

# Fold Zandura, Rollingslow

the rim and reach of words

the buzz and whirl of rain

the ghost of something pure,

surfacing again

the glimmer off the bay

the ebb and spill of grace

the breeze and fill of sail

the lift and sway of waves

slow,

rolling slow

you in gold and gift

you with saturn eyes

slow and fast asleep

here is all my life

slow,

breathing slow

if ever was the sea

the deep and airless swim

pray loves cool gravity

to never enter in

slow,

drowning slow

rolling slow

taking me