

...august 15, 1991...

is this memory?  
that once we shared the garden summer  
of a crystal spring  
like twins in whispered secrecies  
of sisterhood?

we are not twins –  
there is no garden summer  
and no crystal spring –  
yet we still talk  
as if a dozen lifetimes  
walked our skins  
and in a few brief meetings  
we are kin –

if not memory  
perhaps we share  
unspoken promises  
out of another age  
made to another moon –

we meet like ancient friends  
creating memories  
beyond our own –  
building summer gardens  
in the crystal laughter  
of a new born spring.

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