

...may 11, 1990...

friend of a thousand days –  
friend of a thousand nights –  
still trying to let go  
still trying to move on –

we pace the evening cold  
and push through crowded shops  
to run umbrella brave  
from bus to restaurant –

we are so rich in memories  
exploring ancient streets –  
where clouds have taught us wandering  
and rains have taught us sleep –

let's link arms against the damp  
to weave a nowhere sun –  
pretending all is perfect  
beyond a nowhere moon –

this moment of a backwards day  
that yesterday forgot  
is ours forever – till we say  
good-night my friend – goodbye.

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