



...october 4, 1992...

*am i waiting for a touch
or waiting for a dream?
i watch the stars as if the stars
created questioning –*

*am i dreaming of a love
or do i love the dream
pretending games of mystery
that trap a quiet room?*

*am i waiting for some dawn
to seed my fantasies
or are the mists obscuring suns
that i refuse to see?*

*have i met you once or twice
or a thousand times?
i whisper to a darkness
that almost knows your name.*