

Each time I look at you, I see a new face,
and each is more beautiful than the last...

I see Sun-chased storm-chased Sea...

I see constellations evolving,
revolving around the Center of the Universe...

I see dancers spinning beneath a hot, white moon,
bejeweled...
diaphanous gowns and opera gloves
a blur of colored light
as they become more than themselves:
They become The Dance,
The Visible Self of Music.

In you,
I see the luminous Heart of a Friend.

I can hardly wait.

What will you be next?

For Monica Fogg, inspired by July 2009 #2
From Char Klarquist, July 2009