

dawn is nothing but childhood
protected by a very old cat
like light under the door

never the sky slower than
in the water of a fountain
where all the blue in the world is caught

the fire of that time has begun
and memory already
looks like the reflection of a tree
lost in the river

when we push the door open
finally come out of the shadow
stuck to our skin

we find under our feet
the clarity needed to move forward

the space is huge
when the house is burning behind us
when we've stopped gathering the ashes

it's then that the wind
gives sky to the trees
and we want to become ourselves
wind sky and trees

it's then that we want to become
really become our actions
become becoming
visible at the end of our hands
at the end of the elsewhere
where life has already begun