

...august 15, 1993...

over now – these days
of sudden gatherings –
slowly we disperse
not wanting to dismiss
so easily
a comraderie
that will not be again –

last weekend –
yesterday – today –
a meeting place of strangers
who are not strangers now –
a toast of wine – a wave –
and suddenly
the magic of our gathering
is gone –

will we meet again?
or pass each other by
like walkers of two streets
in parallel?

will we telephone to chat
till days fade into
half-way memories?
no one can say –
we cannot promise promises
that are not ours to keep –

wherever we go now –
whatever roles we grow
these days are ours
as strangers who are friends –
as friends who almost grew
into something more.

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