



...september 4, 2003...

**crystal meth you said
and spread your hands –
i touched the burning palms –
you spoke of anger**

**eating through your brain
that could not touch
the summer of the day –
suddenly**

**the topic changed
to travelling and music –
led zephlin and berlin
before the wall came down –**

**when you left
we shook hands gently –
both wondering
where hope begins.**

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