



...january 23, 2007...

someone whispered in my ear –
once – inside a long ago –
face now vanished – though the voice
lingers like a deep recall –

“i die inchingly –
but don’t we all?
some inside the large –
some inside the small –
but always in our dying
we know that we shall miss
the wonder of those dandelions
we forgot to kiss –

we are the ones who trap ourselves
until we are not free
wishing new beginnings
could rush our blood again –
we reach into lost evenings
seeking the mythical
forgetting that the dandelions
are waiting for us still.”