

poor trait of an artist

ripples on the sea of time,
waves upon the shore,
once upon an ever after,
once forever more

the sun projects a shadow –
I suspect it might be mine –
on a path towards the horizon
where the heavens draw the line

a portrait of reflection
in the mirror of my eye,
as I answer with a question:
why not ask not why?

I walk along ahead against
the current moment past
the dunes of never ever
doomed to beg again,
 to begin again,
 to beg to begin again

at last . . .