

the body

bends

twists

curves

look outside

changes in the weather

creases

folds

ridges

layered deep into the mind

listen closely:

could this be

winter invitations:

a music full of forms and shadows

voices forgotten dialects

is there some word or gesture

in which to find comfort?

following threads pieces of a map

we journey where others have disappeared

asking what signs might stand for

something replies

as if shaped through our activity

the luminous moon meets you with gravity

while conversation runs with fire differing points of view

stone gardens' still balance