

...june 18, 1991...

*i left you in the window
of a reflecting dream
with fancy hat and summer dress
and flowers wilting brown –*

*i dropped you on the corner
where buses could not stop –
umbrella-less and coat-less
with no nearby coffee shop –*

*i locked you in an empty room
pretending it was home –
i kissed your cheek then ran away
leaving you alone –*

*then in the middle of the night
beneath an orange-red moon
i drove you to a graveyard
and left you with the dead –*

*i almost visited you once
but could not find the way –
and sometimes – when the moon is full –
i think of you – and pray.*