

DREAMING LANDS

I need these open spaces, dreaming lands
balancing arcade of trees, crooked and hand-carved

sloping plumes of green hills
drawing up stranded breath
composing my mind's escape

without them I am stuck
in stagnant words
sticky and motionless

I see a silver wave cajoling the sky
wings whispering loyalty
and I wonder if the part of me that is missing
is up there in flight

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