

A close-up photograph of a squirrel with grey and brown fur, sitting on a rough, textured tree trunk. The squirrel is looking directly at the camera with its large, dark eyes. Its ears are pointed upwards, and its bushy tail is visible behind it. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green, suggesting a forest setting.

...november 8, 1991...

*how could i not be here
writing letters to your memory –
rearranging photographs
and drinking coffee
in this friendship afternoon
of conversations sorting out the world?*

*how could i not be here
ironing old costumes new
to camouflage myself
in secret histories
of lives that we have yet to be
when this moment is no longer real –*

*how could i not be here?
weaving images of solitude
through undulating days and years –
wondering if there
would really be a difference
if i was – quite suddenly – not here.*