

*...may 26, 2012...*

*wasn't it strange when first we met  
the more we remembered – the more we forgot  
with another me and another you  
shaping nuptials together-apart?*

*gradually our tangled views  
from mountain shores to goldfish ponds  
reweave a thousand avenues  
inside the seasons of our names –*

*with swallowtails and dragonflies  
as audience to backyard dreams  
we danced our strange dualities  
to eagle skies and maple leaves –*

*we redefined our separateness  
in up and down togetherness  
spinning summers into sun  
beneath a crescent moon.*

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