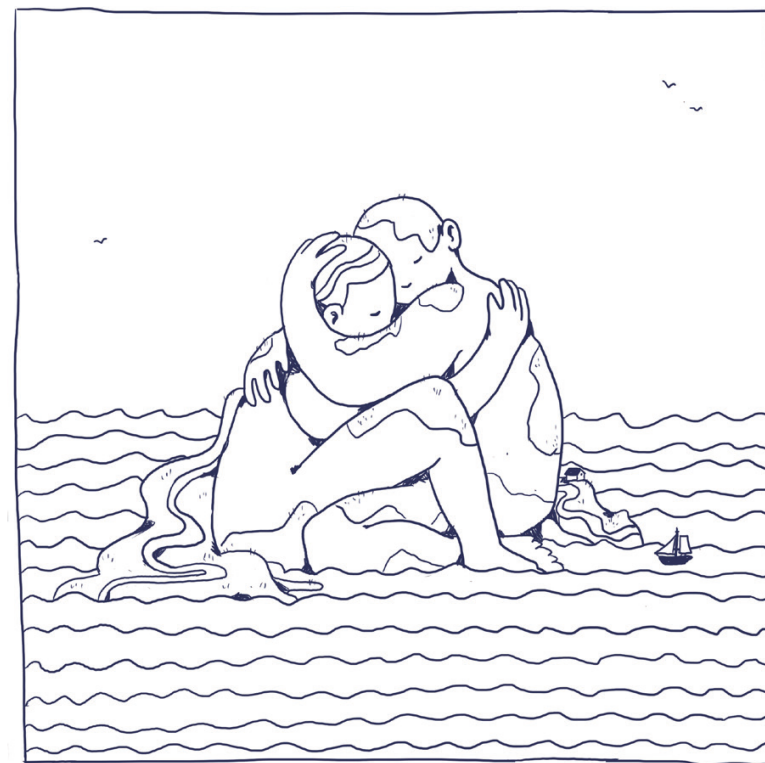


- 5 -

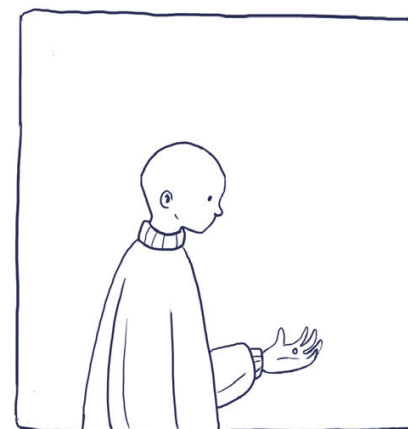


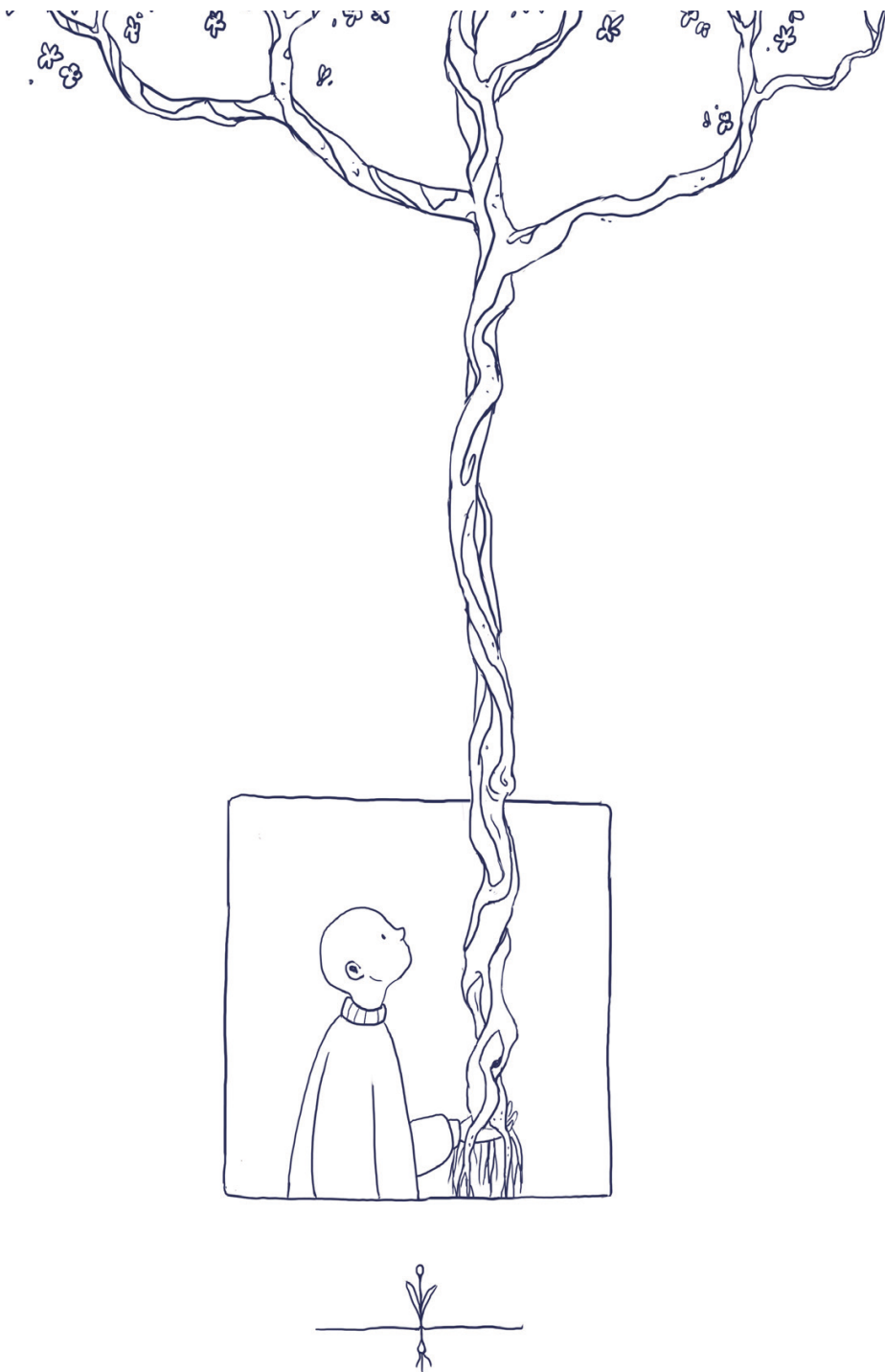
These Hands

These hands
know an
unchartered land.
These fingertips
know its
erratic pulse,
its topography,
its waters and its sands.
These hands
know
the coast, the cliffs, the cusp
of an undiscovered land
conjured up
upon
this
touch.

These lips
speak the tongue
of a foreign land.
These ears
know
songs of longing,
songs of plenty,
songs of more.
These eyes
have seen
the waves
break
upon a distant shore
These lips
whisper
ocean winds
against the cliffs,
erode the stone
into the abyss
with
this
kiss.

- 6 -





Pebble

the song

You are
the pebble
in the palm
of my hand.

Lodged
in the groove
between two
intersecting lines.

You are
the leaves
scattered across
the sky
from where
I stand
from where
I lie.

The rustle
of your breath
between
the leaves,
the reflection
of the green
in your eyes.