

6.27.1869

10.17.2020

**D**own a river that cannot be surpassed. For wild beauty of scenery. Sweeping in great curves. Through magnificent groves. Our easy strokes conveys us just fast enough. To enjoy the scenery. As the view changes with kaleidoscopic rapidity. I'm reminded of how I see. How I had been seen. Through a glass toy most likely. A thousand divided images. He loved them. A collection. Heard him say it once and pinned it to my mind's eye. It was a gift. Made of flowers. I used to love how he saw the world. I'm finding I love myself in it more.