

You said
that I'm everything.

If that's true, you
are Pluto (the
planet) and the
meteors and the
northern light and the
far away galaxy.

You are the
lake in the forest and the
leaves on the trees and the
soft grass on the ground.
You are the sound
of horses galloping
and the feeling
of rain against my cheeks.

You are
owls in flight
and
pure poetry.