

FLYING BLIND

inner vision
traces out the map,
a navigation
not by vow or precept,
but truth of heart

old vision
finally discarded,
new sight still nascent,
unformed

magnetic force
floods my veins,
my hands shimmer with life

a cacophony of words
that make no sense,
makes all the sense in the world:
truth
heart
boldness
love

beat of blood in my chest,
the soul's pulse
my compass needle,
a reckoning
of unthinkable means

flying blind
I can feel the night sky
in my veins