

...may 8, 1993...

**it seems as if a lifetime died –  
a lifetime – maybe more  
since i laughed and walked and sang  
under the maple trees –**

**it seems as if the future died  
inside a sun i never claimed –  
buried in the graveyard  
of a childhood not mine –**

**i did not ask you to pretend –  
i did not ask to be deceived –  
but wandered in the strangeness  
of a world you could not believe –**

**i ask no questions of the moon  
and wake no shooting stars –  
instead i sleep between the waves  
that teach me how to breathe –**

**now i dance the memories  
of lives that are not mine  
forgetting that there was a once  
we watched a common sun.**