

the poem is a dream telling you its time

is a field

as long as the butterflies say

it is a field

with their flight

it takes a long time

to see

like light or sound or language

to arrive

and keep

arriving

we have more

than six sense dialect

and i

am still

adjusting to time

the distance and its permanence

i have found my shortcuts

and landmarks

to place

where i first took form

in the field