

between us we share the secret of having moved
from the impossible to the possible
walking on the strange shores of being
where we contemplate not knowing like moody angels
with molting wings that had been damaged
by a migration that we cannot remember.

we come to existence with associations and ceremonies
circulating in imaginary truths
and choose what seems to work with
both inexcusable content
and spiritual mysteries of awe.

there is no place for equivalence... the human heart must move and
what is underneath our thoughts moves us more profoundly
to those other shores more than our thoughts imagine.

moody angels.
wf.h.
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