

stepping stones towards a language

a ground from which multiple currents flow

& burning arcs of colour

what continues outwards

a fluency, versatility

turning each moment

moving closer
coming

how to travel:
begin by getting lost

any weather folds perception
opening the spaces in between

rain translates the morning
evening appears at any point

do horizons bring gifts?

you enter here

something reacts

this rhythm we communicate

our remarkable every day craft

just what happens each day

and yet

is

song