

*...july 29, 2007...*

*come again my friend – my friend  
as if we've never met before  
to talk of silver seashores  
and beaches spiralling –*

*we will speak in fantasies  
of memories we've half forgot  
recalling ancient coffee mornings –  
people met and people not –*

*let us rediscover us  
beyond sunset quietness –  
the river of our ancient selves  
eroding differences.*

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