



...january 14, 2017...

the years erase to day by day
of streets with puzzled open doors
slip-sliding question marks that swell
refrains of love at sixty-four -

sixty-four years young and yet
i hear no beatles at the door
strumming music to recall
a song of fifty years ago -

i'm celebrating open-mouthed
this age i never thought i'd live -
with lonely hearts and vanished songs
faded into other selves.

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