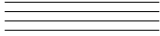


# G L I M P S E



R O B I N M A G O W A N

Sky's plot unfolds  
in each windblown revision  
of the instant and the unattainable:  
mists, pathways, deepening greens  
and graying hills – the same elements,  
but reconfigured so,  
all I can do is sit, entranced,  
as the array transforms  
by irresolute degrees.  
Will the threat of blue in the east  
be repaired by a chance cloud?  
Who, I ask, installs the wind  
in sunshine, who turns the bird  
volume to Yes? Now something  
else swirls its introspective mist . . .