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 scorpionShe's morphing again
Into something I can't recognize
Just when I'm in
She might morph her wa outNow that the years have gone by
She flutters through rain like a waterlogged buttterfly
I feel much more calm when she lands
My sould 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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