

It's you

Body tension

Mind grip

Tunneled sight

Blurred light

Observer 1

Subtle 2

Breathe

Clear

Gate open

I enter

Looking back

no gate

Just me

Gentle choice

Soft move

All possible

Already here

Exhaled moment

slide in

One thousand

times you

are free

1

Heated night
Summer's portent
Fuzzy head
Lifted heart

I have
chewed
sharp rancor
Life's contrast

Tonight in
my fingers
I hold
A dark
chocolate
banana
popsicle