

Where I Find You

(first appeared in NYC Big City Lit, August 2002)

Not under the most
common pebble, shared
on a wandering wave.

Not woven in the
pattern of the stamen,
leaning by a blushed wind.

Not found in a print --
hand, foot, test tube
or other traces.

In the near spring
of rolling meadows
flora flashing pallet.

I found you on
dancing meadow butterflies
against the arid coast colors.