



...april 23, 1992...

**there is no rain tonight – no winds  
pushing me into a deeper cold –  
my feet are moving but i cannot say  
where i have been – i walk and walk and walk  
but do not understand where i am going –**

**i walk the unsung shadows of the streets  
arriving nowhere sooner than the moon –  
if your ears were open to the quiet  
you might have heard the passing of my name –**

**it is enough – it is enough to know  
i walked beneath the street lamps of forever  
listening to the invisible  
of ancient voices mumbling  
inside the whispering that is my own.**