

My Aurora Borealis

I had a magical experience under the Northern Lights

as I recall..

*it was like midnight Angels blanketing full over me
with wide rippling bands of ghostly long trailing ribbons
all dressed-up...*

*in the creamy lime greens...mystic jades...and blushing violets
of a slowly...meandering...aurora borealis*

*serenely igniting brightly each...while sauntering their way up
through the all but invisible glistening frosty atmosphere*

*dancing sky high above me
then graciously reaching downward
to just shy of within my very own transient
palpably iffy...little space*

*as though some part of it were attempting to touch me
to reach out and...connect with me*

*playfully yet obediently colliding head-on
against the easy drift and flow of those brisk
(chill-ya-right-down-to-the-bone)
invigoratingly raw...northern night winds*

*I felt as though I had learned something
something that the Eskimo know...have always known
something spiritual...like a nod from God*