



...september 5, 1993...

i watch you walk
out of a forgotten memory
to call me friend –
do you remember me?
we talk as if our conversation
started centuries ago –
bouncing between thoughts and dreams
that cannot trace
our mystic yesterdays
yet somehow whisper inside
everything we say –

do i remember you?
i watch a smile that echoes
another century –
eyes overlapping eyes
that almost make me
call a name i do not know –
do you remember me?
we have not met before and yet
we are already friends outside of time.