

a thousand things to forget
to remember
this one thing
 the winds passing through
 the brightness shining
 shining bright
 bright
 even when the seasons are no longer dancing
 we will not turn around
 to look back
 having escaped with moments of delight.

great love is more than beauty.
it is a presence
before the sun sets
before the sun rises
it is where the mind is perfectly still
embracing the other body
that is not still.
it is where the heart plunges
and plunges
in an unstoppable joy
with the whitest voice of summer clouds
in a blue sky.
 it is the music of possession that is pure possession.

to remember this one thing.
wf.h.
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