



...december 3, 1991...

*secluded in the upstairs
of a fast-food restaurant –
faces coming – going –
like a pantomime of ghosts –*

*listening to music
on a winter afternoon –
isolating memories
of melody and tune –*

*inwards eyes reflecting
all that may yet be –
backward ears in echo
of ten thousand yesterdays –*

*i am here and sitting
between coffee cup and pens –
listening to love songs
that never knew my name –*

*rings catch at my fingers –
chains circle my neck –
windows overlooking
the uninspired street –*

*no one registers my face
or hurries me away
as if this is the only place
that i am meant to be –*

*so – until some restlessness
summons me to move
i absorb the fullness
in the world of this room.*