

**Ars poetica**

Me, the poet, the seer  
strings words from my soul's voice

but yesterday's poem evaporates  
from a keyboard barely visible

in the nearby ocean's fog  
and is transported to distant lands

where words massage feelings  
from bulging arteries.

I write about those  
who are no more

after they were sprinkled  
into yesterday's earth

nestled beneath velvety clouds  
that now hang in my new hometown

beside a river,  
where words tumble between

the small stones which hold  
secrets never told

to anyone who ever  
cared to listen.

I hope my poem takes you  
to other universes

all my palpable words  
broken into small phrases

what i look for in a poem

sometimes writing poems is hard  
but i love the trance

it puts me in, eyes closed,  
tapping on new keyboard  
inside an office space that hold me close