



...september 6, 1993...

**four more days and we will meet again
writing poetry to stars that do not
hear – laughing faded memories
until they reawaken in reflections
of sipping wine and sleepy firesides –**

**i will listen to the stories that you
almost wrote – you will hear the stories
i have yet to write – until we collect
anthologies reflecting us
outside of separateness –**

**in four more days a flight will pull you from
unknown skies to walk the pavements leading
to this house – and we will recreate
visions born a dozen years ago.**

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