

Somewhere Between

Somewhere between
midnight and morning
she emerges
outside my open window
whispers between leaves
touching
as they fall
then mists
into night's silky silence

Somewhere between
dewfall and daybreak
she slides
into the shadows;
when
I awaken
I look for her
behind the wind

Somewhere between
the hollows
and my ribs
I feel her echo
spiraling upward
it pulsates
slows
a breath away
from light

The essence
of Wordsworth's
Phantom of Delight
a flight of fantasy
in the night
and when I pour forth
my inner mysteries
she circles in my light's
shadows
somewhere between
the songs
from my heart
and silence.

By **james brandenburg**

