



...december 7, 2014...

**i walk the pale sidewalks
of ghosted memory
meeting myself in small cafes
and glass reflected seas –**

**there i am – racing the street –
a child on a bike –
forgetting that i've grown up
and now am audience –**

**and there i am – sitting a bench
that pulls the warming sun –
allowing every golden ray
to melt my pale skin –**

**and there again – both aged and young –
patting a neighbour dog –
that curious dog knows all of me
and licks my passing hand.**