



...july 22, 2007...

**we spin the rain-shine into silver  
walking five to balthazar –  
to catch a table circling friends  
focusing the dinner hour –**

**we'll talk as if there never was  
a time to come or time before  
while silent movies spread the wall  
and pink floyd music threads the air –**

**the outside shrinks – the centre grows  
a mingling of world views  
that dip and share and intertwine  
then fade to quietness again –**

**almost the same yet somehow not  
we'll return to water streets  
gliding shadows through the dusk  
till paths disperse us into night.**

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