



*...july 20, 1991...*

*can this be me –  
these eyes  
that no one dares to face?  
this face  
that only wind and time  
and half dead photographs  
can recognise?*

*this skin –  
a fortress of retreat  
praying to solitudes  
of pen and paint –*

*do not call me lover –  
do not call me friend  
i am too busy to believe  
or to pretend –*

*i live in paper worlds  
and canvas dreams –  
creating silences that i  
have yet to comprehend.*

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