

...september 17, 1993...

shadowlands and tapestries  
of somewhere's yesterdays –  
i gather myself into  
someone else's history –

songs and wordless whispers  
haunt an almost dream  
pulling me through memories  
that i will yet become –

here the magic of a night  
that rearranges days  
inside the melting colours  
that ride a rainbow maze –

you slip into the golden  
of a once beyond recall  
and i am carried far above  
the violet and blue.

