

...september 21, 1990...

**we met twice
in nods and brief responses
exchanging practised smiles –
yet somewhere behind eyes
i felt a thousand glances
out of another time –
your voice rang harmonies
in consonants and vowels
that caught my inner ear
in languages not mine –**

**we met twice –
barely acquaintances
exchanging polite responses
between hello-goodbyes –
it is your eyes that haunt –
a blue-grey shadowing
that echo vanished dreams –
i sense wind-swept dawns
where we carried earthen jugs
and travelled desert sands
and prayed to the divine –**

**will we meet again
no wiser than before
or will we disappear?
i move through clock-work days
beneath a hollow moon
that pulls at faded tides –
perhaps not now – but someday
we shall meet again
to reforge those memories
a vanished century foretold.**

