

## **Where I Find You**

*(first appeared in NYC Big City Lit, August 2002)*

Not under the most  
common pebble, shared  
on a wandering wave.

Not woven in the  
pattern of the stamen,  
leaning by a blushed wind.

Not found in a print --  
hand, foot, test tube  
or other traces.

In the near spring  
of rolling meadows  
flora flashing pallet.

I found you on  
dancing meadow butterflies  
against the arid coast colors.