

...september 13, 1990...

*i was looking for an answer
that was not yours to give
my fortune teller friend –*

*you spread the tattered cards –
said i would go abroad again
but you could not say when –*

*you said a secret lover
was just around the corner
but could not name the hour or the street –*

*and yes – i have done well
to have come this far
but how much more awaits?*

*you placed me unsuccessful
in success – and cancelled family
into the past –*

*who is the child that cannot be mine?
the powers i have yet to grasp?
the shadows in my dreams?*

*but thank you now my fortune teller friend –
you've moved me through a future
of people – places – yet to be –*

*yet nothing seems to concretize
the shapelessness of question marks
consuming me.*