

Morphing Again

[Mike Gordon](#)

We met in blankets of rain
Speaking in bubbles her words umbrellaed me
When we bounced back to her house
She got quiet and wound up her energy
She leapt like a frog
But got chased by the green sparrow
She bartered her being
Escaping the bird as a airborne scorpion
She's morphing again
Into something I can't recognize
Just when I'm in
She might morph her way out
Now that the years have gone by
She flutters through rain like a waterlogged butterfly
I feel much more calm when she lands
My soul mate sits still with a new found tranquility
Then comes her quantum leap
She gets chased by the green sparrow
We met some old friends
Who mistook her for someone she wants to become

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