



...april 11, 1993...

i leave you now
to meet the midnight oak
stretching new buds
strong into a sky
that knows no moon –

i leave you now
to meet the sudden shade
of ancient rocks
that throw their blackness
into shadows
summoning me home –

i leave you now
to meet some destiny
that is not yours to know –
a curious wandering
that is mine to find
and only mine to grow –

i leave you now
before the moon is gone
from this day that is no more –
vanished until a distant moon
relinks those promises
to which our names were born.