

## SALMON LEAPS...

Said, "That's me!"  
Feared it was me.

Five years to return  
cycle of death & rebirth.

Life shading sparkles  
evolutions sway.

Swinging, telling  
you soul's story,

looking for satisfaction  
not satisfied until birth

beginning over again,  
eggs or none, a fever.

The beings we are share  
ourselves as fellow leapers.

Urge, surge, merge,  
splurge, dirge, no refuge.

Armies defeated in mountains,  
struggle, supply lines cut.

Returns, same place.  
As if same water twice.

Kisses air, higher falls.  
Greater falls, taller crawls.

Salmons' leap...

Bear with cubs  
queue the compulsion

as food of desire  
blindness...

Wherever you are,  
come back, we leap,

out of another  
blindness, another...

invitations to shed  
what looks like slaughter

gives glimpse death  
is not its own immortality.