

It All Rises

Slicing the mountain
with a cool silence you can smell,
slivers of pink light
rub and brush the crags.
My ribs thrill out past the horizon.

Weaving this sunrise
of mind,
heart,
spirit,
we immortally must kiss
from across a smiling distance.

The euphoria I feel
embracing your possibilities
proves underneath all doubt
there is a yes
of stranger stronger scentedness
(sleeping fifty million winks a second)
than possibly any manufactured no.