



*...january 4, 1994...*

*i speak into a wilderness of rain  
calling to the echoes of your voice –  
i hear the silence calling back to me  
in images that we have yet to see –*

*we were friends before this world grew old –  
we are friends inside this waiting time  
drawing names and words out of the cold  
like absent children in a foreign dream –*

*i knew you once before this life began –  
you knew me when another world was ours –  
we laughed beneath a different sky until  
our quietness drew in forgotten clouds –*

*now we search for windows in the rain  
to let us meet in faces once again.*