

...august 25, 1992...

*child of a child's dream
you walk in mirror images
between the window and the street
like someone i have yet to meet –*

*like someone i have met before –
child of a child's prayer
with dandelions in your hands
and summer dress and faded eyes –*

*child of a story book
that memory cannot recall
you whisper soundless promises
but do not let me near –*

*you do not often come around –
but sometimes in my solitudes
you melt into the window grey
to watch the daylight slip away –*

*child that i almost knew
out of a life i left behind –
out of a future never born –
stay with me – and dream.*

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