

OASIS 11/22/99

**Moving liquid of death
Slow towards fate
Kissing the sky
Bluer than eyes
Looking into my sea**

**And it changes
So easily
A slip in tempo
You traverse the distance
Settling farther than deepest love**

**What can me tell
These obtuse messages
Scrawled on the walls
And under and over whelmed
By sudden knowledge
Mystified in deeds**

**And then he says
“Should I write this?
Do I dare.” and already
It is done. All over me
We are ready
Done and donified
Moving closer still**

–ALLENA STEVENS