I
dreamt of

majestic stride

could it
feel like
walking head up
high
in shining beams
of
transparent lifting
light
experiencing
a
descending might
to be
to do
make right
truly
-connect-

I'd
believe
in anything
enchanting



I
dreamt of

buildings

dividing space
into outsides
and ins
watched
estranging flat walls
create
right-angled
volumes
waiting for
nature to recover them
back
into its (time) lap (walks)

-a disciple of
rhythm with metaphor-

I'd
believe
in anything
enchanting



I
dreamt of

fluent standstills

creating
dramatic form
and swirl
presenting a narrative
of movement
and turbulence
I kept
maybe still carry
inside
giving weight to
the existence of
simply mine

I'd
believe
in anything
enchanting

