

I perceived it,
And yet I didn't.
The windy eve,
The chill,
The glow.
I perceived it, and yet, I didn't.
That's all I know.

It seems to be the way of things,
To feel, and not;
To register experience,
And not.
Some underground sea is moving,
Yet is still.
Some underground love persists,
Without a will.

Laguna Beach, 13 May 2001

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