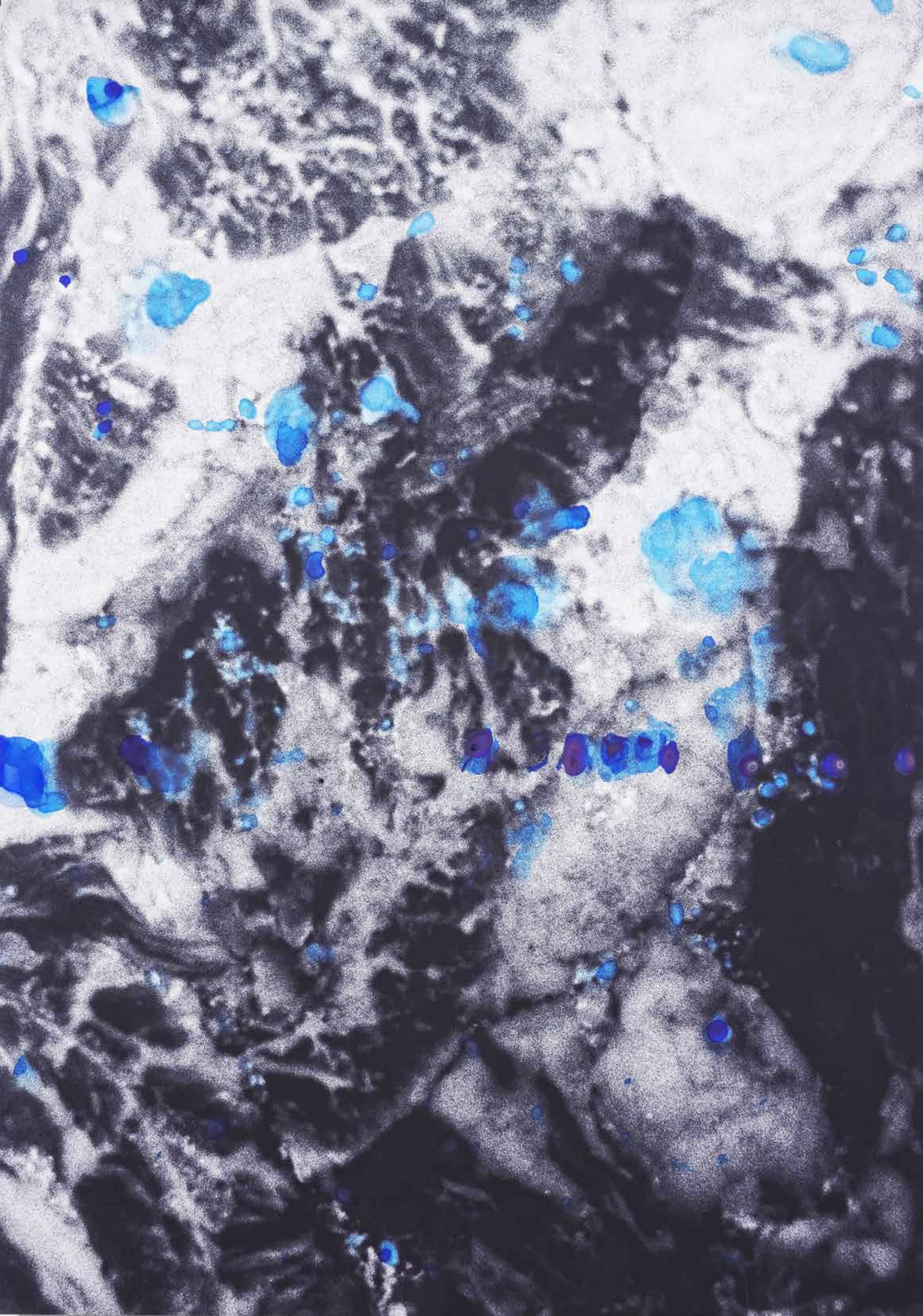


















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we anticipate the fallout of our gestures
and the response to our misreading
only to see there is a flaw
not in the sense that it is less than perfect
rather that it is unconsidered
left unnoticed
left unopened
left untold
scratching that part of the mind
that can not let go of the conditions
for our seeing

