## Suite

by Gary Hardaway

## Weight

We danced. In my dreams, I can dance. We flew. In my dreams, I can fly. I woke, once again too stolid and solid to dance or fly.

## Process

Sometimes, I know what I'm doing but most times it's just improvisation

with phrases of unknown origin swirling in my head with the white space of Word providing the frame.

## Days

Each tedious day, my passions die and I die with them.

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