

poortrait of an artist

ripples on the sea of time,
waves upon the shore,
once upon an ever after,
once forever more

the sun projects a shadow –
I suspect it might be mine –
on a path beyond horizons
over sands of paradigms

a poortrait of reflection
in the mirror of my eye,
as I answer with a question:
why not ask not why?

I walk along ahead against
 the current moment past
the dunes of never ever
 doomed to beg again,
 to begin again,
 to beg to begin again
 at last . . .

