Horizon

My pulse like a metronome

Throbs in the night garden of orange trees and owls

While dust rises and settles like death

Past and present spin together

In a timeless dervish dance that teases present

And my unsteady sense of belonging

Until I sigh

And leave this planet

For a moment’s sojourn

Amid still, sentinel stars

And await you

My eternal self

To point to creation’s horizon.