



...january 10, 1994...

*it was an insubstantial sun
that drew me into calm –
it was an almost silent rain
that washed my eyes away –*

*somewhere a voice i had forgotten
grew into my name
summoning me like a ghost
into the world again –*

*i listened as if in a mist
that left me nearly blind
until i wandered into streets
that i had left behind –*

*i walked beneath skeletal trees
that once had held me free –
then sank into the snowdrops
opening for spring.*