



...may 7, 1992...

**last night we spoke like lovers
but i do not know your name –
we drove a coastal highway
yet never left our rooms –**

**last night we met like strangers
who were already bound
by some peculiar destiny
our future pasts had woven -**

**we made no abstract promises
of primroses or stars
but from a sleep of separateness
we wakened holding hands –**

**now – by day – a slow recall
leaves something still undone –
we move as strangers in this world
waiting to become.**