



...january 18, 1994...

**i almost heard you entering  
after the door was locked –  
a whispering that grew and died  
inside your photograph –**

**i thought i saw you waving  
in streets the other day –  
but when i tried to telephone  
there was nobody there –**

**i feel you like a presence  
that speaks into a wind  
till everything i see and do  
is shadowed in your name.**

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