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Small Worlds Floating

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1

In the gloom of morning, before
light blinks on the horizon,
little gray birds begin
to stir--chilly notes
burden the air.

2

Small worlds floating--
specks of dust & cinder, bits
of every year uncovered--
seems so inhumane
to begin, again.

3

Still, we have little else to do
beyond the number seven,
parsing days to weeks to months,
then years tumbling like stones
in a barrel's infinity.

4

My desire--to lie down on the spine
of a green canoe that's set adrift
on a pond full of water lilies
and golden carp and sunlight
tracing its transparent map.

5

All day the dream dwells
in transient places, small fires
of hand written pages, gleam
then burn out to gray--shadows
that dissolve under a slight touch.